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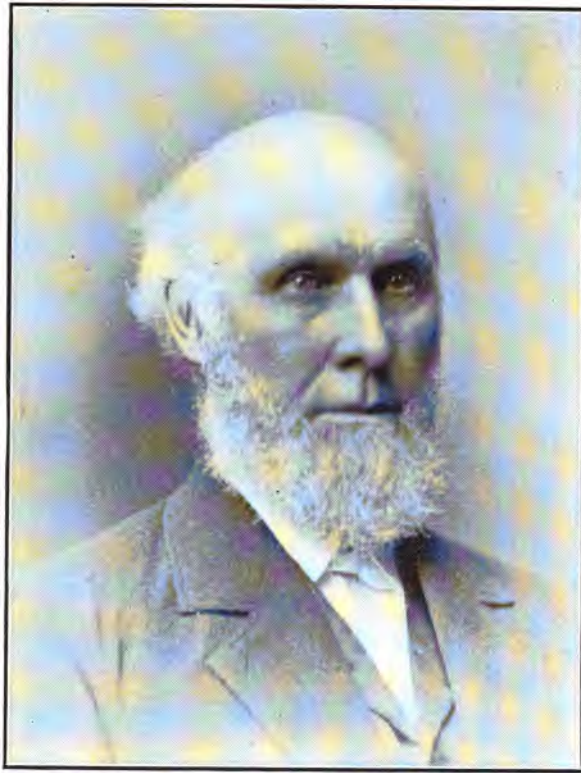
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JOHN M. TODD.

*Respectfully Yours.*  
*John M. Todd,*  
*At 89,*

A Sketch of the Life

JOHN M. FOLLY

(Sixty-two Years in the Ministry)

Reminiscences of His Life and Work

WRITTEN BY GEORGE L. FOLLY

PHILADELPHIA  
W. B. EERDMAN'S PUBLISHING CO.

W. H. TODD.

Respectfully Yours  
W. H. Todd  
M 89

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A Sketch of the Life

OF

JOHN M. TODD

(Sixty-two Years in a Barber Shop)

AND

Reminiscences of His Customers

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

PORTLAND  
WILLIAM W. ROBERTS CO.  
1906

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*E. H. ...*  
*Cambridge*

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## PREFACE.

*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

Say nothing but good of the dead.

"For noble spirits war not with the dead."

—BYRON.

This book was written and compiled during business hours, between shaves and hair cuts, and all that time I stood at my chair and earned my living, supported my family, wrote every week an article for the *Press*, and arranged for the publishing of this book, with but little capital, either mental or financial.

This volume—a true and literal history of the struggle of an ardent but not ambitious mind, except ambitious to do right and often failed in that; born amidst poverty, that New England slavery, and under poor conditions so far as the luxuries of life are concerned, my parents bestowed upon me a fine constitution, and that is better than riches—I publish this more for a guide, advice and encouragement to those who live in the humble walks of life than to those who have all the advantages that wealth can bestow, who have more power and opportunities to do good than they properly use. And if I can save only one poor fellow by writing this book and pointing out to him a more acceptable way, I shall feel I have not lived in vain.

### YEARNING.

I yearn for all who sorrow,  
To wipe their tears away;  
For every glad to-morrow  
That beckons me to-day.  
To lift the pall that smothers;  
To make my joys another's;  
To know all men my brothers  
And helping words to say.

I long to bear the burdens  
That scar the bending race;  
To win the prize that guerdons  
My hopes of final grace;  
To feel God's spirit moving  
My heart to deeds of loving  
And seeing Him approving  
To look upon His face.

To hear the sound of contest  
And know the battle nigh;  
To join the mighty conquest  
With courage strong and high.  
To feel upon my shoulder  
God's hand, that makes me bolder  
And stirs the dreams that smolder  
To fires that shall not die.

I long to feel the throbbing  
Of weary hearts and lone;  
To still the sigh and sobbing  
That have not comfort known;  
Bring smiles to faces tearful;  
Bring hope to spirits fearful;  
To make the sad life cheerful  
And make its griefs mine own.

I yearn to bring the glory  
Of smiling skies to gray;  
To gladden all Life's story  
And take its pain away;  
From brightening days to borrow  
A hope that healeth sorrow;  
For every bright to-morrow  
That beckons me to-day.

—*Maurice Smiley.*

Timothy Dexter lived in Portsmouth many years ago. He wrote quite a large book and placed the punctuation marks in the back of the book and said, "You can place them to suit yourselves." I always supposed it was a satire upon the interpretation of the Bible by the different theologians.

I shall not put mine altogether in the back of the book, but I shall throw them around promiscuously through it.

I have worked in a barber shop sixty-two years, and have read from five to six hours a day during those years. During all that time I have had the benefit derived from the conversations of many of the best men in the country and the most cultivated minds, no small blessing, I can assure you ; and a part of what I have heard I have written in this book.



**JOHN M. TODD**



"'Tis pleasant to see one's name in print.  
A book's a book, although there is nothing in't."

BYRON.

And, as Rufus Choate said, there is no immortality but a book, I thought I would try my hand at it.

## Sketch of the Life of John M. Todd

---

I WAS born in Durham, Maine, at the southwest bend of the Androscoggin River, when I was quite young, and I was not consulted in regard to the event. It was very near where Congressman Dingley was born, and had he consulted me on the tariff question, I should have told him it was too high for the benefit of the Durham farmers.

It was on the eighth day of April, 1821, so I am told, when I was born, but I do not recollect the day. Father has informed me that it was a backward spring and there were four feet of snow on the ground on that eventful morn. He walked two miles and a half upon the crust and snow and it bore him every step. He went after a nurse, for he and mother had concluded I was worth raising. I was the seventh child, and mother has told me that I was the most unwelcome child she ever brought into the world. Mother said I was handsome, and when mothers say it we must take it for granted that it is so.

My parents were very poor before I was born, but I cared nothing for poverty. Mother has informed me since that she had nothing to cover me with but a blanket and that had holes in it, and I could see through it, as the old woman said when her tub bottom fell out.

Father had been a sea captain, and in the War of 1812 he was driven ashore by an English man-of-war and lost all he pos-



sessed. He became disheartened and sank under the weight of his misfortunes; but mother, the Spartan that she was, took charge of affairs, and you can judge her by her acts.

Not long before I was born my parents moved from Freeport to Durham. There was due a grocery bill, and they had no money to pay it with. The law at that time allowed a debtor to keep one cow, that a creditor could not take for debt; mother urged the trader to take the cow for the bill, but "No, no," was his reply, "I cannot do that, Mrs. Todd. Keep your cow, you will need him where you are going," for well he knew it was a dreary place where she was bound and in the dead of winter. But that did not satisfy mother; she drove the cow into the merchant's barnyard and left her there, against his earnest protest.

When the sled, drawn by oxen, arrived at the Durham home, there was deep snow all around it, only a path leading from the street to the house, just wide enough for one to walk in. There were no clapboards on the house, but it was battened with strips of boards. My brother, three years old, sitting in mother's lap looking at the house, childlike, said to her, "I thought you was going to move into a house." "Well, isn't that a house, Willie?" "No, that is a barn." Mother has told me that she thought her heart would break. She walked into the house with her child in her arms, dropped into a chair that father had just placed in the room and burst into tears. Father looked at her, kissed her and said, "What is the matter, Sallie?" (the name he always called her), "Are you sick?" "No," she replied. Oh, no, she wasn't sick, she was only feeling badly.

Fifty years after that, when mother was eighty-seven, one evening she said to a clergyman who was present, "How mysterious are God's ways!" and, pointing to me, said, (I was fifty then,) "There, that boy was the most unwelcome child I ever brought into the world, and I have had ten children, he being the seventh; we were destitute and my husband was at work for seventy-five cents a day to support a family of eight. It is not to be wondered at that no more expenses were desired.

How many times have I spoken of it to my husband that he of all the children should be the one to lean upon in life's decline. He was always so willing and generous to do all he could to help us." When she got through speaking I thought I would say a word in regard to God's Providence. I said, "Mother, there is no mystery but ignorance. Had you at that time, when you threw yourself into the chair and wept over your poverty, known that at that moment you were educating your unborn child and influencing him to become in deep sympathy with the poor, suffering and afflicted; had you known then of the law of physiology and of prenatal education, God's Providence might not appear so mysterious to you."

I never saw the house nor the lot where I was born, so I cannot say with Maine's great poet, David Barker:

I never shall tell who the old folks were,  
 'Tis a wasting of time and breath  
 To give you the names of the humble pair  
 Who have passed through the courts of death.

But the cot on the lot on the top of the hill,  
 Near the spot where I just have cried —  
 'Tis the lot where the old folks toiled and lived,  
 And the cot where the old folks died —

Is dearer far to my weary heart  
 Than the dearest spot on earth,  
 For that was the cot on the lot on the hill  
 Where the old folks gave me birth.

There's a slab near the cot on the lot on the hill  
 That will tell to the traveller there,  
 When the old folks passed through the gates of death,  
 And the names of the humble pair.

When I tire of the toils and the cares of my life,  
 Oh, then, at the spot where I cried,  
 Near the cot let me sleep, on the top of the hill,  
 Cuddled down by the old folks' side.

My parents' remains do not rest there in the town of Durham, but in Portland's Evergreen Cemetery, where I have a lot and

shall there be placed beside them, unless I can more usefully serve mankind by being dissected, if it could be kept from my family.

When I was three years old my parents moved into the town of Brunswick. I was reared under the shadow of Bowdoin College. The first thing I distinctly remember was, when the wagon was driven to the door where we were to live, an old lady stepped out and ran up to take me from my mother's arms. I remember it as though it was but yesterday, and I know I was but three years of age. I sprang from mother's arms and would have fallen to the ground had not the old lady caught me before I reached it. I never fully understood whether it was my native modesty or my love of the beautiful that caused me to shrink from her, for to my youthful eyes she did not look beautiful. I have seen many since that looked fairer to me than she, and more lovely—poor old Aunt Hitty House, that was her name.

When I was four years old a sister of mine, nine years of age, took me to walk; there was a house being built near by, so she thought she would let me walk over the sills and the beams, as the flooring was not laid, so down I went nine feet below on the sharp rocks that had been blown out by blasting. I was taken up unconscious, but came to in a short time, although I carry the scars of that fall to the present day.

The house stood on Mill street, opposite Bisbee rock, on the banks of the Androscoggin River, and it was there the first real grief I ever knew came to me, for my little playmate, Eben Hall, fell into the river and was drowned. On his way over the bank he clasped a small bush, but it was too slight and came up by the roots; he took it with him and it was in his hands when found. I was not over five years old and my sister took me in her arms and held me up so I could look in the face of my dear playmate. It was the first time I ever gazed upon the face of the dead. Oh, how it shocked me! Its recollection remains with me still.

In the spring of 1825, when I was but four years of age, the

great and famous class of Bowdoin graduated, with its Longfellow, Hawthorne and Cheever, and other members who became famous throughout the world. I remember the event plainly. My sister, a few years older than I, held me in her lap (one of her playmates was with her); she looked out of the window and, seeing Longfellow approaching, said, "There comes the dandy." That was the name given to young men of that time who dressed a little better than the rest and carried themselves a little more circumspectly than the other boys, and those that appeared to put on a few airs, or what we now call dudes instead of dandies. I cried out, "Let me see the dandy." I did not know what it was and, boylike, I looked him over. He had dark auburn hair, walked erect, and had a dark blue cloak thrown over his shoulders. I remember it as though it were yesterday, and in after years, whenever I saw him or met him, I always would think of him as he appeared to me on that day.

We had moved that spring to Main street in an old, one-story house, where the Brunswick Bank now stands. It was owned by David Dunlap, Esq., a brother to the late Robert P. Dunlap, and a governor of Maine. I knew he owned the house I lived in. I was out at play with some small boys. He was close to us and I wanted to show that deference to him that I have ever paid to the rich (and I speak to the rich now just the same). I said to the boys, "Hush, there comes David Dunlap!" and I meant no disrespect to him. He heard me, took me by the arm pretty hard and said, "Whose boy are you? Go home and tell your mother to teach you politeness." I felt it keenly, for I thought mother had taught me politeness. He did not like it because I said *David* Dunlap. We were taught to show great respect to the rich, and at that time he was called the richest man in Brunswick, being worth \$12,000.

Only think of it, you hustlers; at that time we doffed our hats as high and bowed our heads as low as you would if meeting Rockefeller, or Tom Lawson, that Martin Luther of the economic reform that is now approaching.

8 SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JOHN M. TODD

The first doggerel that I remember my mother teaching me was :

“Be kind to all you chance to meet  
At home, abroad, or in the street ;  
And keep this motto before your eyes,  
That vinegar never catches flies.”

And the second rhyme she taught me was :

“God made man, and man made money,  
God made bees, and bees made honey.”

And I studied for many years that truth, that man did make money, not God, and how men have used it to rob their fellow men.

The spring I was seven my father moved out of the village to a farm four miles south of the college, a small hamlet known as “Bunganut” or “Bunnunganut,” an Indian name of a small stream emptying into Maquoit or Casco Bay.

It was there, in a little red schoolhouse sitting at the forks of the road, I learned grammar by hearing girls reciting and parsing—where I first appeared as an orator, for I was bound to be one. At an exhibition by the boys I was selected to speak a piece. I was introduced as “Master Todd” or Mr. Norvel. And I commenced :

“My name is Norvel. On the Grampian hills my father feeds his flock ; a frugal swain, whose constant care was to increase his store and keep his only son, myself, at home. For I had heard of battles and longed to follow to the fields some warlike lord. And heaven soon granted what my sire denied.

The moon that rose last night, round as my shield, had not yet filled her horns when, by her light, a band of fierce barbarians rushed like a torrent down upon our flocks and herds, the shepherds fled as trembling cowards for safety and for succor. The pursuit I led. When I, with a band of fifty chosen men, overtook the encumbered foe ; we fought and conquered. Not a sword was drawn. An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief, and I returned in triumph.”

Ye powers, did not the house come down ! They yelled and screamed. And since then, when I have been haranguing crowds and have been loudly cheered, I have had some doubts

whether it was the perfection of the oratory, or its oddity, that so stirred and enthused them. Anyway, I do not feel quite so enthusiastic to-day when thinking of it as I did on that eventful night, and I am thinking over the words of Byron:

"Time, the corrector where our judgment errs,  
Time, the avenger, on thee I call."

And I think it has heard my call and has helped me somewhat on the judgment question.

At nine years of age I was struck by lightning, together with a sister and younger brother; we were taken up unconscious, but we were all restored.

I worked on a farm until I was thirteen years old, then I went to sea four years and a half, came home, learned the horseshoeing and blacksmith's trade, carried on the business two years in Bath, Me.; laid down my hammer, and have worked sixty-two years in a barber shop. So you see, my readers, I must be getting along in years.

At thirteen years of age I shipped aboard the schooner *Algonquin*, Capt. Reuben Curtis of Freeport, and for seven days I was so sick he was afraid I would die. I was constantly vomiting or trying to vomit, and for over four years that I followed the sea, whenever there was a gale or a storm I was always sick. I never got over it while I followed the sea, and I contend it is the brain and not the stomach that causes seasickness. Now I feel very sure that I have been correct. For the last ten years I have not been sick and I have been exposed a great many times where always before, under similar circumstances, I had been sick. I have been told that if a blur comes across the eyes of a person when looking upon a striped piece of calico, those are the ones who are seasick.

In my own case I think the reason must be that at my great age my brain must have shrunk away and it doesn't strike the skull now when it is in motion, as formerly, hence the rolling of the ship doesn't affect me.

At fourteen I shipped on board the schooner Fairdealer, Capt. James Dunning of Freeport; we went to Yarmouth, Me., for a cargo of potatoes to take to Boston. While at Yarmouth I took a boat to go for some fresh water. I went so near the falls the boat was swept under them. I knew that a few years before two men were drowned under the same conditions; my boat was being swept under the falls by the back water caused by the falls. I thought it would not do to follow their example and go under with the boat. Being a good swimmer I reckoned I could jump out of the eddy, although I could not get the boat out, so I ran from seat to seat the length of the boat, plunged into the river and struck out for the shore. I reached it and there waited some little time before the boat came out of the eddy, when I swam to it and brought it ashore. The captain scolded me for going so near the falls. He witnessed the whole affair, but was helpless to assist me, I having the only boat there was to be had.

After my return from Boston I shipped on board the schooner Olive, Capt. Samuel Colley of Freeport, for a fishing trip to the Bay of Chaleur. On that trip I had an experience that was new and fearful to me. The first night out, was a Monday, a lovely evening, a full moon shining making it light as day, and not a cloud to obstruct the moon's rays. Ahead of us was the schooner Crusader, commanded by Capt. Robert Soule of Freeport, who sailed out with us. A young man, a schoolmate of mine, whom I loved as a brother, and I stood watch together, as we had desired. His name was Francis Card, of Brunswick, Me. He was walking the decks and I was at the helm. We were steering east-southeast, with a fine southwest breeze about six or eight miles an hour, the ocean as smooth as a floor. The vessel was a schooner of sixty-two tons' register. Her deck was so near the water I could almost reach it. The rays of the moon shone on the starboard and windward side, and the waves for miles away shone with silvery brightness from the south.

Suddenly Frank walked aft, saying, "Look, look, quick,

John, there is a man overboard; don't you see him?" I was at the rail at his first call and had there been anyone there I should have seen him, for no man had better eyes or clearer vision than I, and as we were sailing through that blaze of light that the moon makes, no daylight was ever clearer. He said, "Can you not see that man, John, standing in the water about waist high?" "No, I cannot, for there is no man there, Frank, to be seen." I thought he was fooling me. He jumped upon the taffrail, grabbed me by the arm and took me from the helm, saying in painful tones, "See, do see that man before he sinks! There, he has gone, sunk beneath the waves." He had pulled me to the rail in violation of all rules of seamanship, for troubling a man at the wheel is a high offence aboard ship. I had thrown a rope over the wheel, so she had not changed her course. With much emotion, he said, "John, I know I saw a man standing waist high in the water, and I cannot account for your not seeing it, for no one on board can see better than you." I said, "Don't you know, Frank, why I did not see him?" "Why did you not see him?" he said. "Because there was nothing there to be seen." "No, no, John, you should not say that to me, feeling as I do. I tell you the Crusader has lost a man overboard and you will know it when we arrive at the Straits of Canso." I said, "Why did she not heave to if she had lost a man and try to save him, and why did he not speak to us to save him? Why did you not speak to him as we passed by, and you declared to me that you were looking at him all the time you were walking aft? You were abreast of him while you were coming aft to call my attention that I might see him also. It is very strange to me, whatever you think of it. Why did you not throw him a rope? Surely, if it had been a man he would have spoken." "Well, I was frightened, for he stood trembling and gazing at me," he said.

I had been taught by my mother that there was no such thing as a spirit and that premonitions and forerunners, haunted houses, witchcraft and hobgoblins were all a humbug. Still, there it was, a visible something that I could not see, but



Frank could. I had become convinced that he really thought he saw a man. I was so affected by it that I was afraid to go below and made him go ahead of me, and he held back through a little fear; there was no one below, for the rest of the crew slept aft, and he and I slept forward.

An old pilot, Master Pillsbury of Cape Elizabeth, was told by Frank the first thing in the morning about seeing the man overboard. He questioned him through the day several times, and said: "John, what is it Frank is so worried about? Says he saw a man overboard and you could not see him; did you really try to see if there was anyone there?" "I did, for Frank had so frightened me I was bound to know if there was a man overboard, and had there been one I should surely have seen him." The old pilot replied, "I don't like this story, John, it bodes no good to the ship. I fear something will happen to us." I laughed at him and said, "You are superstitious; that is nothing, Mr. Pillsbury."

The reader can see that my mother's teachings against ghosts had convinced me that there was nothing in the story, and I turned it off as lightly and as well as I could. Still I trembled while Frank was telling me what he saw that I could not see.

For three days Frank and the pilot talked much together. On Thursday Frank came to me. He appeared very solemn, and said, "John, if anything happens to me I want you to see my mother and explain to her all about what I saw." I laughed and said, "What is the matter with you, Frank, are you foolish? That was nothing. The foolish old pilot has turned your head." "No, John, it is not my head, it is my heart. My whole soul is afraid; I cannot rest or sleep." There were four other Brunswick boys on board: Amos Tappan (my cousin), Kimball Estabrook, Charles Owen and Ran Maxwell. They, too, were much excited over the story.

On Friday, the fourth day out, we drew near to the Straits of Canso. There was a smoky southwester, so-called by sailors. We could not see more than a mile away. A shout went up, "Breakers ahead!" a cry most dreaded by sailors. All were

on deck in a moment looking for breakers ahead. I sat down at the lee rail with my left arm across it, looking out under the jib. We were heading southeast to get out from the breakers, the wind blowing fresh from the southwest right abeam. The rail my arm was on is called a "monkey rail," about three inches by four, of Southern pine with iron posts about six feet apart. We had stood close in to the land, hoping to make the Straits, but as it proved afterwards we were about twenty-one miles to the south of Canso. It was quite thick and Frank started to go aloft on the hoops of the mainmast. The pilot, who was at the helm, said, "Don't go aloft, Frank, we can see better under the glim than you can from aloft. Come down." But he kept on until he got within four hoops of the gaff, when the throat-halliards parted, and he fell. Seeing the mainsail was coming down and fearing the gaff would strike me, I jumped from the rail. The instant I left the rail Frank struck it in the very place I had had my arm and he pitched overboard. I jumped to the taffrail and saw him sink beneath the waves to rise no more. The pilot said, "John, there is the man you could not see, but Frank saw. It has worried me much ever since he told it to me, but it is all over now."

I have said there were four boys besides Frank and I who lived in Brunswick Village, his near neighbors; I, at that time, lived four miles away. I had not mentioned to a soul on board what Frank had said to me about seeing his mother if anything happened to him. While in the bay fishing a Freeport schooner hailed us. They passed quickly. Our captain, with his speaking trumpet, told them he had lost a boy overboard, but they did not get the name, so when they arrived in port, a month before we did, they reported the loss of a boy from our vessel. Of course, each mother thought it was her son who was lost.

There was a singular coincidence when we arrived home. The captain said to me, "John, I want you to see Frank's mother and tell her all the particulars about his death." "Can not you go, Captain, or let one of the other boys go? They live near by, and I live four miles away." "No, I want you to go,

as you were the only one with him when he saw the man in the water." "Why, Captain, do you believe that was a man he saw?" "Ask me no questions, John, but it was a very strange thing that you could not see him." I went to see the mother. The house stood a few rods from the street, in a field. She saw me and came to the door. I do not think she had ever seen me. Although a schoolmate, I never visited there. With her apron wiping the tears from her eyes, she said, "I know what you have come for, to tell me of my dear boy's death. I knew it was he, for the night after he was lost he came to my bedside and said, 'Mother, it is Frank.' I worried over it ever since, and when the news came that a boy had been lost from the schooner Olive, I knew it was my dear boy."

Two weeks after the young man fell overboard I fell from the jibboom. We were hove to under a reefed foresail, making but little headway. I was a good swimmer and was not the least frightened, did not even lose my hat off my head. I took in the situation at a glance, although but fourteen years of age. I thought the vessel would drift to the leeward before she passed me. I was some way ahead of her, and swam straight to the leeward. She came right up to me—just what I wanted, for I had calculated to catch the chain that hung from the anchor through the hawsehole. All hands ran aft, throwing ropes overboard for me to catch. The captain said, "She has gone over him; he is gone, sure." They were about to lower the boat when they heard me shout, "I am all right. Come forward and help me up." And they did so.

The next day a large shark came swimming around the stern and away went the mackerel. Well, when I saw him I thought I should drop to the deck as the thought passed through my mind, had he come there yesterday! With all my fright I had rather see him at that time than the day before.

The winter I was ten or eleven I went to school two months. The teacher was a Mr. Adams, a pious young man, who afterwards became a minister. One day he concluded to give me a feruling. Of course I was innocent. He gave me twenty-

seven blows with a ferule two feet long and two inches wide. I did not flinch, but passed him first one hand and then the other. At that juncture a young lady about sixteen years old, Miss Julia Chase, a daughter of Samuel Chase, Esq., arose in her seat, with the dignity of a queen, her face all ablaze, induced by fear, indignation or pity, and, looking him in the face, said, "Mr. Adams, I think you have whipped that boy enough." "You do?" "Yes, sir, I do." And I, who had not shed a tear or flinched up to that time, broke down and cried, but who can "view the sheen on beauty's cheek unmoved?" I dried my tears and stood gazing at him, the flogger. He said, "Take your seat." I had no contention with him on that point. I took my seat. That young lady became the wife of James Pennell, a great shipbuilder of Brunswick, Me., raised a family, and has now gone to her reward, beloved by all.

Now, after a period of seventy-six years, that event is as fresh in my mind as though it were but yesterday, and, closing this feeble effort to portray the character of this noble woman, will say in the language of Byron,

"Green be the turf on thy tomb,  
May its verdure like emeralds be."

The fall I was ten years of age the river had just skimmed over with ice. None of the boys would venture upon it, but I, to amuse them, would skate around so they could see it bend under my feet. All the large boys had gone to school and I skated for a few minutes to amuse two little fellows of six or seven, when suddenly I broke through. The water was very deep. I was not frightened because I could swim, but when I took hold of the ice to climb out it gave way it was so thin. The stream was running quite rapidly, taking my feet under the ice; there was a mill just below with steep falls, and the ice growing thinner. As I approached the open space I began to realize the situation, but, not at all daunted, I said to the little boys, "You go up to the fence close by and try to pull a rail

out." They tried three or four lengths before they could find one loose enough to pull out, and they worked manfully. They dragged it along, shoved it to me and it enabled me to get out.

The summer I was fifteen, in August I shipped aboard the schooner *Extra*, Capt. James Bibber. She was a fine boat of fifty-two tons and, as the captain would boastingly say, she was built entirely of white oak and hackmatack. I never saw a vessel that could beat her on the wind, or beating to the windward. On one occasion there was a vessel trying to pass us. I was a boy, but thought no one could beat me steering the schooner. I well remember her looks and name, the *Brilliant of Belfast, Me.* She was making her way across our stern so as to blanket us, or take the wind out of our sails. The old skipper saw at once that she would pass us. He came along, took the helm and, thinking I might feel badly, said, "Johnny, you are doing well, but she knows me, the *Extra* does, as you will soon see;" and I did, for in a few moments she was heading up to the wind, shooting to the windward and away from the vessel. God bless the memory of Captain Bibber. I was with him two summers fishing from the Jersey Coast to the Bay of Chaleur, and by his teaching I saved the lives of eight of Portland's best citizens, together with my own.

He taught us boys this important lesson—if we ever had command of a boat or ship, and saw a squall approaching, to be sure to take in all sails; let it strike the bare masts, for it was easier to put on sail after a squall had passed than to take it down when the squall was upon us. Years after this I saved the lives of a company by carrying out this instruction, as seen later on.

On March 20, 1836, I sailed from Portland, Me., in the brig *Alfred*, Capt. William Woodside of Brunswick, Me. He was called by sailors a severe man to sail with; he was to men who neglected their duty and to those who got drunk. He was kind to me. This was my second voyage. It was a cold, blustering day, late in the afternoon, when we left the harbor. We had

but four able seamen, two boys, cook, captain, and mate, Mr. Isaac Hacker of Topsham, Me., a fine man. The second mate was sick and did not come aboard, and one sailor ran away. He is now ninety-five years of age, and the only one living, beside myself, of those who shipped to go that voyage. We were bound for Havana, Cuba. Off Cape Elizabeth, just before sunset, we were struck by a heavy squall. There were only two men fit to go aloft, because of drink, and we two boys. The old colored cook, Barney B. Lunnan, who was thrown from the wharf into the boat, several feet below, had served in the old frigate Constitution in the War of 1812, was a regular old salt; he was drunk in the galley and every time the ship rolled he ejaculated, "There she goes to h—— and gone and I hope she will never rise again." Looking at me he said, "Why in h—— didn't your mother knock you in the head when you were born, for then you wouldn't be here on this damned pirate ship." It frightened me to hear him swear. We had a rough passage but a quick one for those times, arriving at Havana in fourteen days. The next Sunday morning, while washing down deck, out of the galley tumbled poor Barney, the cook, drunk as a lord. A boat that supplied the sailors with fruit and liquors had smuggled rum on board and the cook had bought it; whenever he had it he got drunk. The captain saw him, grasped a bucket of water and threw it over him. He looked at the captain and said, "You have done a d—— sight." At that the captain, a quick-tempered man, threw the bucket and struck the cook over his eye, cutting a gash that made the blood flow freely, and knocked him down. We put him in the galley. I got some water and was washing the blood from the poor man's face, when the captain came along and said, "What are you doing there? Let the nigger wash his own face, and you attend to your own business." Of course I obeyed the order, and dropped a tear of pity for the poor wounded man. The captain thought it degrading for a white man to wash a negro's face, for at that time neither he nor I had yet learned that the spirit of the kingdom is that of a child. And many

a time since have I thought of the immortal Shakespeare's beautiful words :

" How far that little candle throws its beams !  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

I was well repaid for the deed in material things, to say nothing of the spiritual, for after that I would find in the long boat that was on deck a sweet morsel of cake or pie from the officers' table ; we sailors had no luxuries in those days, nothing but what we called hard-tack—no soft bread at that time aboard of any ship.

The first night out the crew, most of them under the influence of liquor, insisted that I should drink with them, but I said, "No rum for me," and they were offended and threatened me ; said I need not put on temperance airs, that I was no better than they, and I must drink with them ; I would never become a sailor unless I did, for they would not teach me or show me one thing while I was aboard with them. One old sailor grabbed me to pour some rum down my throat, but he made slow headway as he was too drunk to more than stand, and I threw him. He got up and drew back to strike me. At that moment one of the men, a large, stout man and a thorough sailor, stepped in front of him and said : "Don't strike that boy, Alf, if you do you will have trouble with me ; he threw you fairly, and then let you up like a man when he could have kicked your head off. You let him alone. Now I will ask the boy why he won't drink, for that is a breach of politeness to refuse to drink with us aboard ship." He was a well-informed man and the ship's carpenter. I told him that my mother had instructed me never to touch a drop of liquor, for it was the first glass that made the drunkard, and she would rather see me a corpse at her feet than to see me drunk. That was the turning point of the drink habit and ended the episode, for when the mother is introduced a sailor heaves to, that is, he stops ; and they were just mellow enough with drink to be tender. When I got through with the story of my mother's teaching the

old salts were wiping the tears from their eyes with their shirt sleeves. For a moment silence reigned supreme. At last the ship's carpenter said: "Now, boys, it must be understood by you all that the first one who asks that boy to drink aboard this ship will have trouble with me, for he is man enough to obey his mother's teachings, and had we done the same we would be in the other end of this ship; it is nothing but the d—— rum that has kept us from the cabin and placed us in the fore-castle." After that I was treated most kindly by all and not one ever asked me to drink with them again. So much for the teaching of a Christian mother, who had told me of the wretchedness of a drunkard's home as pictured by the poet:

"LITTLE MOTHER."

BY B. M. BROWN.

'Twas a dreary, old, desolate hovel,  
That seemed to shrink away  
In a dismal place of hiding,  
Ashamed of the light of day;  
In the heart of a mighty city,  
In shadow of spire and dome,  
Like a guilty thing of darkness,  
And this was the drunkard's home.

Rags were stuffed in each crevice  
And broken window-pane,  
In a hopeless, sad endeavor  
To keep out the wind and rain.  
And the inmates suffered and shivered  
In a desperate kind of dread,  
Waiting and watching for father,  
Without any wood or bread.

One of them sat by the window,  
With a sad and tearful eye,  
Starting at every footstep,  
Watching the passers-by  
With a haggard look of sorrow,  
And sad eyes staring wild—  
A lonely, desolate martyr,  
The drunkard's poor little child.



'Twas late at night, and watching  
Had made her weary and pale,  
While she told her little sister  
Many a pleasant tale.  
Of the little ones the kindest  
And tenderest care she took,  
And closer they nestled to her  
With a scared and hungry look.

She was only twelve—You doubt it?  
She looked so old and worn,  
Like a little, old-fashioned spirit,  
And never a baby born!  
Only two other children  
To care for night and day,  
And they called her Little Mother,  
She had such a motherly way.

She'd taken care of the children  
Since her mother staggered and reeled  
Into death's awful darkness,  
And was borne to the Potter's Field.  
How hard she had worked and struggled,  
How much she suffered and bore!  
Keeping soul and body together,  
Begging from door to door.

Only three desolate children,  
Three little girls—enough  
To suffer a slow starvation  
And the cold world's stern rebuff.  
They shrunk from a human presence  
As a harbinger of woe,  
They had never known any greeting  
But a drunken curse or blow!

Had they pretty names? What matter  
About a beggar's name  
Who skulked in poverty's darkness  
Under the shadow of shame?  
No one spoke kindly to them,  
And no one dared to tell  
Of Millie, the Little Mother,  
And Bessie and Baby Nell.

But now they heard a footstep,  
 A heavy, uncertain tread.  
 They know that father is coming,  
 With a sense of fright and dread.  
 He's coming nearer and nearer,  
 He staggers, clutches the door,  
 And tumbles into the hovel,  
 Sprawling onto the floor.

And there he laid in his anger,  
 Cursing with every breath,  
 Like a fiend from the pit of darkness  
 On a raid of ruin and death;  
 Covered with filth from the gutter,  
 Where he'd wallowed like a pig,  
 His stomach full of whiskey,  
 And his brain in a whirligig.

But brave was Little Mother,  
 Her duty stern and stark,  
 And, while her sisters trembled  
 And crept into the dark,  
 She sprang to assist her father,  
 And helped the brute to crawl  
 To the side of the room—he struggled,  
 And rose by clutching the wall.

And when he turned in his fury,  
 While his eyes like a madman's glow—  
 In a moment she is bleeding,  
 Struck down by a fearful blow,  
 Let the angels hide their faces,  
 And demons shudder with blame,  
 And all of the whiskey kings  
 In the nation blush with shame.

By the force of the blow the monster  
 Fell again to the floor,  
 Where his drunken sleep was broken  
 By only a curse or a snore.  
 And there he lay, unconscious  
 That his hand now bore the stain  
 Of the precious blood of the innocent,  
 And his brow the brand of Cain!

Did sadness darken the pleasure  
 Of the shining hosts who dwell  
 In the light of love eternal  
 For Bessie and Baby Nell?  
 For Little Mother was crying,  
 And never would they share  
 Again her love so earnest,  
 Or know her tender care.

Her starved life in the darkness  
 Faded and died away  
 Like a shadow, creeping heavenward,  
 Between the night and the day.  
 Her limbs grew stiff and rigid,  
 Her face was white and cold,  
 And another lamb in the morning  
 Was found in the Shepherd's fold.

I never heard my father speak a cross word in his family. In 1837 he moved from Brunswick to Bath. I was at home part of the time during the summers and helped him on the farm, then known as the Pettengill or Waldron, now the McCutcheon farm, on the banks of the Kennebec. There, in August, 1839, my oldest brother passed away. It was the hardest blow I had ever received.

October 23, I sailed for St. Marks, Florida, from Bath. I went to Tallahassee, twenty-eight miles from St. Marks, and spent the winter there. Arriving home in the summer of 1840 I went to work at the blacksmith's trade with Jacob Knowlton. Two years later I bought his shop and tools and, with Sewall Ham as partner, carried on the business successfully for two years. I sold out and went to work at the hairdressing business. That was in 1844, and I spent seven as happy years as I ever lived in the town, now city of Bath.

At seventeen years of age I commenced my active work against all kinds of slavery, and especially against the slavery of dissipation with rum and tobacco. I had signed the pledge of 1829, or rather, my mother wrote my name and I made my cross, for I was but eight years of age, and backward at that,

and could not write. I am perhaps the only man in the State of Maine whose name is on all three of the temperance pledges, of 1829, 1840, and the Sons of Temperance, and others of recent date. A few years ago, on the ninetieth birthday of the late General Neal Dow, I was invited by the president of the Bath Temperance Society to be present at the celebration of the great leader's anniversary. I declined, as it was almost impossible for me to attend, but after receiving three letters informing me that I was the only man living they knew of, whose name was on all three of the pledges and earnestly requesting me to be present, I consented to do so. I was the missing link so much sought after. Of the signers of the pledge of 1840 there were none in Bath then living. General Dow gave me a letter to the Bath president, a lady whom I well knew in her early childhood, having been an intimate friend of her father, Mr. Stephen Sawyer, but she had married a gentleman whose name I did not know. When I arrived there I needed no introduction for they all knew me, and I was highly entertained. The following is a copy of the pledge of 1840, with the names of those who signed it; they were all earnest workers at that time in the cause of temperance in Bath :

THE PREAMBLE.

Whereas, the Demon of Intemperance, the withering influence of whose pestilential breath is at present felt in all classes of society, prostrating their energies and brutalizing many who are otherwise capable of becoming its most useful members, thereby rendering them a burden to themselves, their families and community; and, whereas the public good and the interest of our beloved country demand of us as the friends of temperance a vigorous and well directed effort, an untiring and determined resolution to do all in our power for the suppression of this vice, the pernicious influence of which is at present the destroyer of the happiness of thousands of its unfortunate victims, therefore, *Resolved,*

1. That there was no advantage in drinking, but that the practice was disadvantageous instead.
2. That persuasion should be employed with drinkers to abstain.
3. That whoever drank rum, gin, brandy, whiskey, wine, or even cider

## 24 SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JOHN M. TODD

or beer in any quantity drank too much, and members should expostulate with such persons whenever an opportunity presented.

4. That it was a duty for every member to *persuade* those engaged in the sale of ardent spirits to renounce it altogether.

5. That those who sold ardent spirits in shops for tippling therein or to be carried away and drank should be blamed as much as wholesale dealers and inn holders.

6. That efforts should be persisted in looking to the stopping of the importation of liquor.

7. That all who had been in the habit of drinking ardent spirits within the past six months should be invited to become members.

### THE PLEDGE.

We, the undersigned, members of the Washington Teetotal Society of Bath, Maine, believing it to be a duty we owe to ourselves and families and to society do hereby promise and pledge our sacred word and honor that we will from this time henceforth and forever abstain from drinking any kind of spirituous, vinous, or fermented liquors of every kind and description whatever, as a beverage.

### NAMES.

|                   |                     |                   |
|-------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| William Ede       | Jesse Mitchell      | John Weeks        |
| Jesse Duston      | Hiram H. Bowles     | Chas. C. Lee      |
| James H. Nichols  | Chas. Green         | Samuel Tibbetts   |
| Samuel Crowell    | Thomas J. Tucker    | Nath'l Longley    |
| John P. Flint     | Augustus F. Winslow | John Mitchell     |
| Wm. S. Pettengill | Sam'l G. Stinson    | Josh. P. Lemont   |
| Samuel C. Borey   | Sam'l Parker        | Geo. Hutchins     |
| Wm. Winslow 2nd   | Robert Curtis       | Matthew Skolfield |
| Joshua Emmons     | Alfred Hilling      | B. T. Currier     |
| Henry E. Jenks    | Allen L. Shaw       | John Parshley 2nd |
| Adriel Gray       | Abel Chadsey        | Edmund C. Allen   |
| John N. Smith     | Geo. Vaughn         | Isaac Crooker     |
| Aaron Mons        | Sargent Bolden      | Joshua S. Clark   |
| Benjamin Fogg     | Warren Mains        | Rob't Staple      |
| Hiram Turner      | A. L. Stinson       | Peter Clogy       |
| Benj. Davenport   | David W. Standish   | Joseph Currier    |
| Levi Chadbourn    | John B. Hodgdon     | John Foote        |
| Abner M. Dunham   | Asa Bradley         | Wm. Matthews      |
| Chas. Southerland | John Bisbee         | John W. Briggs    |
| James McAvry      | Thomas Larry        | James R. Hinkley  |
| Jotham W. Rogers  | Thomas R. Bradford  | Lewis Stilfin     |
| Waldron Leavitt   | Wm. S. Emmons       | Henry E. Morrell  |

|                    |                   |                   |
|--------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| John Fossett       | Wm. Nelson        | Samuel Preston    |
| Concider Brown     | Eben Colson 2d    | Stephen Crooker   |
| Richard B. Tobie   | Mathano Parshley  | John A. Jackson   |
| Uriah Hamilton     | John E. Brown     | Samuel Anderson   |
| Wm. Hackett        | Benj. Stinson     | Stephen Haynes    |
| John Clayton       | John Whitney      | Edward Colby      |
| John M. Todd       | Stephen T. Berry  | James G. Crawford |
| Z. T. Hubbard      | Waldron Mars      | Wm. Greenleaf     |
| Wm. Banks          | Edward Law        | James Roache      |
| Wm. Hodgdon        | Wm. Thornton      | Jacob Knowlton    |
| Benj. Willis       | Sam'l Whitmore    | John Beals 2nd    |
| Joseph Hayes       | Stephen B. Penny  | William Brown     |
| Rufus Stinson      | Thomas Bowles     | John Grace        |
| Caleb Mitchell 2nd | Jesse H. Dustan   | Humphrey Aulens   |
| Baldwin Parshley   | A. T. Denison     | Felix McGorden    |
| Converse O. Hogdon | Hiram Crooker     | Thomas R. Smith   |
| Lorenzo D. Newell  | Daniel B. Ward    | Fobes Turner      |
| John Young         | Eben Colson       | John B. Trull     |
| David Purrington   | Philip Keenan     | Wm. Winslow       |
| Henry York         | James Howes       | John B. Morrison  |
| Stephen C. Sawyer  | C. A. Brown       | John Webb         |
| William Moore      | Edward Higgins    | Wm. H. Noble      |
| Jesse Totman       | Wm. H. Harrison   | Benj. Remmick     |
| Joseph Remmick     | William Sally     | Hiram Gorham      |
| Wm. Larry          | David Owen        | John Thomas       |
| F. A. Newcomb      | James S. Bennett  | James Wakefield   |
| Q. S. Griffith     | Robert G. Soule   | Hiram Tibbetts    |
| John D. Watchman   | Wm. J. Crawford   | John T. Wormwood  |
| Fredrick Lincoln   | Job Scott Donnell | Orin Bowman       |
| Chas. W. Jackson   | Josiah D. Haley   | Allen Gatchell    |
| Geo. Colson        | Albert Parshley   | Wm. S. Robbins    |
| Peter Knight       | Jackson Maines    | John Gooch        |
| Randall Church Jr. | George Barton     | Richard Blinn     |
| Joseph C. Bradford | Abner McFadden    | Ephriam Pinkham   |
| Nath'l Jennings    | Benj. McGill      | David H. Densmore |
| Nelson Patridge    | Washburn Calden   | Andrew Mann       |
| Ezekiel Studley    | James Couliard    |                   |

Had I read the following poem before I commenced to reform the world and lead it into the true path of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, I fear I should have been discouraged and given up the task; but as Pope says, "Fools rush in

where angels fear to tread," and if an apology is needed, let that be mine :

" If thou wouldst win a lasting fame,  
 If thou the immortal wreath wouldst claim,  
 And make the future bless thy name,  
 Begin thy perilous career.  
 Keep high thy heart, thy conscience clear,  
 And walk thy way without a fear ;  
 And if thou hast a voice within  
 That ever whispers, ' Work and win,'  
 And keep thy heart from sloth and sin ;  
 If thou canst plan a noble deed,  
 And never flag till it succeed,  
 Though in the strife thy heart shouldst bleed ;  
 If thou canst struggle day and night,  
 And, in the envious world's despite,  
 Still keep thy cynosure in sight ;  
 If thou canst bear the rich man's scorn,  
 Nor curse the day that thou wert born,  
 To feed on husks, and he on corn ;  
 If thou canst dine upon a crust,  
 And still hold on with patient trust,  
 Nor pine that Fortune is unjust ;  
 If thou canst see with tranquil breast,  
 The knave or fool in purple drest  
 Whilst thou must walk in tattered vest ;  
 If thou canst rise ere break of day  
 And toil and moil till evening gray  
 At thankless work for scanty pay ;  
 If, in thy progress to renown,  
 Thou canst endure the scoff and frown  
 Of those who try to put thee down ;  
 If thou canst bear the averted face,  
 The gibe and treacherous embrace  
 Of those who run the selfsame race ;  
 If thou in darkest days canst find  
 An inner brightness in thy mind  
 To reconcile thee to thy kind ; —  
 Whatever obstacle control,  
 Thine hour will come,—go on true soul !  
 Thou'lt win the prize, thou'lt reach the goal.  
 If not, what matter ? Tried by fire,

Thy spirit shall but soar the higher.  
Content and hope thy heart shall buoy,  
And man's neglect shall ne'er destroy  
The inward peace, the secret joy."

The first vote for president I ever gave was for Birney, the Abolitionist candidate, in November, 1844. I left Bath in December of that year, and came to Portland, where I went to work at the hairdressing business with Mr. Charles E. Bennett, who later on went to Chicago and there passed away a few years ago. The 10th of October, 1845, I opened a hairdressing room in the Boyd Block, corner of Middle and Exchange streets, and remained there until December, 1893, a period of forty-eight years and two months, and then moved to Temple street. I am now doing business at the corner of Middle and Temple streets. I have built houses in Portland that cost me \$30,000; they are all standing at the present time, and I don't own one shingle on them and am glad of it, "for it was so pleasant to see riches take wings unto themselves and fly away," but thank heaven, they left me healthy and happy.

I was married in March, 1845, to Miss Frances J. Blake of Portland, and a most worthy and beautiful woman she proved herself to be. I have often wondered why she married me, for I possessed neither wealth nor beauty. There is one reason, perhaps, she was too young to know better, as she was not quite seventeen years old, and at twenty the mother of two boys; we had four children, three boys and a girl. We lived together forty-three years, when she passed to a higher life on May 17, 1888, where, no doubt, she has found a happier home and more favorable conditions, for while here she toiled and lived for her family and others, sacrificing herself for their good.

FOR HER.

I thank thee, Life, for many, many gifts:  
For wealth of bloom and tender song that lifts  
My life the heated highway's path above;  
But most of all I thank thee, Life, for Love!



I thank thee for the body's health ; for friends ;  
The daily bread thy kindly bounty sends ;  
For all the goodly things that are or were ;  
But most of all I thank thee, Life, for Her !

For Her I count of good thine utter store  
That surfeits avarice. Thou hast no more,  
No boon to win one covert sigh from me  
When I have that whose giving beggars thee.

## INSPIRATION.

BY THE REV. BURT ESTES HOWARD.

(From the *Los Angeles Graphic*, September 30, 1905.)

It has been the misfortune of the words "inspiration" and "revelation" that they have been given a wholly theological content. To narrow the idea of inspiration to some abnormal state of the mind in a past age, whereby men were acted upon from without by some strange spirit operating outside the realm of natural law, for the purpose of laying down specific rules of practice; in short, to confine inspiration to any period of time, or to any set of men, or to any book or books, is to defraud the idea of its rightful due and divest it of its larger power in and on human life. It is a big word, this word "inspiration," and must be given a definition commensurate with its bigness. There is a mighty truth at the heart of it which the world cannot afford to lose sight of.

Inspiration is not the coming of a new spirit into the affairs of men. It is not the breaking of the orderly and natural way of doing things, by an external, supernatural, transcendent God, to reveal himself and his truth to men by erratic and abnormal means. It is just the perception of the eternal spirit of truth which has been in the world from the beginning. There is a true light which lighteth every man coming into the world. Not all men see it. But to them to whom the vision appears, it comes through no strange process, but by the unfolding of the moral and rational perception. Inspiration is a thing of spiritual and intellectual insight. It is having eyes to see and ears to hear what is going on in God's world. The inspired man is the man with mind and soul great enough and crystal-clear enough to see beyond the little catch-penny world that we create out of our own selfishness and materialism into the awful truth of things. It is of small moment what kind of truth it is that he sees. It is all God's truth; and the man who finds a

bit of it somewhere and opens his life to it, who takes his little fragment of divine news and tries to tell it honestly to his brethren, is one of the inspired prophets of the Almighty. It may be an Isaiah, reading God's message in the faces of men, or spelling out a divine word from the confused voices of his age; it may be a Scottish plowboy, with the poet's soul, uprooting a mountain daisy as he lays off the furrow, finding a gospel tangled in the torn roots of the flower and singing an immortal song about it; it may be the lad who hears God's whisper in the steam as he listens to the kettle crooning its old-fashioned melody, swinging there on the sooty crane, or the grimy mechanic, who sees, in the midst of clanging hammers and whirring spindles and hissing valves, a vision of some device that shall cheapen necessities and make life more tolerable for earth's millions; it may be the patient thinker, in the hush of his study, forging upon the anvil of logic a great thought that shall make men better and the world a holier place—all, all are inspired men and the instruments of God's spirit of wisdom.

For inspiration is independent of the kind of truth perceived or revealed. There is no warrant for filching the halo from any truth. All truth is divine truth, though not all truth is ecclesiastical or biblical. To run lines of cleavage splitting God's truth in twain, calling this secular and that divine, is a violation of fundamental fact and intellectual treason against the moral order of the universe. There is no secular in a world full of God.

Further, inspiration is not the sacred monopoly of any literature or of any corporation. It is the heritage of the race. Galileo, Copernicus, Keppler, and the long list of those who have been peering into the mysteries of nature are as truly inspired men as Moses or David or Isaiah. The true poets are also true prophets, and the artists and musicians who are seeking to utter their visions of beauty or to express in rhythmic harmonies the melodies that are singing in their souls are ministers of the One Universal Spirit whom men call God. More than this, the humble soul that is living its bit of a life

under the spell of some dream of a higher truth of things, living its little days grandly, bringing into the pettiness of its opportunity and the monotony of its treadmill routine some fragment of a divine largeness and dignity, is a soul more truly inspired than any earthly being that which makes the best men. The value of a religion lies neither in its forms, its sacred literature, nor in its organization, but in its moral dynamics. Christianity is not the only religion worthy of a man's thought, nor is it the only "divinely inspired" religion. The religions of men keep pace with their expanding spiritual capacities. All religions have in them the seeds of divine truth, and, for their time and for their people, they are divine forces, divine inspirations. I do not maintain that one is as good as another. Each is to be rated according to its lifting power. All have their place in the moral evolution of the race. The great end of religion is the same no matter what form it may assume. In the development of a true, fine manhood, God is using all religions and all bibles. Neither divineness nor inspiration can be denied to any one of them that is tugging at the people who hold it to lift them to a little higher conception of things. All of them are reaching after the same God. It makes little difference by what name they call him. Great facts are indifferent to the labels we put on them. God is not baptized into any form of faith. No time or people can persuade the Almighty to take up his exclusive abode in its literature or in its ecclesiastical corporation. The true inspiration does not lie in a book written for all time, or in a society organized for all time, but in the living souls of the living men of any time. God's inspired book that he is writing in the world is never finished. It is not penned on parchment in a tongue that is dead. It is a Book of Life. And the words are spelled out of the flesh and blood of men. The true inspiration is the anointing with insight that touches the eyes of those who love the Truth and watch eagerly for her coming. It is a vision of the verities of which all Nature is but a symbol and all life but an opportunity for utterance. The inspired man is the man who sees, and whether the

truth he sees is a gleam of light through science, or economics, or politics, or business, or any one of the many sides of life, it is a bit of the One Eternal Truth shining out of different windows. Truth is all one, but the eye that apprehends it varies.

## SPIRITUALISM.

"Those who have ears to hear, let them hear."

In 1842, in the town of Bath where I lived and learned the trade of shoeing horses and carriage work, and for two years, under the firm name of Todd & Ham, carried on that business, mesmerism (named after Mesmer, a Frenchman, who discovered it a few years before), now called hypnotism, at that time was attracting much attention. There was a young lady there who was a fine subject and I could easily mesmerize her. When in that state of mind I could take her a hundred miles away and she would tell all that was transpiring there, describe who were there and what they were doing. If I went in any part of the house, cellar or attic, put salt or sugar in my mouth, she would taste it as soon as I would. We were tested in every way, and were accused of deception, but we never thought or practiced it as we had no occasion to do so.

I came to Portland in 1844. In 1848, when the Rochester knocking or spirit rappings occurred, I took no notice of it. I had become agnostic, had spent much time over commentaries and found out what the poet Pope meant when he wrote, "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" So I dropped mad opinion and went to living the true life, for the true life is the eternal life, for truth is eternal.

One day, in 1850, Captain Littlejohn, a brother sceptic, called upon me and said, "Todd, I want you to go with me to see a medium who lives on Smith street, for I was knocked out in the first circle, and I came to you because you do not believe in this superstition called religion." I said, "What have you run against now, Captain?" "I don't know, but I reckon the devil or someone else will tell us. A few years ago, I lost a man overboard; he was a Swede and spoke very poor English. As I entered the door I said to the husband of the medium, 'I don't care to have you know my name.' 'We don't want to

know it; we can find that out soon enough.' I took a seat at the table. In a few minutes she was entranced and, reaching out her hand to me, and in broken English in the very voice of the sailor, said, 'How are you, Captain Littlejohn?' I said, 'Who are you?' 'You know,' was the reply. 'No, I don't,' said I. The medium threw her arms over her head and, in the same broken English, said, 'For God's sake, Captain, save me!' and those were the very words the sailor uttered when I threw him a rope as the ship passed him, and he missed catching it. John, I am puzzled." I laughed at him and told him of my Bath experience in mesmerism. "She only read your mind, that is all. That does not satisfy me. I want you to go with me to see her." "No, I won't," I said; "I have no time to fool away, and if I went I should want to go alone."

Soon after that, one night in a terrible storm and dark as pitch, I started to see the medium. It was such a night a child might understand the devil had business on his hands, as Robert Burns said. I knocked at the door; a tall, gaunt man, six feet three inches in height, stood looking at me. I was speechless for a minute and didn't know what to say. Finally, I said, "Is this the house where they entertain ghosts?" He laughed and replied, "Yes, come in." I said, "I don't wish to give my name." "We don't wish to know your name, we can get it quick enough." He led the way to the sittingroom, and there sat a woman of sixty or sixty-five years of age, and of very pleasant appearance. She smiled and said, "I don't care to know your name." I took a seat opposite her. Soon the table began to move and loud raps were heard. I was greatly interested, moved back from the table and looked under it. She went into a trance, took a pencil from the table and wrote "John Todd." The husband spoke and said, "A spirit friend of yours." I, to mislead them, said, "That is my name." He said, "That is it? That is all right then." She threw the pencil upon the table with some violence and, with her eyes closed, turned her head as though she was scanning my every feature and thought, took the pencil from the table and wrote

under the words "John Todd" the words "John M. Todd." She looked at me sternly and said, "John, whose name is that?" pointing at the John M. Todd. I replied, "That is mine." "Well, whose was that?" pointing at the other name. "That was my father's." "John, deal honestly with the medium and I will convince you that I live, and that there is a life after what you call death." I began to question him of my childhood experiences and conversations I had had with him when young. He seemed to remember all. Then I began to question him on theology and about what he had learned over there. He said he had not been there long enough to have learned much, and while on the earth he had not made theology a study; the passage over Jordan had taught him but little, and that I had read much more upon that subject than he, but if the medium was willing he would bring a spirit who would give me the information I wished. I made an appointment with the woman to meet her at two o'clock. I was there. The medium was entranced, and the controlling influence purported to be William Elbridge Channing, the great Unitarian preacher. I commenced to question him, and every question I had ever asked in early life of clergymen was answered. He did not put me off with "You must not ask such questions," as I had often been told by ministers, but he encouraged me to ask many, and every one I asked was answered. I said to father, "If this is true that you have survived the shock of death, I must take up the Bible again, and I cannot do that." I had been fighting it so long that I did not see how I could accept its teachings. He replied, "Not necessarily, for you are in no condition to be benefited by so doing. Do you fully realize, John, that there is no one in this city, who has used the word orthodox bigot for years as often as yourself, and are you aware that there is no greater bigot in Portland than you are? For a man can be as bigoted in his negation as in his belief."

Six months after that event, while talking with him, he called my attention to what I said in regard to my accepting the teachings of the Bible. "I want you, when you go home to-night,



to read from the Bible, 1 Corinthians, 12th chapter, where Paul wrote of spiritual gifts. He speaks of the discerning of spirits, healing by the spirits speaking with other tongues, and other gifts that we spiritualists believe in and practice." I went home and read it. My prejudice had left me; I have studied the book much since and, from Genesis to Revelations it teaches that spirits return. As Charles Beecher said at the advent of modern spiritualism: "It is no use to deny the facts of spiritualism, for it is a Bible doctrine. The Bible is full of it. We should preach and teach that it is the work of the devil, that will frighten the people away from it." Another proof that ignorance alone enslaves, for were not the people ignorant they would not fear the devil or any of his imps. I was taught to face the devil and he would flee from me. I found it so, but you must have the faith that Christian had when he faced old Apollyon, according to Bunyan.

On one occasion Postmaster Dunn came in to see me. I was feeling rather cast down, business was dull, and I was heavily in debt. I said, "I must give up my research of spiritualism. I cannot afford to spend so much time and money as I have been doing. I must devote myself to the support of my family and to the payment of my debts." After Mr. Dunn left I thought I would go once more to see a medium and then give it up, at least for the present. I called upon the medium and we sat down at the table to get communication. In a few minutes the door bell rang and she went to the door. As soon as she left the table the raps came and the table commenced moving rapidly. I never had a table move for me before, nor any other physical manifestation without the help of a medium, and I have never had one since. She returned, and I said to her, "Go into the other room, for I am getting the manifestations under my own hands." I took the alphabet that was on the table for that purpose, and I had written for me thirty-two pages in that manner, and if I wrote a word or letter that was not right the table would not cease shaking until I went over the alphabet again and corrected it. The controlling spirit

purported to be my father. He told me the conversation I just had with Mr. Dunn at my shop, told me that I could not forsake nor abandon spiritualism, that from my childhood the spirits had stood by me and often directed my steps, and saved me from evil, and henceforth I must and will do all in my power, to aid them, to forward the cause of the truth of spirit return and thereby strengthen the belief in the continuity of life that the world is so much in need of. "Now I have a word to say to you in regard to your financial condition. We have heard your complaining and have often pitied you, 'O, ye of little faith.' We know that, from your point of view, the struggle seems hard, but, my dear son, you have always had a bed to sleep on and food to eat; you have never put your children to bed feeling that they had retired with scanty food, as I have mine—no, nor you never will. But you were born a sceptic and a doubter. We have held a consultation and have examined into your case, and have resolved to relieve you. We see you are sinking under your load, and in your state of mind, had you been in Job's place, you would have taken his wife's advice and cursed God and died. 'Then said his wife unto him, Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God and die.' Job 2 : 92. O my son, I wish you could walk by faith through this valley of sorrow, but we see you cannot, for you have not yet learned the power and great glory of faith." I said, "If this is my father speaking, or whatever the power may be, all I can say is, I cannot believe that it is in your power to relieve me from my financial embarrassment, though an angel declared it unto me." He wrote in answer, "Wait and see." In eighteen months from that time I had paid two thousand dollars of old debts, most of them outlawed.

One day my landlord, Mr. Boyd, came in to see me and said, "John, I have a compliment for you. I was at a large party last evening on State street, where some of the best people in the city were in attendance. You were spoken of by a gentleman of wealth. He said you had paid him several hundred dollars in outlawed debts, at which they expressed surprise. I

said, 'That is what I should have expected of him.' That compliment gave my modesty a slight twitch and, partly to hide its effect, I said, "Mr. Boyd, I am surprised that you keep such company." "What do you mean, John? They were of the best people in the city." "I hardly think that possible, for it appears to me that the best people would have a higher estimate of honesty than to express surprise that a man had paid his honest debts when able. They may have great reputations, but is that always character?" He smiled and said, "I fear there is too much truth in your suggestion." But to my story. I fear that these everlasting digressions that I indulge in are not in good taste. Besides paying my debts I had over a thousand dollars in the bank. But the reader will inquire how I made money so fast. I will tell you, for truth never shuns the light, seeks no panoply, courts inquiry and answers every honest question. A gentleman from out of the city, and a man of large fortune, came to me and said, "For weeks past I could not get you out of my mind. I don't understand it, for you have never done any business for me. I have a business to do and I want you to do it. I will deposit four thousand dollars in the Mechanics Bank, President Allen Haines, for you to use, and I want you to attend to it at once. I am going over to leave the money now, and I shall tell Mr. Haines to let you draw upon it as you wish." I replied, "I know nothing about the business, and I shall lose your money; I won't touch it. I never could keep my own money, and I won't be able to keep yours." He left the money for me, and I did not touch it. A week went by. He called and said, "Have you done as I wished you to?" "No, I have not dared to." "You go and do as I wished. I will risk it." Another week went by and he called again and said, "John, you are foolish in not doing as I wished you to. Now, if you do not, I shall have to get some one else, for the business must be attended to." I saw Mr. Haines, the president of the bank. He advised me to go ahead. I took hold of the job, and the first three days I made \$200.00. That gave me courage. I kept on, and in eighteen

months cleared \$30,000.00. Through the influence of Mr. William E. Wood, the broker, the father of our genial William H. Wood, Esq., I invested my money in United States fifty-two bonds.

After the great fire of 1866, that destroyed one-third of the city, I caught the fever that was raging here to help build the city anew. I built houses that cost me \$30,000; they shrank in value about one-half, and I fooled away and was cheated out of the balance, so now I don't own a shingle in one of them to bother me. I have written the last few lines to please myself. Now, if you will but heed what I write, you will receive a blessing and a pearl of great price. My father came to me, mind you, from the spirit world. This was before I lost my property, recollect. It was at a spiritual circle, and he said, "John, we are about to strip you of every dollar you possess." My knees began to shake, as did Saul's when the woman medium of Endor read 1 Samuel, 28: 7-18, when she told him his kingdom should be taken from him. "But, my son, you will not feel as you did when you told your friend Dunn you were about to abandon spiritualism, when your faith was waning and you were about ready to sink. Then we reached forth a helping hand and placed you upon your feet. Now, you know we can help you, and you will not mourn your loss and will walk by faith, nothing doubting." And I have seen my houses and land pass away from me, my wife and children depart, but my faith remains unshaken, often cast down but not destroyed, 2 Corinthians, 4: 9. From that day to this, I have never seen the time that I have wished to have my houses back. I write with due consideration, well knowing that many will laugh at such a suggestion, but it is true. I have never thought of it without a feeling of disgust, and felt glad it had taken unto itself wings and flown away, for I well know its tendency was to drag me down and hinder my march to the higher life, so you see why I can walk by faith and not by sight.

I was invited to attend a materializing circle, that is, where the spirits of our departed ones are said to return and make

themselves visible to mortals. It was at the home of Mr. George Blake, son of the late Charles Blake, of the firm of Blake & Jones, flour dealers. Charles Irving Blake, the son of George Blake, is the only one that I know of who was present now living in this city. He and I are willing to testify, under oath, to what we saw on that occasion. The materializing medium, so called, was a young man, a Mr. Bastion. Before he went into the improvised closet, with no door or window in its rear, no way to get in or out except from the room we were all sitting in, I had examined him thoroughly. The company consisted of about sixteen people, and some of the smartest men in the city. All could be seen, the room was so light we could see to read. There was a gentleman present, a stranger, and a delegate to the United States Medical Convention that was being held here at that time. I learned later that he was Dr. Walker from New Orleans. Mind you, I had searched this medium from head to foot, turned every pocket. I know there was no clothing about him except the suit he wore, and there were eight or ten persons, men, women and children, who appeared, or, as we spiritualists would say, materialized, all in different apparel as became age and sex.

After several spirits had materialized there was one appeared whom anyone would have taken for a clergyman of the old school, with a standup collar and white cravate, black coat and pants, and the bearing of one who was accustomed to meet public audiences. He glanced at me. I said, "Do you wish to speak to me?" He looked again with an expression on his face that I interpreted as a look of contempt, and as much as to say, "You mind your own business and I will mine." Dr. Walker said it was an uncle of his, a Baptist minister, who used to preach at Albany, N. Y. The doctor said that before leaving New Orleans to come to Portland, he was told by a medium that he would receive a great test, but he had no thought that he should meet one of his own family face to face, as he then knew that materialized spirit was no other than his favorite uncle who loved him dearly and was with him so often in his

childhood. Then my father appeared. My friends present, with one voice, said, "Do speak to him, Mr. Todd, for it is your father or brother, and the very image of you." At that moment he vanished from our sight. The company chided me for not speaking, saying, "He looked at you and smiled; he did want to speak to you." I replied, "Why did he not? It would have pleased me much." At that moment he again appeared, more distinct than before. "Now, do speak to him, Mr. Todd." I was about to do so, when he bowed to the audience, smiled, and said, "This is my son, ladies and gentlemen, he knows me." There were sixteen present, and they all saw and heard him. Then I said, "Father, have you anything to say to me?" Now came the crucial test, or miracle, for his answer was one he had given me many times in my youth. With a smile of affection that he so often had bestowed upon me, he said, "John, do right and all *will* be well." He emphasized the word *will* very strongly, as much as to say, "John, when you were a boy I *believed* it would be well with us when we passed over, but now I *know* it is." Now, for the word "miracle" I have just written. I should say that nothing short of that would explain it. Out of a hundred English sentences that naturally might have been given in answer to my question, "Have you anything to say to me, father?" that an entire stranger should have selected the one most used by my father to quiet my boyish fears in regard to the other life, is something more than a coincidence. Often I would say to father, "Good works are not enough," for I had heard ministers say that the most moral man was the most dangerous man, for he leans upon works, not faith, for salvation, and they never can save. And after going to church and listening to a doctrinal sermon, and being shaken over *hades* until I imagined I could smell the fumes of brimstone, I would go home and tell father and mother I wished I had never been born, because it would be my luck to get there, and I think so now. For if there is such a place, or condition, all I ask of my Heavenly Father is the privilege to go there and administer to their wants and comfort them in their suffering.

Mr. Charles Blake, the father of George Blake, who lived in the house, then appeared, looking just as he did in life, and was recognized by most of the company. He said, "I am happy to meet you, my children," using the plural, for there were present two of his sons, with their wives and several of his grandchildren. There was also present a Mrs. Hooper, who was not a believer in spirit return. Her husband, a young sea captain whom I knew, appeared and looked as he did when he left Portland a few months before. I turned to look at her, and she was looking at him very earnestly. He spoke, calling her by her given name, and said, "This is true and glorious." She screamed, "My husband!" and, with clasped hands, sprang towards him, fainted, and would have fallen had she not been caught by those beside her. After she had recovered sufficiently she explained to us the meaning of what her husband had said, for there was a test for her in the sentence he had uttered. A short time before he left here on his last voyage, he said to his wife one Sunday, "How would you like to go to the spiritualist meeting? I would like to go, for I have never attended one." She replied, "I would like to; I read in the paper this morning that a woman medium is to speak there to-day. Her name, I think, is Axey Sprague and I heard she was a fine speaker." So they went. After meeting he said to his wife, "I want to go aboard the barque and invite the mate to take tea with us." As they were walking down she said, "That was a beautiful discourse she gave." "Yes," he replied, and clasping her arm a little firmer, with much feeling said, "My dear, if that is only true, 'tis glorious." The reader can understand why she was so affected when he gave the truth without an "if;" for now he exclaimed, "'tis true and glorious," having passed over the so-called dark river, for he had died at Havana, Cuba. That was his last voyage, and that was the last walk he had with his wife. She never doubted but that she talked with her husband at that circle. Neither do I doubt it. I saw her several years after that event and she told me she still believed she saw her husband on that occasion, and had

no doubt but that they would spend an everlasting life together. Remember that there appeared on that occasion eight or ten spirits, all dressed in different costumes, and the medium in a china closet, and I had searched him thoroughly before he entered the closet and when he came out of it.

Now I will relate some of the most marvelous manifestations that has ever taken place in this country or, at least, that has been recorded. How I do want to give the name of the man at whose house they occurred, for he was one of our leading merchants, every inch a man, and one whose word was as good as his bond. And I have never dreamed but that I should use his name in giving the account of his experiences in these wonderful phenomena. I have spoken with him often in public before large audiences and he, with great earnestness and feeling, would give an account of these strange manifestations that had occurred at his house. On one occasion, he had been invited to speak at Portsmouth, N. H. When he had finished his lecture and given an account of these strange phenomena, a man arose and wished to know if he could ask a question. "Certainly," said the speaker. He said, "Your account of your experiences is well told, and a most wonderful tale it is; there is only one trouble with it that I can see." "What is that?" said the lecturer. His reply was, "Your story is not true." It created quite a stir in the audience. The speaker arose and said in reply, "Any fool could have said that, for it requires no experience, no study, no investigation, to say that." Here is the story as related by him before thousands of people and to me, who have discussed every point with him many a time: He returned home from his store one evening and was met by his youngest daughter, a girl of thirteen summers, who appeared somewhat excited but mirthful, and said, "Come into the parlor and see the table, it's moving all around the room." Thinking she was playing some joke upon him, he stepped in and, sure enough, the table was moving. There were two or three of his daughter's playmates playing with her. They all placed their hands upon the table and it started. He still



thought it a trick of the girls. At that time he weighed about one hundred and seventy pounds, and throwing himself upon the table it started off with him and carried him across the room with great force. He was never more surprised in all his life. Jumping from the table he placed it in the middle of the room, and taking hold of it firmly said, "Now, let me see you move it." The table started, and he held on to it with all his might until it began to creak and tremble; he only let go of it when he feared it would be torn to pieces. Then he began to investigate the cause of this strange phenomena. He spent much time in trying to unravel the mystery. One day his child was influenced to write, and addressing her father by his given name, said, "We will call it Charles," as she always afterwards did. When under that influence the spirit that controlled her purported to be a teacher of the gospel when in the earth form, and an uncle of the child's father. The handwriting was invariably that of this uncle, who had few equals as a penman, and whose writing would at once be recognized by any one at all familiar with it. On one occasion, when the child's father was lecturing in a place where this uncle had been town clerk for many years, he exhibited some of the writing that had been written in a bureau drawer that was locked and the key held by one of the company, who were listening to hear the movement of the pencil inside. This would occur in a room well lighted and often in the daytime. On another occasion, two gentlemen from Lynn brought their paper and pencils with them, placed them in a drawer, locked it, and one of them held the key in his hand while they waited for the writing to be given. After waiting some little time they heard a noise in the drawer when the little girl seized the pencil on the table before her and wrote, addressing her father, "George, if you will cut off the pencil I will write for the gentlemen." They opened the drawer and, to their surprise, found that the pencil was too long. It was cut off, and the writing was given to them.

On another occasion the girl wrote some Latin, although she did not know one word of the language and knew nothing

of English grammar. Her father's brother, who was a great linguist, being present, said, "That Latin word you have written is not proper." The influence replied that it was. The next day the gentleman took the paper the child had written to one of the most learned clergymen in the city. He also pronounced it improper. Well, that settled it, as they supposed. But wait and see if there was not a thinker back of that child who knew more than they. Six months after that, as the child was seated at the table with her uncle, she wrote, "I want you to turn to 1 Cor. 1: 27, and you will learn why I wrote the Latin sentence that you and your learned doctor of divinity said was wrong." Here is the passage: "But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." She then wrote, "You send to Cambridge, Mass., and in such a library you will find in an old Latin dictionary that the word I used is proper, but obsolete. I thought I would give you a test and also call your attention to Paul's prophecy, that God would confound the wisdom of the wise, as set forth in the text as quoted above."

The spirit that controlled the child, as I have written before, was, when in the form, a preacher of the Universalist faith and graduated from Dartmouth College probably in 1796 or '97; he was born in 1775 and passed to the higher life in 1843. He was known as a fine scholar and a good linguist. O, how I wish I could give the names, for it would add much to the weight of this narrative. It is too bad that I have been requested by the family not to publish their names. I cannot account for this timidity. O, that more could cut loose from the skirts of Mrs. Grundy and free themselves from this continually bowing down to this, "O, what will they say?" Never mind what they say. Speak out the truth boldly now when the world is weeping and groaning and dying for evidence that will give them proof and assurance of the continuity of life, and demonstrate to them the nearness of our loved and departed ones. I have ever felt it to be my duty to do so, and have always done it.

On another occasion, a cousin of the child's father, a lady from some distance away, came to visit him. While at tea she expressed a strong desire to witness the strange phenomena before she left for home. They were all seated at the table, the tea turned out and cups full, when the table commenced to rise; it was taken up from the floor six inches and there held while the lady, and several others who were present, arose and looked under the table; not a drop of tea was spilled from the cups. A gentleman asked of the spirit how they could do it. The reply came, "We took hold of the four corners of the table, the same as four of you would do if you wished to raise it." It is an accepted fact in philosophy that where there are thoughts there must be a thinker, and in this case there were many thoughts expressed. And whenever or wherever this intelligence has been asked, "Who or what are you?" the answer invariably has been, "We are the spirits of departed mortals. If that is not so, why this universal affirmation that we are the spirits of departed men and women. Come, give us, you savants, a better and truer answer, for that is what the world is now waiting for." And I think the time is not far distant when we shall have a scientific demonstration of the truth of the return of our spirit friends. As Paul wrote to the Corinthians, 13: 10-12, "But when that which is perfect is come we shall see face to face." He did not say when we depart hence, but when that which is perfect is come, showing that there were to be clearer evidences and stronger proofs of the truths of the glorious gospel of the Nazarene.

Another time Prof. E. B. Robinson was at a seance when his hat was taken from the room, carried up two flights of stairs and, when found, it was stowed away in the attic. A short time after that, while holding a seance at N. A. Foster's, Professor Robinson was present; the child was influenced and wrote: "Professor Robinson, I hope I did not injure your hat by carrying it upstairs the other night." It had not been mentioned to those present until the child wrote it.

The following is written on Thomas Paine's monument :

I believe in one God and no more.  
I hope for immortality.  
Infidelity does not consist so much in  
not believing as in professing to believe  
what one does not believe.

I have placed this here because I have heard him slandered and called an atheist, but on his tombstone he declares his belief in one God. Notwithstanding his doubts, he was a great patriot and all should read his book, "The Rights of Man."

I spoke once in North Auburn. A few weeks before I was invited to speak I was at a spiritual seance, or circle, and a spirit, purporting to be my father, came and said to me, "John, you will be sent for from the North soon to speak, and I want you to go." This was in '59. I had never attempted to speak, that is, to give a lecture, although I had spoken many times, and I was timid about going. He said, "If you go, I will give you a test when there; now be sure to go if a man comes after you." Not thinking I should be sent for, I consented. In a few days an acquaintance of mine, H. M. Bearce, a great shoe manufacturer of North Auburn, came to me and urged me to go there to speak. He wanted me to teach them Christianity. They had had a Methodist revival there; they got into a quarrel, and had put some boys who had disturbed the meeting into prison, which caused great feeling in the town. He would pay all expenses if I would go. I consented, and went. I wished them to ask me any question whenever they pleased during my lecture, in the course of which I said: "All truth is the word of God and nothing but truth can be, and if an error has crept into this Book (holding up the Bible), either through the ignorance of the writer or mistake of the translator, that mistake cannot be the word of God." An old gentleman arose in the audience and said, in a very peremptory manner, "Do I understand you to say that there are errors there?" "I did not say so, I said if there were; but for the sake of eliciting truth I will

assume there are errors there." He said, "I would like to have you point them out." I quoted from Matt. 5-28: "'It hath been said in old time, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, but I say unto you resist not evil.' Now, which is truth, Moses or Jesus, for it is a flat contradiction?" It met with no response as I expected it would, for I considered it a strong point. In a moment a voice that has accompanied me through life, that has addressed me through my left ear, said "John, call that old villain's attention to Deut. 14-21." So strong was that voice that I came near saying "you old villain," but I said to myself "Why should I say 'old villain'? I don't know him and I gave permission to ask questions." Then it repeated again, "Call the old villain's attention to Deut. 14-21." And I did. "Ye shall not eat of anything that dieth of itself; thou shalt give it to the stranger that is in thy gates that he may eat it; or thou mayest sell it unto an alien: for thou art a holy people unto the Lord thy God. Thou shalt not see the kid in his mother's milk." He dropped as though he was shot, and such a tremendous cheering throughout the hall I never heard! And it continued. I said, "You would not dare do it, they would imprison or fine you for doing such a thing, but you could fall back and say you had your Bible for it." The uproar continued. By the demonstration I thought there was something behind my remarks that I knew nothing of. This man got up, walked across the hall and conversed with a gentleman whom I learned afterwards was a lawyer. As soon as the meeting was over the lawyer came to me, said he had been highly entertained, and wanted me to tell him how I came to be there. "Were you ever in North Auburn before?" I answered, "No." "Had you ever seen that man who asked you the question, and do you know who he is? Have you ever heard of him?" I answered, "I am a perfect stranger in the town." "How came you here?" I told him. "Did you not notice the sensation that your last quotation caused?" "I did." "Well, four years ago that same man, a member of a Congregationalist church, if not a deacon, was turned out of the church and fined

eighty-four dollars for selling a pig, against the law of the State, that was on the point of dying when he killed it."

After the meeting was over a few of us met to hold a circle to get the test that I had been promised, but no test was given. I felt quite annoyed, and the next evening I visited the medium, a poor, uncultivated woman. I said nothing to her about my lecture, but after she was seated at the table the same spirit that purported to be my father said, "Well, my boy, I am more than pleased with your lecture; you gave great satisfaction to most of the people." "Yes," I said, "but where is the test you promised me? I held a circle to give you a chance." "If the old villain who sold tainted meat did not receive it as a test, most assuredly many of the audience did." "Yes," I said, "but this cannot be my father, for he would not have wounded the feelings of a man in a public audience. I am sure I would not had I known it." "John, I was not the controlling influence that gave you the thought, but I endorse it. He is an old villain, and did not ask those questions to elicit truth, but to get you to deny the Scriptures, and thereby break the force of your remarks through the prejudice of the audience. He drew the sword and perished by the sword." For years afterwards the people who heard me that night would speak of it as a strange coincidence, to say the least.

#### WHISPERS OF ANGELS.

When upon the busy city  
Sinks the gathering shades of night,  
Falls upon my heart the calmness  
Of a holy strange delight,  
Then within, around my chamber  
All the air seems filled with light,  
With a glorious presence beaming,  
Floating still before my sight.  
Then I question still, tho' vainly  
Of the mystic sudden thrill,  
Of the presence in my chamber  
When the sounds of day are still.

Come they not with toil and bustle  
 Not amid day's toil and strife,  
 But at evening when the spirit  
 Wakens to a higher life,  
 Then within my silent chamber  
 Come their footfalls hushed and still,  
 And their footsteps echo softly,  
 Like the tinkling of a rill.

And those words my spirit strengthen,  
 Come they from the angel band?  
 From those beings pure whose whispers  
 Reaches from eternal land  
 And I go forth on the morrow  
 With a stronger, nobler heart,  
 That those whispers, low and thoughtful,  
 To my spirit, life impart,  
 Blessed spirit, when the twilight  
 Showers her due upon the lee,  
 Then ye gather in my chamber  
 And a blessing bring to me,  
 And whene'er I question vainly  
 Of the things we may not know,  
 Then my heart grows sad and lonely  
 And my life pulse faint and low,  
 Then the white wings of the angels  
 Pause a moment in their flight,  
 And they waft me back a blessing  
 On the pinions of the night.

JOHN M. TODD.

### MISTRESS GLENARE.

By "MARIAN."

(Second volume of Lizzie Doten, written under spiritual influence.)

A virtuous woman is Mistress Glenare—  
 Or, at least, so the world in its judgment would say;—  
 With an orderly walk and a circumspect air,  
 She never departs from the popular way.

Every word that she speaks is well measured and weighed;  
Her friends are selected with scrupulous care;  
And all that she does is her prudence displayed,  
For a virtuous woman is Mistress Glenare!

Her youth has departed, and with it has fled  
The impulse which gives to the blood a new start,  
Which oftentimes turns from the reasoning head,  
To trust to the wisdom of God in the heart.  
Thus the robes of her purity never are stained,  
And her feet are withheld from the pitfall and snare;  
Where nothing is ventured, there nothing is gained:  
O, a virtuous woman is Mistress Glenare!

She makes no distinction of sinners or sin;  
Her words are like arrows, her tongue is a rod;  
She sees no excuse for the evil within,  
But condemns with the zeal of a partialist God!  
On a background of darkness, of sorrow and shame,  
Her own reputation looks stainless and fair;  
So she builds up her fame, through her neighbors' bad name:  
O, a virtuous woman is Mistress Glenare!

She peeps and she listens, she watches and waits,  
Nor Satan himself is more active than she  
To expose in poor sinners the faults and bad traits,  
Which she fears the Lord might not happen to see.  
When the Father of Spirits looks down from above  
On the good and the evil, the frail and the fair,  
How must he regard, with particular love,  
This virtuous woman—good Mistress Glenare!

Your thoughts have been run in the popular mould,  
Like wax that is plastic and easily melts;  
Till now, like a nondescript, lo, and behold!  
You are neither yourself, nor yet anyone else.  
Of tender compassion, forgiveness, and love,  
Your nature has not a respectable share;  
You are three parts of serpent, and one of the dove—  
Very badly proportioned, dear Mistress Glenare.

Your noblest affections have withered and died,  
Like summer-dried roses, your spirit within;  
Your heart has grown arid, and scarce is supplied  
With sufficient vitality even to sin.



But would you be true to your virtuous name,  
 There is one we commend to your tenderest care;  
 To deal with her wisely will add to your fame:  
 That poor sinful woman is—Mistress Glenare.

O, Mistress Glenare! In the drama of life  
 You are acting a very respectable part;  
 You have known just enough of its envious strife  
 To deceive both the world and your own foolish heart.  
 But say, in some moment of clear common sense,  
 Did you never in truth and sincerity dare  
 To ask the plain question, aside from pretence,  
 How you looked to the angels, dear Mistress Glenare!

The glory of God has enlightened their eyes:  
 No longer in darkness they see but in part.  
 And the robes of your righteousness do not suffice  
 To cover the lack of true love in the heart.  
 You look shabby, and filthy, and ragged, and mean—  
 E'en with those you condemn, you but poorly compare!  
 Go! wash you in charity till you are clean;  
 You will change for the better, dear Mistress Glenare.

Love will eventually overcome all. Since the most forgiven  
 love most, who at the last will love most, Satan or Gabriel?

"I am that darkness from whence springs light,  
 I am the evil by which good wins its strength,  
 I am the base on which the heights are builded:  
 Conquered, I am eternal bliss.  
 Conquering, I am everlasting wretchedness;  
 Conquered, I am life immortal,  
 Conquering, I am immemorial death."

"Jesu, Jesu, what of hell,  
 Since with Heaven, 'tis thine as well?"

"Harken now, thou Emperor Dark,  
 Mine the raven as the lark;  
 When that men for love of me,  
 Everyone, have conquered thee,  
 Homesick Satan, thou shalt then  
 Dwell with me in heaven again."

Portland, January 1, 1906.

If ever I meet his satanic majesty I shall urge upon him to return to the place he is reputed to have left, and the sooner the better for him, for there is no pleasure in wrongdoing; I have tried it and know. And as Christ will reign until he puts all enemies under his feet, you must come in at last, and it is high time you should do so. As Paul wrote in Rom. 5: 20, "Where sin abounds, grace did much more abound." You may yet become a bright and shining light and then the clergy will cease slandering you.

In Robert Dole Owen's book, entitled "Footprints on the Boundary of Another World," you can find this story or narrative, testified to by the officers and some of the crew of both ships, and I would advise anyone who is interested in spiritualism, or who wish for evidence to prove the continuity of life, to read this book. This is but one of the many proofs given therein. The ship was crossing the Atlantic, far to the North. One night, as the captain lay in his berth, the door of his stateroom being open, he saw a man writing at his desk in the cabin. He did not speak, thinking it was the mate who had stepped below, but wondered why he should have left the deck when he and the second mate were below, an unusual thing at sea to have all the officers leave the deck at the same time. The next morning the captain asked the mate why he left the deck to go below. He denied that he was below. "Well, there is the proof, for you stood there and wrote upon the slate: 'Steer to the north-northwest.'" The mate looked at the writing and said: "That is not my handwriting, Captain, you can see for yourself." And there was not a man on board the ship who wrote anything like it. It was so singular a thing the captain concluded to put the ship on the course directed, towards the north, and sailed for several hours through fields of ice. He said to the mate: "How foolish I am to sail out of my course on such an errand as this!" But he still kept on. At last he sent a man aloft to see if he could see anything, who reported that he saw a black object not larger than a bird. They kept on, found a ship frozen in the ice and rescued the crew. When

the mate of the rescued crew came over the rail, the captain said to his mate, "That is the man I saw writing on the slate in the cabin." After the officers went below, the captain of the rescued ship said, "Captain, a strange thing is this, our escape from death." "Yes, it is strange, indeed, but what do you mean?" "I will tell you, Captain. After all hope had vanished and death seemed staring us in the face, my mate came on deck in the morning, smiling, and said, 'Captain, we shall be taken off to-day, for the rescuer is at hand.' 'What do you mean?' 'Last night as I lay in my berth—I was not asleep—I appeared to be taken on board a ship and into its cabin where I walked to the captain's desk and wrote, 'Steer to the north-northwest.' When I came out of that state it appeared like a trance, but I thought it a dream.' Now, this is a strange story and well vouched for by both crews, and to say that it did not occur is not proof against it.

In the years 1854, 1855 and 1856 no snow fell before the first of January. The roads in the country were as smooth as a floor and in many places two or three teams could be driven abreast, for the fall rains had filled the gutters and the water had frozen. The dust had blown over the ice in the ruts and made the road smooth and level. That was the condition of the roads through the months of November and December during the three years. Now to my story. The bark *Helen A. Warren*, Capt. George Chase, formerly of Brunswick, and a cousin of the late Capt. Charles H. Chase of this city, had arrived in Boston from a foreign voyage, discharged her cargo, and was coming to Portland in ballast. The captain's wife, having accompanied him on the voyage, persistently urged him to let her go to Portland with him, notwithstanding the perils of the voyage; but he, thinking he might be driven off the coast by a storm, persuaded her to take the cars home. I think they sailed from Boston on the second of January, 1856, a beautiful day, with a slight southwest wind. At three o'clock that afternoon she was seen as she passed Thatcher's Island, thirty miles from Boston. That night a terrible northeast snow storm set

in, being similar to that which the steamer Portland encountered. How well I remember it! I had been to sea five years and I well knew what it meant to those upon the deep that night. To bring it nearer home to me was the fact that Mrs. Chase, the captain's wife, was in the same house with us. The storm continued three days with all its fury unabated. It is pretty well understood in this city that John M. Todd thinks, aye, and knows, that he talks with those whom the people call dead. Lord Bulwer Lytton sang, "There is no death," and Paul wrote, "I speak boldly." So every truthful man should do the same. There was in the city at that time an aged Methodist minister, and his wife had recently been converted to spiritualism. She was one of the finest women I ever met. They had an appointment for two weeks before this to meet at my house on the 6th of that month, three days after the sailing of the Warren. My wife invited Mrs. Chase in to witness whatever might take place. We, of course, had no knowledge at that time of the loss of the Warren, for she had been out but three or four days and there was no anxiety felt at that time about her. We had been at the table but a few minutes before Mrs. Danforth was entranced, took a pencil that lay on the table for that purpose, and wrote the name of George Chase. The medium then said, "I am Capt. George Chase." "What," said I, "Captain, you have not passed out of the form, have you?" "Yes, John, the ship and all on board are gone." "That cannot be so." "Yes, it is, and you should certainly know me." His wife said, "I don't believe a word of it." Then he addressed me in sailor's phrase, saying: "The storm reached us the first of the afternoon the second day out. We judged ourselves off Portsmouth and were in hopes to reach that place, or Cape Porpoise harbor. We stood close to land, but could not make out where we were. We wore ship and stood out to sea. We were under close reefed topsails at 11.30 at night. Capt. Noah Knight was at the helm when we wore ship; the wind was terrific; the sea running high. The ship capsized, and we were all lost, and the Helen A. Warren will never be in

port again." I knew I was talking with a sailor. I was also well aware that there was no one in the room who understood the sailor phrases used. He gave test after test, both to his wife and myself. I was sure what he told me was true. I had not the least doubt but that I had talked with Captain Chase of the bark Helen A. Warren. The next morning I called at the office of John A. Poor, editor and proprietor of the newspaper called *The State of Maine*, gave an account of the circle, with the story told of the loss of the bark and all on board. Mr. Poor read it and said, "John, you must not publish it; it will never do. Don't you know prophecy is the most dangerous style of literature? Why, the vessel will be in port before three days, and then how will we appear? I should be blamed very much for publishing it, and you are not aware of what you are asking me to do." He reasoned and pleaded with me not to publish it, but I insisted on his printing it, for print it I would. He at last yielded to me and it came out the next morning. It caused a great sensation in the city. Some were much offended; some pitied me, others threatened, saying I would be mobbed, as there was no law to reach me. Mr. Poor was blamed more than I by some, for he was older and knew better and should have refused to publish it. Some, more charitable than the rest, said that Augusta, "east side of the river," was the best place for me. Days and weeks passed by and no tidings came of the missing bark. One day Enoch Moody, owner and keeper of the Observatory, came rushing into my shop and said: "I want you to leave the city for a few days. I have hastened to tell you; now you hurry and do it. The Helen A. Warren is off the Cape. I have hoisted her private signal, and if it is not she it will be the first time I have ever been mistaken in a ship. Now believe me, John, when I tell you, that it is all arranged that the captains and mates in port are going to take you, as soon as Captain Chase comes ashore, tar and feather you and ride you on a rail out of the city. Now, take my advice and go away for a few days, for they mean business." He gave the names of four or five of the leaders.

I said: "Mr. Moody, when I wrote what Captain Chase told me that night I believed every word of it. I believe it now. That is not the bark Helen A. Warren off the Cape." He replied, "I know it is, and I have given you due warning." "Mr. Moody," said I, "I shall not leave the city; I am not built that way. If they wish to mob me, I am ready." Mr. Poor came in and said: "You have led me where I feared and said you would when you wanted me to publish your prophetic visions." "Mr. Poor, they were not prophetic visions, but historic facts," I said to him. "Cheer up and read your Bible where 'tis written, 'Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you.' But I admit that it is hard indeed for him on whom the public gaze is forever fixed, either to detract or praise, especially when the tar bucket is in view." They did not visit me to mob me, for the bark that was signalled stood in near the Cape, got her bearings and then bore away to the east. The hearts of all Portland beat low and the breathing grew faint when the flag was lowered showing it was not the Helen A. Warren. And eyes grew dim watching for the dear ones that ne'er returned.

#### PETER MCGUIRE, OR NATURE AND GRACE.

MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

It has always been thought a critical case,  
 When a man was possessed of more Nature than Grace,—  
 For theology teaches that man from the first  
 Was a sinner by nature, and justly accursed;  
 And "Salvation by Grace" was the wonderful plan,  
 Which God had invented to save erring man.  
 'Twas the only atonement he knew how to make,  
 To annul the effects of his own sad mistake.

Now this was the doctrine of good Parson Brown,  
 Who preached, not long since, in a small country town.  
 He was zealous, and earnest, and could so excel  
 In describing the tortures of sinners in Hell,

That a famous revival commenced in the place,  
 And hundreds of souls found "Salvation by Grace;"  
 But he felt that he had not attained his desire,  
 Till he converted one Peter McGuire.

This man was a blacksmith, frank, fearless and bold,  
 With great brawny sinews like Vulcan of old;  
 He had little respect for what ministers preach,  
 And sometimes was very profane in his speech,  
 His opinions were founded in clear common sense,  
 And he spoke as he thought, though he oft gave offence;  
 But however wanting, in whole or in part,  
 He was sound, and all right, when you came to his heart.

One day the good parson with pious intent  
 To the smithy of Peter most hopefully went;  
 And there, while the hammer industriously swung,  
 He preached, and he prayed, and exhorted, and sung,  
 And warned and entreated poor Peter to fly  
 From the pit of destruction before he should die;  
 And to wash himself clean from the world's sinful strife,  
 In the Blood of the Lamb, and the River of Life.

Well, and what would you now be inclined to expect  
 Was the probable issue and likely effect?  
 Why, he swore "like a pirate," and what do you think?  
 From a little black bottle took something to drink!  
 And he said, "I'll not mention the Blood of the Lamb,  
 But as for the River it aren't worth a —;"  
 Then pausing—as if to restrain his rude force—  
 He quietly added, "mill-dam, of course."

Quick out of the smithy the minister fled,  
 As if a big bomb-shell had burst near his head;  
 And as he continued to haste on his way,  
 He was too much excited to sing or to pray;  
 But he thought how some were elected by Grace,  
 As heirs of the kingdom—made sure of their place—  
 While others are doomed to the pains of Hell fire,  
 And if e'er there was *one* such, 'twas Peter McGuire.

That night when the Storm King was riding on high,  
And the red shafts of lightning gleamed bright through the sky,  
The church of the village, "the Temple of God,"  
Was struck for the want of a good lightning rod.  
And swiftly descending, the element dire  
Set the minister's house, close by it, on fire,  
While he peacefully slumbered with never a fear  
Of the terrible works of destruction so near.

There were Mary, and Hannah, and Tommy, and Joe,  
All sweetly asleep in the bedroom below,  
While their father was near, with their mother at rest,  
(Like the wife of John Rogers with "one at the breast.")  
But Alice, the eldest, a gentle young dove,  
Was asleep all alone, in the room just above;  
And when the wild cry of the rescuer came,  
She only was left to the pitiless flame.

The fond mother counted her treasures of love,  
When lo! one was missing—"O Father above!"  
Now madly she shrieked in her agony wild—  
"My Alice! My Alice! O save my dear child!"  
Then down on his knees fell the Parson and prayed  
That the terrible wrath of the Lord might be stayed.  
Said Peter McGuire, "Prayer is good in its place,  
But then it don't suit *this* particular case."

He turned down the sleeves of his red flannel shirt  
To shield his great arms all besmattered with dirt;  
Then into the bellows of smoke and of fire,  
Not pausing an instant, dashed Peter McGuire.  
O, that terrible moment of anxious suspense!  
How breathless their watching! Their fear how intense!  
And then their great joy! which was freely expressed  
When Peter appeared with the child on his breast.

A shout rent the air when the darling he laid  
In the arms of her mother, so pale and dismayed;  
And as Alice looked up and most gratefully smiled,  
He bowed down his head and he wept like a child.  
O, those tears of brave manhood that rained o'er his face,  
Showed the true Grace of Nature, and the Nature of Grace;  
'Twas a manifest token, a visible sign,  
Of the indwelling life of the Spirit Divine.



Consider such natures, and then, if you can,  
Preach of total depravity, innate in man.  
Talk of blasphemy! Why, 'tis profanity wild,  
To say that the Father thus cursed his own child!  
Go learn of the stars, and the due spangled sod,  
That all things rejoice in the *goodness* of God—  
That each thing created is good *in its place*,  
And Nature is but the *expression* of Grace.

“If love with this short life doth end  
Be thou my friend:  
If love dies not,  
In love let friendship be forgot.”  
C. G. BLANDON.

ANECDOTES  
AND  
CONVERSATIONS



## ANECDOTES AND CONVERSATIONS.

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The following anecdotes and conversations I have had with some of my old customers, many of them the leading men of the city and the country, during the sixty-two years I have been in a barber shop, may interest many, especially the descendants of those men whose conversations and peculiarities I shall give.

The first one I shall introduce to the reader is the Hon. John Neal, for whom I had the greatest respect.

### JOHN NEAL.

The first I knew of him was when a boy about sixteen. I was living at that time on the shores of the Kennebec. I took up the *Portland Transcript* and read, "No Man Has a Right to Do Wrong.—John Neal." My first impression was, who are you, John Neal, who dare to tell me, an American born Yankee, that I have no right to do as I please, for I have the right to do as I like. In a moment that inner voice, that has ever called a halt when I have been wrong, said: "Wait a moment and think what Mr. Neal wrote. He is right, for we may do wrong with impunity, but we have no right to do wrong." So I saw the point and that Mr. Neal was right. Years passed on and in 1845, Mr. Neal became a customer of mine, and for thirty-five years I had the benefit of his wisdom, learning and generosity. His library was ever open to me, and much indebted was I to him. And now to that dual nature of Mr. Neal's, that strong, ungovernable temper that brooked no insult, for woe to him who dared to offend him or incur his wrath. Henry Ward Beecher said: "Our virtues consist not in what we do or what we do not do, but in what we have resisted." No one knows what Mr. Neal resisted. He said to me: "I tremble when I think of my ungovernable temper. I know not why I have not killed

some one ere this." I will give you an instance of that double nature of his.

I was in his office when a hard looking and very poorly clad Irishman came in, walked up to Mr. Neal, took from his hat a dirty paper, threw it down upon the table in front of Mr. Neal, saying, "There's that bill for digging the house drain." Mr. Neal looked at the footing of the bill, \$63. Like a tiger he sprang from his chair, both feet striking the floor together, with eyes flashing and glaring like a wild lion, and screeched, "Out of my office, you villain, or I'll thrash the floor with you!" The poor Irishman shot out of the room like lightning and Mr. Neal commenced pacing the floor back and forth like a wild tiger, and repeating, "Sixty-three dollars, the villain; six dollars would have been a fair price for the job." At that moment poor Michael opened the door about half an inch and, in a low voice, said, "Mr. Neal, the big house drain is there too."

"O dear, dear, will you forgive me, Michael," said Mr. Neal, changing instantly, "have I wounded your feelings? Will you forgive me? I had forgotten all about the large house drain. The bill is none too large. The fact is I glanced at the sixty-three dollars, when I thought six dollars was enough, and I see that is just what you have charged for the small house drain." Mr. Neal sat down, took out his check book, wrote a check for the sixty-three dollars, and said again, "Michael, please forgive me, won't you?" Michael said, "To be sure I will, Mr. Neal, for that is nothing; you are a good man, you are. I know you well and am sure you could not help it at all, for you get mad easy." I stood motionless through it all, perfectly astonished to witness such an outburst of rage and apparently without a sufficient cause. I had not ventured to speak, waiting in silence. Mr. Neal turned to me smiling, and his smile was as fascinating as his frown was terrifying when enraged, and said: "John, you saw the fool John Neal, and you also saw John Neal who professes to be a follower of his beloved Master, and I could not help it. I do try hard to live up to His teaching. Oh, how humiliating it was for me to get upon my knees, figuratively

speaking, and humbly ask that man's forgiveness, but justice, honor and the blessed gospel called so loudly upon me, I was obliged to do it."

I said: "Mr. Neal, I think more of you than ever; I have learned another of the great lessons of life on this visit. I have learned what one of the great struggles of life is, and what a victory you won, and how a great soul has to fight before reaching the Delectable mountain." I was taught on that occasion the great lesson of charity for others, whose struggles through life are different from our own.

Mr. Neal was once walking down Middle street with a couple of ladies. When near to Middle street, a boy who was shoveling snow from the sidewalk, threw some snow upon the ladies' dresses. Mr. Neal said: "Don't you know any better than that? If you do not, 'tis time you were taught." The boy sauced him and he sprang upon the lad and gave him a severe slapping. In a few days Mr. Neal was summoned into court. He walked in and, turning to the judge, said, "Your honor, is my case before the court this morning?" The judge replied that it was. "I am here to answer to the charge," said Mr. Neal, "and not wishing to detain this honorable court for a moment, I plead guilty; what is the cost?" "Ten dollars and costs; fourteen dollars and eighty-four cents," was the answer. Mr. Neal took out his pocketbook, laid down the money and said: "Your honor, one word, for I will not detain this honorable court upon so trivial a matter, but I want it distinctly understood, and let it go forth from this court and throughout the country, that John Neal will not be insulted by man, woman or child, with impunity." He left the room.

One day, during the Civil War, while I was cutting his hair, a man from the town of Deering came in. Of course, the rebellion was the topic of conversation, and the Deering man was what was called in bitter terms, "a Copperhead." He was in great sympathy with the south, denounced the war as a damned abolition war, and wished that Lee would march his army through Gorham and Westbrook to Portland, and said he

would turn out his herd of cattle to feed them. Neal jumped from the chair, brought down his fist, that shook every lamp in the shop, and cried out, "You are a traitor, you are a traitor; and if the fight is to be brought to the north, it might as well begin here and now." I jumped between them and said, "Mr. Neal, I would not notice him." "Notice him, notice him," he repeated; "how dare he to utter such treason in my presence?" The man left and I finished cutting his hair.

Mr. Neal was born at the south corner of Free and South streets, nearly opposite where Dr. Bray now lives. It was a two-story wooden house. He was born in the north corner room on the second floor. I was walking with him up Free street one time and he pointed out to me the room where he was born. He was a twin and his sister was a sickly child, but he was always a giant. He told me that he was in many a boyish fight, for with him it was a word and a blow, and the blow came first.

Mr. Neal told me that he never intended to live in Portland. He went to Baltimore and went into the dry goods business with John Pierpont. They did not succeed in that business and gave it up. Neal studied law and Pierpont went into the ministry and became one of the great ministers of the country. Neal became an extensive writer. He saw in an English paper that it was no use for any American writer to send their books to England for they never would be bought there, as no one would read them. Neal said he resolved to go to England and write some books that they would read there. So he went and his writings were read. He wrote a book entitled "Brother Jonathan Abroad," and it had a great run over there. He pictured the low Yankee character, such as is presented upon the stage. Well, it aroused a terrible storm over here, and in Portland he was denounced with great indignation. They said he had turned traitor to his country and was hobnobbing with English nabobs. That was not many years after the war of 1812 had closed and the feeling at that time was very bitter against England. Mr. Neal was the last man to have a thought

of turning his back upon anything that was American. When he arrived in Portland on his way home to Baltimore and met his old friends and acquaintances, they hardly noticed him. Some even refused to take his hand when he offered his. He made enquiries and was told it was because he had written against his countrymen and turned against his own people. Then all the tiger of his nature was aroused in him, and he resolved not to be driven from his native home. He would stay here, and "it was a hard fight, I assure you," he said to me. They hired a large, powerful negro to dog his steps, sit upon his office steps while there, and upon his house steps while he was at home. One day, while passing down Congress street, where our new library now stands, the negro was walking behind him, a few feet away. He wheeled about, facing the man, and said, "Cuffee, I suppose you are paid for this job of following me around." "Yes, sir." "What do you get a day?" "A dollar and a half, sir." "Well, I'll not deprive you of so good a job, but, you black serpent, if you come within ten feet of me I'll thrash the sidewalk with you. Do you hear?" "Yes, sir." The man stopped where he was, went to his employers and said, "I am done. I throw up my job." "Why, what is the matter with you?" was asked. "I don't want to go round any more with dat man, sir; I don't like de look of his eyes, sir."

I have written more of Mr. Neal than I should, but I think he was one of the most patriotic and public-spirited men I ever knew, and he did all in his power for Portland.

One day he called in my shop to wait for the horse car. He was about eighty, and was weak and in failing health; he said to me, "I was thinking while walking up Exchange street that if I had my life to live over again, I would smile myself through the world as you have." Then, straightening himself up and shaking his fist violently, he said, "There, I could not do it. I had to fight." He did really force the English people to read at least one American's book. He was very popular, especially at the clubs where the boys all met. Before leaving Baltimore



he always went by the name of Cataract, "because of the great force and power he possessed."

To give an instance of Mr. Neal's indignation at a wrong or insult: When he was seventy-nine years old, he was riding in the horse cars up Congress street, and a young man was smoking in the car. The conductor said to him, "No smoking in the cars, sir." He paid no attention to the conductor. Mr. Neal, supposing he was deaf, touched him and said, "There are ladies in the car, please don't smoke." He turned in contempt to Mr. Neal and said, "What is that to you, old man?" He had scarcely uttered the words when Mr. Neal grabbed him by the throat and threw him into the street. His hat flew off, but he caught it and ran down High street, looking back to see if "the old tiger," as he called him, was after him. "I'll teach you not to insult ladies in my presence, you scamp," said he.

One night Mr. Neal came into my shop and was speaking of a certain gentleman, and I said he was a learned man. "Don't ever use that word again," said he. "Should I have said a learned man, instead of a learn-ed man?" I asked. "No, no," he says, "I am not criticising your language, your grammar or your pronunciation, but don't call a man a learned man so long as you know one thing he does not. Who'd be the learned man, I ask you, John, in case a whale should come into a harbor and Professor Packard of Bowdoin College, and Captain Young, who has been fifty years a whaler, were in a boat prepared to catch that whale? If that whale should be caught Professor Packard would be holding onto the gunwales of that boat. Captain Young would be the man who caught the whale. Now, who would be the professor on that occasion, John, Professor Packard of Bowdoin, or Captain Young, the whaler? Every man should be professor of his own business; not only a professor, but a competent one. No, no, John, there is no greater humbug in the minds of men than this obsequious bowing to men of high station. The great thinkers of the world are the workers of the world, the producers in the world." Such thoughts as these have lifted me up and urged me to greater

effort, and I more fully realized the dignity of man and his possibilities.

JOSEPH H. INGRAHAM.

As I stood in front of Longfellow's monument, "and I knew him well," I felt thankful and happy for more reasons than one that a monument had been erected to the great poet in the city of his birth. And I thought that it marked a new era in monument building, though the poet needed no monument built of stone to perpetuate his memory. It has been said that no poet has ever lived in history who did not write of the continuity of life or of the spiritual, and Longfellow was preëminently a poet of the spiritual.

It has been said that if we could destroy all monuments erected to war heroes and to great battles there would be but few left. So I thought it did mark a new era, and I feel that the world is waking up to comprehend the meaning of that prophecy, "There will be no killing upon the holy mountain;" and Sherman said that war was hell and we all have been taught to keep out of it. It is about time to stop glorifying war and cease building monuments to its honor. I left the monument and walked down State street, than which there is no finer street in the country. I saw no monument erected to the man who gave that elegant street to the city and planted those trees in double rows on either side. Joseph H. Ingraham was one of the most generous, enterprising and public-spirited citizens Portland ever had. His benefactions were not only felt in his time but will benefit each generation as time passes on, as long as Portland remains a city. He came from York, Me., in 1768, and established himself in the silversmith's trade. He lost much, including his dwelling house, at the time Mowatt burned the city in 1775. After that, in 1777, he built the first dwelling house erected after the city was burned by Mowatt, on Fore street, opposite Long wharf. In 1793, he built a block of stores where the old granite Bethel building now stands on the

east corner of Moulton street. They were burned in August, 1827. In the same year he built Ingraham wharf, now Commercial wharf. In 1801, he built the elegant and commodious house on the east corner of State and Danforth streets and the same year laid out State street, with its beautiful rows of trees that now adorn this magnificent thoroughfare. In 1805, he gave to the town a lot of land on the corner of Milk and Market streets to be used as a perpetual market. The next year he presented to the town a lot of land on Spring street near State, for a schoolhouse, where the present stone building was erected, which is now occupied by fire engine No. 4. In that deed the consideration was: "My regard and attachment for the town of Portland." He also gave a lot of over three acres on which the almshouse was built. He also opened Market street from Middle to Fore street and gave that to the town. He was one of the founders of the Marine Relief Association. He built the house recently occupied by the late W. W. Thomas, corner of Danforth and Winter streets, and passed away in that house on October 30, 1841, at the age of ninety years; and his body was placed in Eastern Cemetery where his ashes now repose. Lo! these were a part of his gifts, but how little a portion do we know of his gifts and ways, and how little do we know of him. He had evidently arrived to that condition of soul where it was more blessed to give than to receive. We have two of his grandsons living in our city at this time, one of whom, George T., is a man of large business experience; he was appointed by President Buchanan, United States Consul at San Blas, Mexico. During President Lincoln's administration and for many years he was engaged in commercial business in Cuba and Mexico. The other is ex-Mayor Darius H., who was born in 1837; was appointed by President Cleveland, United States Consul at Cadiz, Spain, and also United States Consul General at Halifax, N. S.

"Go, strew his ashes to the winds,  
Whose voice or gifts have blessed mankind.  
And is he dead whose glorious mind lifts thine on high,  
To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

Can any of Portland's writers give any reason why there should not be a monument placed on State street, and a good one, too, in honor of and in gratitude to such a man? I think we should be thankful that such a man has lived and died in Portland and set us, and all coming generations, such an example of generosity.

### JAMES DEERING.

James Deering, for whom the town of Deering was named, was one of the best, kindest hearted men I ever met. He was of the Ben Adhem tribe, he loved his fellow men. Many kindly acts I knew of him. His smile was a benediction even when you asked a favor of him. I was once raising money by subscription for a poor man who had lost his sight and was going to Boston to have his eyes operated upon, for at that time there were no oculists here. I asked Mr. Deering if he would give something towards it. "I have no change to spare to-day," he said. There were others who had put me off the same way, and I supposed that ended it. I raised the money, however, and the man had his eyes operated upon. Five or six weeks after I was walking up Middle street, crossing Temple, and opposite to where the Falmouth Hotel now stands, Mr. Deering was passing. He called to me. The street was quite muddy and I started to cross, he starting at the same time. I said, "Wait, Mr. Deering, don't muddy your boots." "It's no worse for me to muddy my boots than it is for you," he said. Taking out his pocketbook he said, "You spoke to me about a blind man having his eyes operated upon, did you not?" "I did," I said, "but I raised the money and he has had it done." "Have you five dollars with you," he said. "Here is ten dollars, John, hand me the five. Can he see now?" "No, not yet." "Well, keep the ten and give it to him. He will need it before he gets his sight, if they have commenced cutting his eyes." I gave the man the ten dollars. He had three or four operations performed but never received his sight.

Near to me on Oxford street lived a poor aged widow with one daughter, an only child, who worked in a tailoring establishment and supported herself and mother. The house they lived in was a poor one; the rent was three dollars a month. It belonged to Mr. Deering. He called for his rent. The poor girl said: "Mr. Deering, I have the rent but I have been sick all the week and have not worked, and this is every cent that I have and I am out of wood; if you will be so kind and let me keep it until next week it would be a great help to me." "I am very sorry for you," he said, "but I must have my rent." She told me that she almost fainted away and she and her mother burst into tears as she said, "Mother, would you have believed Mr. Deering would have done this?" In the afternoon there came by mail to the house a five dollar bill; a cord of wood and a barrel of flour were brought to the house. We all knew where it came from. There are many such deeds performed we know not of.

Years ago there was a noted tavern out beyond Stroudwater, known as Broad's Tavern, where the young men of Portland used to ride out and have supper, and there never were better ones served. On one occasion the boys had been playing cards and some played for money. One who had lost all he had was walking in town. As he passed the Deering mansion the birds were pouring forth their loveliest songs and Old Sol was shooting his effulgent rays over the city and its beams were shining through Deering's Oaks. Mr. Deering was standing down by the gate and said, "How do you do? This is a very pleasant morning, Mr. Smith." "Pleasant to some," was the laconic reply, and passed on. It became known and for years Mr. Smith, when met by his friend, would be saluted by "Pleasant to some this morning."

One day I was told that Mackworth Island had been offered for \$800. I said to Mr. Deering, "Why don't you buy it? 'Tis a great bargain." "I don't think so," he said, "unless one wanted to live there, for the taxes and interest would soon eat it up." In telling this to Mayor Baxter I said, "I suppose you

would not sell it for twenty thousand dollars now." "No, it won't be sold so long as there is money enough in the Baxter family to keep it," he answered. So you see I do not expect to see it change hands right away.

#### ADMIRAL GEORGE TATE.

It may be interesting to know that some of our Portland families are descendants of one of Russia's heroes. The Tate family were seated at De La Pfre Abbey, Northamptonshire, England. Two brothers of the family were lord mayors of London, George in 1487 and William in 1495.

Admiral George Tate was born in London in 1745. In early boyhood he was at Stroudwater with his brother Samuel, who was mast agent then for the king. He returned to England in the reign of the Empress Catherine, entered the Russian service and rose from the rank of a lieutenant to be first admiral and a member of the Imperial Senate, under Alexander I. He had conferred upon him the badges of the Orders of St. Waldimer, of St. Alexander Newski, of St. Ann, and the Military Order of St. John.

Tate was at the siege of Usmaïe and the storming of the Turkish fortress at the mouth of the Danube and captured by the Russian General Suwarrow. He was wounded there and received honors for his gallantry. His last visit to Portland was in 1819, two years before his death at St. Petersburg, honored by his sovereigns and the Russian people.

His favorite niece was Ann Tate, the wife of one of Portland's most benevolent citizens, Joseph Holt Ingraham, grandmother to ex-Mayor Ingraham. He had strong attachment for the town and its people and predicted that it would have a good future with its natural advantages as a naval seaport.

## WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN.

Hon. William Pitt Fessenden was a man of great reserve, seldom introducing a subject for conversation, "and what he knew he shunned to show as hardly worth a stranger's care to know." He always appeared to be in a deep study, passing his nearest friends without noticing them. One morning Deacon William Swan, one of the salt of the earth, a real old-fashioned gentleman, said, "John, you are acquainted with William Pitt Fessenden?" "Yes, I cut his hair often." "Don't you think that his success in life and people making so much of him has puffed him up a little too much? I am now feeling quite indignant, for I have just passed him on the corner of Middle and Pearl streets, and I said 'Good morning, Mr. Fessenden.' He never deigned to notice me, and I feel it very much." I, as usual, full of my jokes, said: "Why, Deacon, I am surprised that you should have noticed that; why he often passes me without noticing me, and thereby depriving himself of the honor. I never think of it. Why does Mr. Fessenden pass you without speaking to you? You surely are his peer, socially, morally, and looked up to and highly respected by all. No, no, Deacon, he has no thought of slighting you. He is a man of deep meditation and at that time thinking over some case in court, perhaps studying out a line of defense in his next case before the court."

In 1848, Mr. Joshua Dunn, a great politician and speaker in political campaigns, was putting forth every effort to obtain the appointment as postmaster. He met Mr. Fessenden and asked him to sign the paper. "I cannot, for two reasons," he answered. "First, I am pledged to support Mr. Andrew T. Dole for that place, and, secondly, I think you are incapable of filling the place."

Mr. Dunn told me that he was speechless, and said to himself: "That's what I get for all the labor I have bestowed on Mr. Fessenden. I have voted, worked and spoken for him. He was my idol; I was his friend and I supposed he was mine,

and now when I need his support he slaps me in the face. It almost broke my heart. I turned and looked after him, watched him out of sight until he turned the corner. I stood there thinking and said to myself: 'Pitt, notwithstanding this hard blow you have given me, I love you still, and as David said, "Had it been an enemy that approached me I could have borne it, but it was thou, my friend, and I felt the blow." You have told me truthfully what you thought and what I might expect, unlike some who signed my petition, and then wrote letters to Washington saying I was not fit for the place, and I shall keep right on working for you, Pitt.' "

Remember, this was in 1848, before Mr. Fessenden's fame became worldwide. He was not a man to bow and scrape to you just before election, and not know you afterwards. I have met such, but he never stooped to conquer.

On January 1, 1865, I was in Washington, D. C., shook hands with Abraham Lincoln, and said to him, "God bless you, Mr. Lincoln," and he smiled and said, "Thank you, sir." I had taken presidents by the hand before, yes, had taken senators by the nose, doctors of divinity by the ear and marked the symptoms of the great and glaring eyes and martial gait, but never before had I felt in the presence of any man as I felt when I looked up in the face of Abraham Lincoln. It was not because he was president of the United States, or any great intellect, but it was that nameless something that came over me, shall I say, overshadowed me by a spiritual influence, nameless evermore, but never to be forgotten. I went to Washington supposing I had important business there, but because of another person I did no business, so I interpreted it that I was sent there to meet Abraham Lincoln by some invisible power, and there is no act in my life that I am more proud of or made a deeper impression upon me.

While passing down Pennsylvania avenue I saw Mr. Fessenden approaching. I thought to myself he won't notice me for he seldom does when in Portland, but to my great surprise he stepped in front of me, reached out his hands, shook mine



cordially and said, "What are you doing here, John?" I replied, "I am not after anything," and he smiled and said, "You are about the only one of my former constituents whom I have met here who are not after something."

He was then secretary of the treasury. He invited me to his office in the Treasury building. I went. He showed me the rooms and treated me with all the respect he would have shown to the governor of the state. When he arrived home I met him and was about to thank him for the great politeness he had shown me in Washington, when, to my great surprise, he passed and did not notice me. I was somewhat puzzled whether it was absent-mindedness or whether he thought familiarity might breed contempt, but this I do know, he was a man too noble in nature to stoop so low as not to notice a poor man through any foolish pride or disrespect for his fellow men.

The following story of how Mr. Fessenden was appointed secretary of the treasury was told me by one of his most intimate friends: Mr. Lincoln sent for Mr. Fessenden and said, "Mr. Fessenden, I want you to accept the treasury secretaryship." "I won't do it; I don't know a thing about it," was the answer. Throwing out his long arm around his body, the president said: "You must accept it; the treasury must have your moral influence at this time, and if you think you don't know about it, go to Wall street, they will tell you all about it." "I don't want it," Mr. Fessenden answered, "but knowing the great burden you are under at this time, if you demand it, I shall accept at your command."

#### GENERAL FESSENDEN.

In 1844, when I came to Portland, I was a red hot Abolitionist and General Fessenden, Pitt's father, was the acknowledged leader of that party here. It did not take long to find out in those days who were for freeing the slaves of the south and who were not, for party feelings ran high at that time, and I soon became acquainted with the general. My first vote for

president was thrown that year, for General Burney, the Abolitionist candidate, but James K. Polk was elected. The general continued a customer of mine as long as he lived, and he lived for many years. He was considered the chief civil engineer who laid out the underground railroad through to Canada, and there never was a poor fugitive slave who came to him for cash or ticket over that route but what was helped along.

One day after the passage of the fugitive slave law he came in the shop and said, "John, have you read the papers this morning?" I replied I had not. "Well, I want you to, and be sure and read that abominable fugitive slave law, just passed by Congress, and a part of my errand here, for this is a public place and you a talker, is that I want you to advertise it throughout the city that Samuel Fessenden spits upon that law and tramples it under his feet, and never will obey it!"

"What," I said, "General, do you advise people to violate the laws that Congress passes?" "I do advise it, for whenever man passes a law that is in violation of God's law that is written in our hearts, and against the law of humanity, I shall obey the law written on the tablet of my heart, in spite of all the man-made statutes, for when a man, rich or poor, bond or free, calls at my door and asks for bread he will get it sure, in spite of the fugitive slave law that forbids it."

"Then you are not for liberty regulated by law, but anarchy?" "Yes, I am, John; but that law is not regulating liberty by law, but an effort to regulate slavery by law, and I spit upon it. I am in rebellion against it, that is revolution. The right of revolution belongs to every man, but he must take the consequences of his actions. I am ready to." I was in doubt as to the correctness of that logic. "Wait a moment and consider, John," he said. "Were not Washington, Hancock, Adams, Otis and Patrick Henry rebels against the laws of George the Third, and would not all have hanged? As Franklin said, 'We must stand together or all will be hanged together.' And by that immortal utterance breathing forth the true spirit of freedom and of a free man, spoken by Patrick Henry when he

said, 'Give me liberty or give me death,' and I want that liberty for myself and for every other man upon the earth," said the general.

At an abolition meeting and supper held in the colored peoples' church on Newbury, then Sumner street, General Fessenden presided. One very enthusiastic brother, wishing to express his great love and respect he had for the general for his great labor in behalf of the African race, gave this toast: "Here is to General Fessenden, de white man wid de black heart." Of course the pro-slavery crowd had great sport over it. The brother meant that the general's heart was as much African as their own in the cause of freeing their brothers from bondage.

The general, noticing that I read a great deal, said to me: "I see you read much, and for pleasure. It is true, you are getting a good use of language. I notice you read much poetry. That is well enough in its way, but you should not spend so much time in that kind of reading. I want you to study some profession that will give you a means of support. I will tell you what I want you to do. I will furnish you with books and hear you recite your lessons. You will commence with Blackstone to-morrow morning and we will take years if need be; I will surprise the bar of Cumberland, for with your great memory and love of study you will be well equipped for the ordeal, and I have no doubt I should be proud of my pupil."

I just laughed and said, "General, I went aboard ship at thirteen years of age. I have had no schooling, am not educated for the law." "That is just what I propose to do, educate you," he said. "Why, I would have to study Latin." "Nonsense, I can teach you in three weeks all the Latin necessary for a lawyer to begin with," was the answer. "Well, by the way, General, I have a little start already in Latin. I have, *E pluribus unum, multum in parvo.*" "Well, that will do, John, for the present." "You said you would astonish the Cumberland bar in five years," I went on. "That may be so, General, but if you let me go on with my poetry, I may be before the

bar and surprise them before that time." "But lay your joking aside," he said. "I want you to do what I have proposed to you. Law is an honorable profession."

"That is so, General," was my answer, "but just before you came in I was reading Alexander Pope, where he said, 'Honor and fame from no condition rise, act well your part there all the honor lies'; and you know, for I have just shaved you, that I am acting my part well." And I was foolish enough to refuse the offer of that grand benevolent man, and here I am stopping my razors still. But, then, who can tell whether it was better or not, for if I had accepted the offer of that grand man, the world might have been deprived of this book, and how could I answer for such a neglect when called to judgment?

#### THOMAS AMORY DEBLOIS.

General Fessenden had a law partner, Thomas A. Deblois, who was a character. He never presumed to know anything about another's business. One day he came in and sat down, saying, "Cut my hair." "How do you want it cut," I asked, "short or medium?" "Don't you know? If you do not, I will go over to Tukey's or Dam's."

One day he went into Lowell & Senter's, jewelers, took out his watch and laid it down. "Fix my watch, Senter," he said. "When can I have it?" "What is the matter with it?" said Mr. Senter. "Can't you tell? If you cannot I will take it over to Mr. Gerrish, perhaps he may know, or find out."

He was taken very sick, and one morning the general sent the office boy up to see how he was. At that time he was boarding at Mrs. Jones', a very popular house that stood where the Lafayette now stands. The boy said, "The general wants to know how you are this morning." "Tell the general I don't know a d— thing about it, the doctor will be here at ten o'clock and inform me, and then I will send the general word at once."

He was an odd stick, as the saying is. He was an Englishman by birth.

## JOHN, B. COYLE.

The late John B. Coyle, if not the founder of the steamboat line from Portland to Boston, did more to keep it up than any other man. He was an all round man and possessed that cast of wisdom known as common sense. He was a man who was looked up to, highly respected and consulted upon all important questions, and was a most original character. He was in religious belief an Episcopalian and attended the St. Stephen's church on Pearl street, Rev. James Pratt, pastor; but he was no sectarian. His wife was a Methodist, and he attended there with her often. One time Dr. Pratt and the captain were having a sharp discussion upon some theological point, when Mr. Pratt said: "Why, Captain Coyle, Paul said so and so, right opposite from what you say." "Does he?" answered the captain. "Well, then, I beg to differ from Brother Paul." Mr. Pratt burst out laughing, and it went all around that Captain Coyle differed from St. Paul upon a theological point, and it caused a great deal of merriment to think the captain differed from so high an authority. At that time it was considered high treason to doubt the word or question anything said by the clergy; but that was before the new translation or the higher criticism.

Captain Coyle superintended the building of all the side-wheel boats the Boston and Portland line built until he passed away. He refused to have a boat named for himself while living, but I think the Governor Dingley should have been named the John B. Coyle, for he did more for that line than, I was about to write, all others combined. But it is too often the case that great merit and great men pass by unhonored and unsung.

I had the occasion to raise money to pay the admission of an old lady into the Aged Women's Home. The captain put down five dollars. I raised the amount and notified the lady's sister that I was ready to pay the admittance fee. She said her sister could not get ready before six weeks to go in, so I deposited the money. In a few days the sister's husband came

and demanded the money. He said he was ready to put his sister in the home. I had heard, after raising the money, that he had money of his own deposited in the savings bank, three times the amount I had raised to place his sister in the home, but he preferred that I should go around and solicit the money from the generous citizens of Portland. I told him I had no money for him. He wanted to know if I had not raised any, and I said I had.

"What have you done with it?" he asked. I told him I had disposed of it. I saw he was offended. He was not a great man, although he had money on deposit; but he was not the only man I had met who had money in a bank who was not a great man, so it did not frighten me a bit. He struck a bee line for the *Advertiser* office and told Mr. Richardson, who was then editor, all about it and wanted him to publish me as a defaulter. Mr. Richardson told him he would not give my name until he saw me, but he would state that a well-known citizen had collected funds and spent it. So he did. Of course those who had subscribed to the cause thought it might be my case, as it was. The next day the captain came in to be shaved. "I saw in the *Advertiser*," he said, "that somebody has been embezzling funds that they collected to help an old lady to the home. I hope my five was not among it. If it was I will put in five more; five to help her in the home and five to keep you out of jail." "Well, Captain," I said, "pass over the other five, for that paragraph you read meant me." "How is that?" he asked. I explained as soon as I read the paper I knew the poor ignoramus had published it abroad, so I drew the money, went to the treasurer, Mrs. Dr. Burr, I think, took her receipt, showed it to the editor, and in the next issue of the paper Mr. Richardson said the paragraph of the night before in regard to the money collected to place an old lady in the home, was a mistake, for he had seen the treasurer's receipt where it had been received by her. I never asked the captain for a dollar for any charitable purpose but I received it.

When Captain Coyle was a boy he was bound out to a shoe-

maker, an Irishman, for seven years. He worked two or three years, long enough for him to know he was not born to make shoes, for he said, "I could mend, but never could learn to make one." So he ran away. This was in Connecticut. He went to New York city and there he shipped as a deckhand. He was soon promoted to fireman, then to second engineer, from that to first engineer, and in that capacity he arrived here in Portland aboard the first steamer that ever arrived here, I think her name was the McDonough or McDonnell, and here he spent his long, active and most useful life. After he became wealthy and in the prime of manhood, he remembered his old boss, also an aged schoolmistress whom he told me labored hard and long to teach him his letters, for he said he was the biggest numbskull there was in the state. That is not to be wondered at, for great minds are never precocious, but are slow in developing. I have had some experience in that particular myself. He had kept posted in regard to the old home town, and he also heard of the old cobbler and his patient schoolmistress who, he finally learned, was in the poorhouse.

One morning he appeared before his old boss, the cobbler, an old, infirm man. Captain Coyle had heard the old cobbler had a mortgage on his house for six hundred dollars. He commenced chatting with the old man and found him very communicative. He asked him if he ever had a boy whom he tried to learn to make shoes, by the name of Coyle. Yes, he had, but he ran away, and he heard several years ago that he went steamboating way down East and did well. He said he was a good boy but was not gifted as a shoemaker and he had no doubt it was the best thing the boy could do to run away, for to sit on the bench all of his days pounding away as he had done, and get nothing for it, was not much better than slavery. The captain asked him if he owned his home. He said yes, with the exception of six hundred dollars, and it would be a rather hard job for him at his time of life to pay for it, but was doing the best he could. The captain asked him how much he thought his apprentice, Coyle, would have earned him if he had

served his time out. He said that depended on several things, how the boy behaved, how good a workman he was and how business might be, but for the first two or three years it was expected a boy could hardly pay his way. If anything was to be made it was on the last two or three years. He asked if he thought if the boy had served his time he would have earned him six hundred dollars. He said possibly he might. "Well," said Captain Coyle, "you go with me." They found the man who held the mortgage and the captain paid it. The captain said to me: "When I left the old boss he held me by the hand, with tears streaming down his cheeks, and said, 'John, I have found one honest man; God bless you,' and He has. I left thinking I had made two men happy, by giving them legal tender, thereby redeeming the poor man from the curse of the law, and I redeemed by the love of Christ, shed abroad in my heart, that prompted me to do the act of love and righteousness."

A few years later he had another call to Connecticut. He heard that his old lady teacher was in the poorhouse, and went up from New York to inquire about it. He found an aged sister of the teacher. She told him that they had lived together for years, but now their funds had failed and one of them had to go to the poorhouse, "and we had to be separated. I would have gone, but she would not let me, preferring to go instead." The captain asked her if she would like to have her board with her. She said that nothing would make her more happy. "What could you board her for and make her comfortable?" She thought she could for two dollars a week. He said that three would be better. He gave her some money, but didn't tell me the amount, and saw the old lady removed to the sister's home. Every month after the money arrived as long as the teacher lived. He said to me, "She had earned it, for it was no small task to teach me the alphabet."

Go on, Rockefeller, build high your edifices, your seminaries and colleges. Crowd full the heads of the young with the jargons of your schools, your Latin names for horns and stools. If honest nature has made them fools, what good is your gram-



mar? In the times of poverty and suffering I prefer the captain's methods of doing business and relieving humanity to the other way.

A few years before Captain Coyle left us for the "Gates Ajar," he had purchased a forty dollar overcoat for the approaching winter. There was a Methodist convention here at the time and some of the clergy stopped at the Coyle mansion. It came off very cold the night the meeting closed. One of the ministers had no overcoat, so Mrs. Coyle urged him to take one of the captain's to wear home and he could return it by express. A month or six weeks passed away. Mrs. Coyle had not thought of it, and the captain knew nothing about it. One cold day he went for his new overcoat and it was gone. "Where is my new overcoat, Mrs. Coyle?" he asked. "Is it not there?" she said. "No? Well, I don't know where it is then; no one has stolen it. Oh, it is possible I let Brother Blank wear that new coat away, but did not notice it was your new one. It must have been."

The captain wrote the clergyman. He wrote back that he was not aware the night he borrowed it that it was so nice a one, or that the fit was so perfect, and he had come to the conclusion it must have been a gift from the Lord, and he had concluded to keep it. The captain was mad. He thought it sheer gall. He said that he liked a joke, but forty dollars apiece for them was rather high.

#### DR. WILLIAM DWIGHT.

Dr. William Dwight was a famous preacher in Portland, a very peculiar man, an old school orthodox divine, who believed the Lord would endlessly damn the sinner, and that we should commence here and give them a little foretaste of it. He believed in Moses and in hanging. He also believed that "He that spareth the rod hateth his son" (Prov. 13-24); "But he that loveth him, chasteneth him betimes." When the parson promised his son a whipping, and Tom told the boys of it, as

he usually did, the boys would go down from school to hear Tom "holler," for the doctor did not half do a thing.

The doctor once gave out word that he should on a certain evening preach a sermon against spiritualism. Of course most of his church members were there, and so were the Spiritualists. He took for his text, Deut. 27-29, "The secret things belong unto the Lord, our God." His discourse was an able one. When he closed, Benjamin Danforth, an old Methodist minister, a man six feet and two inches tall, rose, and with a stentorian voice said: "Doctor Dwight." "I cannot be interrupted," said the doctor. "Dr. Dwight," the elder went on, "will you please read the other two lines of that text which says: 'The secret things belong unto the Lord, thy God, but the things that are revealed belong unto us and our children forever,' and spiritualism is what has been revealed to us."

Not at all disturbed, the doctor spread out his arms and said, "Let us pray."

The doctor pronounced the benediction and said, "The meeting is now closed." His church members were all well pleased with the sermon, and the Spiritualists more than pleased to know that the other two lines had been read. They hinted that the doctor was afraid to read the whole text, fearing that the two lines might reveal too much and there might be more revealed.

Soon after that the Hon. Jabez C. Woodman, Esq., replied to Dr. Dwight's discourse and it was published in pamphlet form. It was accepted as the ablest defense from a Biblical point of view that the Spiritualist had ever published. There were warm times in those days upon the subject of the return of our departed friends. The belief has become more common since.

The doctor had a son, an enthusiastic young man, perhaps not so guarded in his speech, as he would have been if eighty-four or five years had passed over his head. He was in college. The boarding mistress hearing he was the son of Dr. Dwight, said to him: "You are the son of Dr. Dwight, are you not?" He

straightened up with all the dignity of royalty and said: "I am the son of two Dr. Dwights, my grandfather was a doctor of divinity also, and God willing, I shall excel them both." The students got onto it and after that his college name was "God willing" Dwight.

The doctor once took his broken cane to Lowell & Senter, our late and much honored Mayor Senter, who had a great admiration for dogs and generally owned as good a one as was to be found. The doctor threw his cane upon the counter and said: "Senter, can you mend that cane? That is the third cane I have broken over the dumb dogs' heads this summer." Senter told me that he was so indignant at the expression and the spirit the doctor manifested, his first thought was to refuse to mend the cane. He said: "I turned my eyes toward my pet dog, lying so peacefully on the floor with his eyes firmly fixed upon the doctor, and fancied he was saying to himself, 'Doctor, if you carried about you the spirit of your Master, we poor dogs would not bark at you and you would have no canes to mend and pay for.'"

During the winter of 1855 there was a young man in the Portland jail. At that time it stood in the rear of the city building, opposite Dr. Dwight's house. This prisoner belonged to one of the first families in Portland, and was a resident of State street. He was a bright and well educated young fellow, but sometimes would indulge a little too much in the "Oh be joyful," and that accounted for his residing that winter in the lockup. One morning the doctor, in glancing over to the jail, saw hanging out of a window of the cell occupied by the young man, a large sheet of pasteboard, two feet square, with these words printed upon it: "Matthew 25-34. Sick and in prison and ye visited me not." The next morning you could have seen hung out of the doctor's window opposite the jail, a similar sheet of pasteboard with this written upon it: "Prov. 13-15. The way of the transgressor is hard."

The aged doctor was a grand man, unyielding in will, and I was about to say, unscrupulous in his methods of forwarding the truth as he understood it.

## PARSON BRADLEY.

Parson Bradley, who lived and preached at Bradley's Corner, and for whom the Corner was named, was a character.

There was a company of young men who had been out at Broad Tavern one Saturday night, who had been gambling and as the game went on it became very interesting, so they played until about two o'clock Sunday morning. They were not intending to play after twelve o'clock, however, and when they discovered their mistake, having been young men of good bringing up, one of them said: "Well, this money that we have won since twelve o'clock let us turn over to Parson Bradley." While coming into the city they had to pass his house. They rang the bell, and when answered by the parson, they informed him that they had quite a sum of money for him that they had won at gambling after twelve o'clock Saturday night. "As we did not feel like keeping it ourselves," said one, "that amount we won after twelve o'clock, we thought we would give it to you." The parson counted it, saw it was quite a sum, and looking up with his inimitable smile, said, "Boys, why didn't you play a little longer." This was before the days of the tainted money discussions.

He was sent for at one time to preach in the town of Scarborough. There was a great drought at that time and the meeting was called especially as a prayer meeting to pray for rain. The meeting was in a church located in a neighborhood where the farms had been much neglected. The parson prayed fervently for rain. Then he earnestly prayed that the thoughts of the farmers might be awakened and their souls become afire with the thought and necessity of working in conjunction with the divine will, and to study diligently into the laws as witnessed throughout nature's vast domain. "Give and take, supply and demand, ask and ye shall receive are but the fiat of the Almighty. And while riding past your farms to-day I witnessed their parched condition and their barren aspect, and I fancied that I

heard those parched fields praying to thee O, Lord, that thou mayest send forth those life giving showers, that we this day are praying for, and as I listened to the dear songsters of the woods pouring forth their sweetest melodies to thee, making the woods ring with their songs, and I will call them prayers ascending to thy throne, and, O, Lord, permit me to remind my hearers once more to labor in unison with thee in thy great plan of redemption, in the restoration of all nature in harmony with thy will, and although thou hast promised them seed time and harvest, still they have a duty to perform, and thou wilt not bestow upon us rich harvest it not being in accordance with thy divine law unless they provide their fields with proper dressing that vegetation demands in order that seed time and harvest may come."

Parson Bradley exchanged pulpits once with the Rev. Mr. Hobart of Yarmouth. When he arrived home in the evening, while passing his window, he saw Mr. Hobart and his wife sitting in the parlor conversing. He, as usual, full of his fun, thought he would play a joke on the dignified Hobart, who never did nor could fully understand the meaning of a joke. The parson passed up the back way and went to bed, leaving the Rev. Hobart and Mrs. Bradley sitting in the parlor. They sat there till after twelve o'clock. They became quite alarmed at his long delay. At last Mrs. Bradley, who had lived with the parson for over forty years and had learned many of his gentle pranks, went to his room. There she found him fast asleep. Almost enraged she shook him quite violently and said, "Why, husband, do you realize what you have done in going to bed in this manner?" "Certainly, my dear, I have always gotten in bed the same way." "Are you aware that Mr. Hobart is sitting in the parlor?" "Why, no, for I supposed he and you were old enough to know when to retire."

It was hinted long after that the Yarmouth divine had not fully forgiven the parson. Fifty years ago the city folk expected a new joke from the elder about every day. I can appropri-

ately apply the words of Hamlet to the parson. Hamlet held the skull in his hand and said :

"Alas, poor Yorick, I knew him well, Horatio,  
He was a fellow of infinite jest."

#### HON. GEORGE EVANS.

Hon. George Evans was born in 1797. He lived in Gardiner, Me. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1815, read law with the distinguished practitioner, Frederick Allen of Gardiner, and entered on his profession at the early age of twenty-one years. He came to Portland in 1854, and remained here until the time of his departure to a higher life in 1867. His office was at the corner of Middle and Exchange streets, in the Boyd block, under the firm name of Evans & Putnam, our present Judge Putnam. They were burned out in the great fire of 1866. I had the good fortune of having a room across the hallway, opposite theirs, and Mr. Evans was in my room about every day, either to be shaved or when weary and wanting a little respite from his books. He would come in, throw himself on my sofa or in a barber's chair and rest awhile. I think it was in 1859 that the late Captain John A. Holmes was being tried for murdering a sailor by the name of Chadwick, a most brutal murder. Mr. Evans and Judge Putnam were his counsel. I became deeply interested in the case, and visited the prisoner twice a week, often shaved him and cut his hair, and afterwards received much abuse from those I called upon, while carrying around a petition to be signed, to have his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life instead of being hung. My friends would say "get out of here," when I asked them to sign it. "Don't you ask me to sign that, I will sign one to hang him." One old deacon of a Congregational church chided me and said, "No, for it may be for his soul's salvation to hang him." I could not see just how hanging a man could save his soul. However, I got three hundred signers to the petition, but I never knew of such hard feeling against a prisoner as on that

occasion. I heard the arguments at that trial. Everyone knew that Mr. Evans had no chance to win, for his whole defence rested upon the sanity of Captain Holmes at the time of the murder, but he made one of the greatest pleas that ever was made. The Hon. George F. Shepley was the United States attorney who conducted the prosecution, and at that time the most popular young man in the city. He had the sympathy of most of those present, and he well knew who the opposing counsel was, and what he would have to meet. No prisoner was ever held up to the scorn and contempt of men as was this man on that occasion. I will quote from memory one sentence uttered. Pointing to the prisoner he said, "That criminal sitting there," shaking his finger in his face, "from the time that the ship left Pernambuco until she arrived at New York, made that ship's deck a hell."

Captain Holmes was convicted of murder in the first degree, tried under the United States law, and that meant hanging. In a short time Mr. Evans went to Washington to try and save the criminal's life by commutation. He told me that the president and himself, when he was in the senate, were great friends, and he knew he would do anything for him consistent with his sworn duty; he thought he could so present the case to the president that he would commute his sentence, hoping that he had not read the trial, for at that time Buchanan was the busiest man in America, trying to prevent the hot bloods of the south from going into secession and thereby prevent the war.

On Mr. Evans' return from Washington he told me that he stooped lower than he ever thought it possible for him to do, and nothing but the saving of the life of a fellow-being would have prompted him to have done so. "When I stepped into the room of the president he told me to sit down. He arose, took me by the hand most cordially, and said, 'I am glad to see you, Mr. Evans, still I am sorry to meet you, for I have read that trial with great interest, partly because you were his counsel, partly because of its atrocity.' I never was more embarrassed in my life. My right bower of defense was gone,

for I had felt sure that he had overlooked the trial because of the great burdens of state he was laboring under. He was not ignorant of the facts in the case. I said, 'Mr. President, I know Captain Holmes was insane at that time.' 'Yes, I am aware of that, an insanity induced by liquor.' He looked me in the face and said, with great emphasis, 'George, I will sign that petition if you can accept it on one condition, that is knowing I break my official oath.' I stood looking him squarely in the face, and said, 'Mr. President, I shall accept it under any condition, for I feel that he was irresponsible at the time.' "

Mr. Evans told me the president turned red as fire, took the paper, signed it, and passed it to him without a word. "I took the paper," he said, "and left the room, and I suppose we parted never to meet again upon earth."

I felt sure then, and I think now, it was the noblest act of his life. Some may think differently, but he saved a fellow-being's life. Two years afterwards President Lincoln, with great pressure being brought to bear upon the case, pardoned him. He went to Cardiff, Wales, opened a ship chandlery store, and prospered. I received several letters from him while there. I think that all who took part in that trial, except Judge Putnam, have gone over the so-called dark river.

When in the senate Mr. Evans was considered the peer of such men as Webster, Calhoun, Benton and Clay. There was a point of law raised by Mr. Evans in the trial of Holmes where the court ruled against him, and Mr. Buchanan sided with the court. Since then, however, the Supreme Court of the United States has ruled upon this point, raised by Mr. Evans, and their decision coincided with the view taken by him at that trial.

### JOHN B. BROWN.

John B. Brown was born in the town of Lancaster, N. H., in the year 1805; he came to Portland in 1825 and passed away in 1881. He begun business here as a clerk with Deacon Alpheus Shaw in the grocery business and later went into busi-



ness for himself in Morton block on Congress street, a few doors above the Preble house. After that he moved into a store that stood on the corner of Center and Congress streets, and soon after bought the property and built the Lancaster Hall. In the early forties he and St. John Smith kept store in the south corner of the old City Hall, where the Soldiers' Monument now stands. From there he moved to Fore near Exchange street. The firm name was John B. Brown & Co., Jedediah Jewett being the company. Mr. Jewett afterwards became mayor and later was collector of customs. Late in the forties Mr. Brown started his great sugar house on York street, near Maple.

The new and elegant block at the corner of Congress and Center streets, and occupied by Loring, Short & Harmon, was erected by Mr. Brown's sons to his memory. In the summer of 1845 I worked in a shop in Market Square, now Monument Square, opposite old City Hall, where the *Evening Express* office now is. The first floor of City Hall was the store of the late John B. Brown and the late St. John Smith, the firm's name Smith & Brown, a firm doing the largest business in the state. Had I the data to give I should not be believed should I relate the number of teams and the amount of goods that daily left that store. At that time there were no railroads coming to or going from Portland except the Eastern branch of the Boston & Portland, with its most popular conductor, the late Ansel Tucker, father of the late Payson Tucker, who at that time had to hustle to get the cars through from city to city in five hours, they leaving at seven o'clock and arriving in Boston at twelve o'clock, noon, then considered quick time. At that time all goods sent from Portland had to be shipped by teams drawn by oxen or horses, or shipped by vessels. But to the west and north all goods had to be sent by teams, and you could not ride out of the city on any of those roads fifteen minutes without meeting a team with from two to six horses, and they made a big dust too, so that it made it rather unpleasant riding. Those teams came from Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine,

and Smith & Brown sent more goods into Vermont and New Hampshire than all the rest of the merchants in the city. Not long after that, I think the next year, Mr. Brown established his great sugar manufacturing house on York street and there made money very fast.

About that time, in '46 or '47, came the crucial test of his business career, that gave an opportunity for him to show his power over men and the power of his indomitable will. There was a firm in Boston by the name of Greely, Giles & Co. Mr. Greely was a brother-in-law to Mr. Brown. They failed and Mr. Brown was on their paper for \$50,000. Mr. Brown was owing the bank of Portland at that time \$60,000. To carry him over this unexpected debt of the Boston firm, he must have \$50,000 more. He presented his note for that amount to the Canal Bank. He showed the directors a long inventory of his real estate which was more than enough to cover all his indebtedness. But the directors concluded not to discount the note. Now, my old friend, Deacon Swan, was doomed once more to have his sensitive nature shocked. Soon Mr. Brown came in to learn of their decision. Captain Osgood, the president of the bank, not wishing to offend or wishing to explain, did not let the note go to the paying teller to pass it to Mr. Brown, but kept it in the directors' room until Mr. Brown came in when he passed him the note. "Then you have decided not to take my note," he asked. "That is the conclusion we have arrived at," he said. With eyes flashing fire and face highly flushed, looking them square in the face, he said, "You can go to hell, gentlemen," and left the room.

In a few moments the deacon came in, very nervous. "What is the matter, Deacon?" was asked. "Matter!" he repeated, "I have been grossly insulted, John, yes, insulted, and by no less a man than John B. Brown. I can hardly believe my own ears." "Why, Deacon," was the answer, "I don't know what you can mean, for Mr. Brown would not insult you." "I don't wonder you think so," said the deacon, "but Mr. Brown not only insulted me but every gentleman on the board of directors

of the Canal Bank, because after we had carefully considered the question of discounting his note and told him we could not take it for so large an amount in addition to what he already owed, he turned upon us and, with great vehemence, said, 'You can go to ——.' I won't repeat it, John, but we could go to a country where the temperature is much higher than in Portland."

In the afternoon the directors of the three largest banks met together and sent for Mr. Brown, informing him that the directors of the three banks had concluded to discount his note, dividing the amount between them. It was thought at the time, for I heard it talked once by one leading merchant, that had Mr. Brown shown the white feather at that time he would not have received the money, but that a strong magnetic power that he possessed, enforced by his unconquerable will, caused them to reconsider the case and to conclude to take the note. At that time there were no roads leading west or north to the States of New Hampshire or Vermont but what if you should ride upon them all the afternoon and ask the drivers of the teams you met where they were bound and who was to have the wares and goods, the answer would be Smith & Brown. I believe they were the first firm who shipped patent farming implements, such as Kendall & Whitney now keep, that were sold to the farmers of those three states, and it was hard work then to sell an article to a farmer that was different from the ones that their great grandfathers used, but for all that prejudice they took the risk and introduced them. So much for his business methods, that I knew but little about, but now I will write some things that I do know.

It was generally supposed, and I had heard it said, that Mr. Brown was a man of no great feeling, no sympathy for his race, with an overbearing manner and a "get-out-of-my-way" sort of disposition. When I first knew him I used to feel that I should give him most of the sidewalk when I met him, but how different I found him when I became better acquainted. How often have I found myself mistaken in regard to my neighbors and

acquaintances after living by them for years. Some little trivial thing would transpire that brought us nearer together and I found out that the man I had carried in my mind for years was not the real one.

There was an acquaintance of mine, sick and poor, who was upon his deathbed; he said to me, "Are you acquainted with Mr. John B. Brown?" "Yes, as a customer," I answered, "no more." "I want you to go to him," he said, "tell him of my circumstances and ask him to help me to ten dollars." "Is there no one else I could go to for ten?" I asked; "I don't like to ask him, I shall not get it." "You don't know Mr. Brown," he said, "as well as I do. Please do my errand. It won't compromise you at all." So I went. Mr. Brown was writing at his desk, and as I entered he looked up. "Good morning, John," he said and kept on writing. I had a half mind to leave when he looked up with that commanding manner of his. "What is wanted?" he said. Well, if I had spoken as I felt I should have said I want to go home, but I mustered courage and did my errand. He suddenly turned his chair around, saying, "What, is he in straitened circumstances?" and threw me a ten dollar bill. "Don't let him want for anything. Tell him I will call and see him. Good morning, John."

I had several occasions after that to learn of Mr. Brown's kindness. He said to me one day, "John, who pays you for your labor in this work?" I replied, "The Lord." "Do you have a settlement often?" "Every day, Mr. Brown," I replied. He smiled at my ready answer. One pleasant Sunday morning in June I took my six years old granddaughter to walk. She had never seen Mr. Brown's beautiful grounds on the Western promenade. She was a child very fond of flowers. I lived on the dump and the roses were not plenty there. The soil was not adapted to them. The child could not fully understand why I did not give her some flowers or allow her to pick one. Just before reaching the mansion from the north gate I met a fine appearing gentleman coming from the eastern entrance. I was well dressed, wearing a tall silk hat and kid gloves. I

was quite a dude in those days. The gentleman stopped, raised his hat and said in a deferential manner, "Are these your grounds, sir? They are the finest I have ever seen." "No sir, I hope not," I answered. "Hope not, what do you mean by that, sir?" he said. "I mean this, for I was just thinking before I met you how loath I should be to leave this Heavenly spot if called to leave it, especially as I do not know whether I should have as fine a place on the other side of Jordan." We talked for some time. I told him of the owner, Mr. Brown, and of his great business ability. He said he was a stranger from New Orleans. We bid each other good morning and parted. I said facetiously that I was glad I was not the owner of those grounds. I have thought many a time since, why did I say so foolish a thing to a stranger. Do we not speak sometimes wiser than we know, for surely I did on that occasion. I said I did not wish to be the owner of those grounds, for what will not a man give in exchange for his life. The next winter, January 8, seven months after that, Mr. Brown fell near the spot where I stood when I said I did not wish to be the owner. I could not have known that the owner was soon to be called hence. The reader will say that is not relevant. I don't know that it is. I have stated a truth in connection with my narration. Was it a coincidence or an unconscious prophecy, and, in the language of Shakespeare, do coming events cast their shadows before? As I was passing the mansion, Mr. Brown stood near where I passed. He said, "Good morning, whose child is this?" taking her hand and adding, "She is a picture," and I thought so too. He picked some flowers and gave her. She thanked him and so did I, most heartily, for I did want her to have a rose. As we passed on she said, "Grandpa, why didn't you give me one?" I told her they were not mine to give and it would be wrong for me to take them and that she was too young to understand the law of ownership and the nice distinction between thine and mine. And in fact, perhaps, I might not be able to do so myself.

## THE WISE SIRE.

(NIXON WATERMAN IN PUCK.)

[Now, my dear child, I will tell you about those beautiful flowers we saw in Mr. Brown's garden, and why I did not give you one; I will tell you all I know about them in this poem.]

Come hither my child, come sit on my knee,  
Till I tell you as well as I can,  
About all these wonderful things which we see  
That appeal to the reason of man.  
From our home on the earth we see many a star  
And a sun that makes golden the sky,  
But you are so young you don't know what they are,  
And, candidly, neither do I.  
They are really too much for your poor little brain  
Are the puzzles you are certain to meet;  
Why is one flower spotted, another one plain?  
What makes the fruit sour or sweet?  
What keeps the sun shining? What causes the tides?  
What holds all the planets on high?  
You've found for these questions, and many besides,  
No answer, and neither have I.  
Which first had its being, the egg or the hen?  
Solve that puzzle for me if you please.  
Did men spring from monkeys or monkeys from men?  
Oh! all such grave matters as these  
Are, truly, too deep for a young girl like you  
To solve, though you earnestly try,  
For I never have met anybody that knew  
Their answers, and neither do I.  
In short, my dear child, though your grandpa is wise  
As most other men, he has found  
That while to acquire much learning he tries,  
His wisdom is not so profound.  
I boast a good deal and I make quite a show  
Of my poor little portion of brains,  
But down in my heart I'm aware that I know  
Just enough to go in when it rains.

Mr. Brown was born to command, a natural leader of men.  
For him to lead was to be followed. I used to hear it said in my shop: "Is Mr. Brown in favor of it? If so, it will go."

He was foremost in every work that would help forward the interest of Portland. As Mr. Noyes of the Portland Savings Bank said to me: "Portland does not now fully realize the great loss Mr. Brown is to Portland, especially to the business interest of the city." He was a great leader and in case of every enterprise that his judgment approved, he would put his shoulder to the wheel and start it forward to its destined completion.

#### "UNCLE DUNN."

Joshua Dunn was born in Hollis, and reared in Buxton. Mr. Dunn's mother passed away while he was a child. His grandmother brought him up; he received no whippings or scoldings, "lord of himself, that heritage of woe." At thirteen, he bid adieu forever to poor old grandma. She filled his pockets with doughnuts, and his father gave him two dollars and fifty cents. He said he never felt richer in all his life, and he started out into the world. He had never seen a city, nor a village of any size before. He turned to take the last fond look at home, and in the doorway stood poor old grandma, wiping her eyes with her apron. He told me he felt the tears running down his cheeks, as he took out the bandanna handkerchief, wiped his eyes, and waved it to her for the last time.

It was eighteen miles to the city, and he had no shoes on. At night he stopped with a cousin, a few miles out of the city. On the morning he started early for the town, and soon after sunrise had reached Mitchell's Hill, a few miles out, where the city was in full view. It was November; the frost was on the ground; his feet were cold. He sat on a rock, warmed his feet in the sun, then started for his future home, the city. As he passed up Preble street, stubbing his toes against the stones, he saw in a baker's shop window a sheet of gingerbread. He could not resist the temptation. He went in and bought it, and started up street for his brother's store, where he was to learn the trade of a harness maker. He walked in, eating the cake,

and saluted his brother, "Hullo, Joe?" There were several gentleman in the store. His brother stepped up before him, saying: "For heaven's sake, Josh, what are you eating?" "Gingerbread; don't you like it? Take a bite, Joe." "Put it out of sight, for if the boys see you, you will never hear the last of it." "Don't they like gingerbread, Joe?" He finished his bread.

The war with Great Britain broke out; business was dull; the opinion of everyone here was there would be nothing doing, and the grass would grow in the streets. One evening, he and two of his shopmates were walking down Middle street, just above Free street, and they saw a sign that read, "Free trade and sailors' rights. Men wanted to fight for it." Boylike, he with his companions walked in and said: "I see you advertise for men to fight for free trade and sailors' rights. Is it for harness makers' rights also?" "Yes; give us your names," and, sure enough, they all put their names down. His brother, when he learned he had enlisted for the war, felt badly, but it was too late. In a few days his brother had orders flowing in; saddles and bridles for the cavalry and other things, and with three of his men gone he hardly knew what to do; but he managed to get along. Mr. Dunn served his time in the army, and those who never heard him give an account of his Shadagee retreat have missed a great treat. He said when they heard the English with their Indians coming, they all ran; he, being young and supple, was a half mile in advance of all the rest. When he got out of the woods, he said if he had only understood the Indian language, he, perhaps, would not have run so fast, but their howling and powwowing disturbed him, and he ran the harder. After he thought himself well out of danger, and feeling the blood, as he supposed, running down his limbs into his shoes, he stopped, pulled off the shoes, and, to his great surprise, there was no blood there, but water. He had no idea he had perspired so freely, and had exerted himself to such an extent.

Years after, and forty years had passed by, he was in Washington, D. C., and there met Gen. Winfield Scott, who commanded



the army on the northern border, and was in command at the time Mr. Dunn made his famous retreat. He was introduced to him as one of his old comrades in arms. He was overjoyed to meet one of his old soldiers of the War of 1812, shook him heartily by the hand, told him what pleasure it afforded him to meet him. Mr. Dunn said to him: "General, I have pondered over that great battle for years, and have come to the conclusion that he, the general, excelled him in leading an army into a battle, but in a retreat he could outgeneral him, for he led the army, even the fastest of them, a half a mile, when they got out of the woods on that great retreat. General Scott enjoyed the story greatly.

Mr. Dunn was one of the brightest men I ever met. He taught me more of human nature than any man I ever knew. I will let him tell the story of our first meeting, as he used to tell it to my customers: "One day, my barber being out, I happened in this lunkhead's shop. I looked him over. I was pleased with him. I saw a great, lubberly-looking, healthy boy, and thought I could make something of him, for I reckoned he knew about half as much as I did at his age. I took him in hand, and did my best to help him in every way, and now he knows more than his teacher, at least he thinks so. I have stayed by him all through his winding path." Yes, and I can say I never forsook Uncle Dunn, as I always called him. I was one of the pallbearers that accompanied his remains to the grave, and I was a sincere mourner, although I was not one who mourned without hope, for I shall meet him again.

Now I will give the readers one of the lessons he gave me. A few years after I met him, he was appointed postmaster at Portland. For forty years there never was a time when if either wanted a dollar and the other had it, he could not have it by asking. In those days everybody in business gave long credits, six months, or longer if need be. There was a firm on Exchange street, merchant tailors, by the name of Cook & Ayers, and fine men they were. I owed them a bill for a suit of clothes; I often

owed them before. My credit was good; have had it shaken some since. They sent a boy with the bill. "Tell Mr. Todd it is time that bill was paid," the message was. Jerusalem, wasn't I mad! The idea that I should be told that. I said to the boy: "Did Mr. Cook send that word to me? Tell Mr. Cook he will never send that word to me again." The bill was twenty-four dollars. I had two dollars with me. I struck a bee-line for the postoffice. There was Mr. Dunn in his office. "I want twenty-five dollars, Mr. Dunn," said I. "Certainly, fifty dollars if you want it. But what is the matter; is the sheriff after you?" "Worse than that. What do you think, Mr. Dunn, Cook & Ayers sent my bill to me with word, 'it is time that bill was paid.'" "Well, and is it not time?" "I am going over to pay them, and tell them just what I think." "I have no doubt they would be much pleased to have you pay it. I see, John, you are still verdant, and duller than a doornail. Notwithstanding all these years that I have been teaching you, you don't seem to improve much. I am getting discouraged. I fear I have not devoted time enough on business lessons. You have always appeared to take my lessons to heart and profited by them. Now will you do as I want you to, and follow my directions in this matter? You can have all the money you want to pay that bill, but I don't want you to pay it all to-day for several reasons. In the first place, it is not manly to get mad, especially with a neighbor. And on such occasions as this, to get mad is the worst thing you could do, for don't you see that if your creditors learn that, all they have to do in order to collect a debt from you is to get you mad, they will keep you mad all the time. Why, I have had my creditors say much worse things to me than that when I did not pay, and I always put on my blindest smile, and tell them to call in next week, and I would surely tell them when to call again. John, will you do what I want you to do in regard to this bill? Don't you know that giving way to our tempers is one of the most expensive luxuries that any one can indulge in? They are fine men, and perhaps were hard pressed for money to-day, and that boy has

been all over the city and collected nothing, and they lost patience, and have unloaded on you. Now get down off that high ladder of pomposity and pride, and look at it from a lower level. They are both customers of yours. What do they pay you per year for barbering? Probably about forty dollars, the two of them. Well, their influence will be ten more. They have a large acquaintance, especially among the seafaring men. No, no, John, don't make them your enemies by a word hastily spoken. Now I will tell you what I want you to do. Will you do it?" "Yes." "You go over to Cook & Ayers and say, in your pleasantest manner: 'Gentlemen, I am sorry I have neglected paying my bill so long. It was sheer neglect. I will pay you half of the bill now, and next Monday the balance.'" I said: "Mr. Dunn, that is rather a hard, bitter pill, but as I told you I would do as you advised, I shall do so." I went over, and as I entered the door Mr. Cook met me with a smile, saying: "John, I suppose you are offended. I told Mr. Ayers before the boy got half way to your shop that I ought not to have sent him with that word, that it was time the bill was paid, but the facts were, the boy had been all over the city, and had not collected a dollar. I was mad and unloaded on you." Just what Mr. Dunn had said. I paid half of the bill. They said I need not pay a cent before next week. I told them of my visit to Uncle Dunn, and what he told me to do, and I have carried out his instructions to the letter. They had a hearty laugh and I went to my shop happy. They continued my friends and customers during their lives.

Now let us draw a moral. My dear mother's precept came forcibly home to me, "that I would not have any regrets in after years for any good I may have done." Years after these events had passed, I stood over the remains of Mr. Cook, while in his winding sheet. I shaved the cold, placid face, and while standing there performed the last services I could for him. I fancied I could hear him say: "John, how much better it was and is that we passed through life as kind and loving neighbors, than it would have been had we quarreled over so

trifling a matter. O blessed forbearance, how pleasant are thy ways. And if the young would only listen to the advice of the aged and follow it, as I did my old friend Dunn's, the world would be the better for it.

#### JOSEPH C. NOYES.

Joseph C. Noyes was the grandson of Joseph Noyes, who was a man of great influence in his day, not only in Portland, but throughout the whole country. He represented the district of Maine during the Revolutionary War at the Provincial Congress. He passed away on October 13, 1795, aged fifty-five, in the prime of his life.

What can I say of Joseph C. Noyes, or how shall I write of one who so few remember; and from my point of view few, if any, really knew? He was so unlike anyone I ever met; so kind, so tender, never wounding the feelings of any one, by word or deed; using no more words than was necessary to convey his thought; a grand type of manhood. I feel at liberty to use the superlative in this case. For twenty years there were not many days that I did not meet him. He was my customer all those years. I felt towards him and looked upon him as I did my father. He was ever ready to instruct or advise when asked, but never intruding nor forcing his opinion upon any. His was an active life, reared in commercial pursuits. Born in Portland in 1790, educated in our public schools, he moved to Eastport, Me., 1817, and there established a ship chandler's store and became a large ship owner. He always said it was wrong to speculate on the food supplies of the people, and in the thirties, when the Erie canal was early closed by the severe cold and the coast was cut off from the food supplies of the Genesee valley, Mr. Noyes, then a large ship owner, had accumulated six hundred barrels of flour in his store at Eastport, and flour became very high on the Atlantic seaboard; I think it was thirteen dollars a barrel. He refused to

join with the dealers in raising the price a dollar per barrel and refused to sell his stock in bulk. Instead, he advertised in the *Eastport Sentinel* that every householder coming for flour in his own vehicle could have two barrels of flour at an advance of twenty-five cents on the cost price per barrel. This, of course, was a great blessing to many people, for some drove a hundred miles for the flour. Mr Noyes was elected to the Thirty-fifth Congress in 1837, and served with great distinction. In 1847 or '48, he removed back to Portland. After the great fire of July 4, 1866, he being treasurer of the Portland Savings Bank, superintended the construction of the new bank building. At that time I had my shop on Market street, opposite the Bank. There was a bricklayer hired by Mr. Noyes, having four dollars per day. He was what the sailors would call a Mahone soldier, that is, one who shirks clear of work on all occasions. I had two men at work for me, whose names were J. H. B. Morrill and Hartley Lewis. They called my attention to the man's work. They had for two days watched and timed him, and they wished me to do the same, so I did. One day, at night, the man came in to be shaved. He sat in my chair, and in the course of the conversation I said: "Getting good pay, I suppose, now? I suppose bricklayers are scarce here?" "Yes, they are. I get four dollars a day." "I heard that was the pay now given. What do you consider a fair day's work on such a wall as you are at work upon, and how many bricks a day should a man lay?" "I have known men to lay a thousand, that would be a hundred or more an hour, but sixty to eighty an hour would be a good day's work," he said. "Don't you think," I asked, "when a man gets four dollars a day he should do a good day's work; and when a man hires you your time belongs to him, and it is theft for you to 'soger' and thereby deprive an employer of his just dues, as it would be to take his money?" "Yes, I do," he answered. I said: "Stop and consider whether you do think so earnestly enough to influence your actions. I fear you do not, for we have timed you. For the last three days we have kept books, and you have averaged

fifteen bricks per hour, when you said that seven or eight hundred would be a good day's work. Now, Sam, Mr. Noyes is my friend, and I will not see him robbed by you nor anyone else."

"Are you going to tell Mr. Noyes?" he cried. "For God's sake, don't." "Change that word," I answered. "Not for the sake of the Highest, for he knows all of our shortcomings, but for yours and Mr. Noyes' sake I may. I am no spy or informer, but my attention was called to your theft by my men, and I felt it a duty to speak to you of that great moral law that holds society together, and the awful judgment that awaits the individual or nation that does not obey it. Now, I am not going to Mr. Noyes just yet. You go to work and do your duty, not only to Mr. Noyes but to everyone." He appeared to feel badly, said he was sorry, but he did not consider his acts properly. He intended to do a good day's work. I told him to remember what Henry Ward Beecher said, "That hell was paved with good intentions."

The next morning he was at work, and he did work, laying seventy to eighty bricks an hour. He told me afterwards that he felt much better, slept sounder and was not as tired as he was when he was wronging his employer. Ah! that is the remedy for strikes and lockouts. For if employes and employed would be governed more by the teachings of the Great Master, then these conflicts would have an end and the world would be the better for it. I never told Mr. Noyes, for the man did his duty well while on the building, and I thought it would perhaps annoy Mr. Noyes and do no good.

Mr. Noyes appeared to have his whole thought and soul wrapt up in the Portland Savings Bank, and I knew from his conversation he had with my customers in the shop, and also with me, that he was prompted not by sordid gain but by a high and moral consideration. He was anxious concerning the interest of the plain people that they might have a safe place to invest and keep their money. He would often urge me to put a little money in the bank weekly for a rainy day, but I was one

of the know-it-all kind, and did not take his sage advice which I could have done so easily. And now, at nearly eighty-five years of age, I realize the correctness of his judgment, and it would have been better for myself and friends, perhaps, for the shower has struck me and I have no umbrella.

Mr. Noyes was one of the pillars of the Park Street Unitarian Church, and for a long time superintendent of the Sabbath School. One of his scholars, now a man well along in years, was in my shop a few days ago. I showed him what I had written of Mr. Noyes and asked him if I had extolled him too highly. "Not a bit," he said. "All of us boys loved him. You can't say too much in his praise." Mr. Noyes was a great temperance man, but did not think prohibition the best means to get rid of it. He was chosen a delegate from Eastport to a State Temperance Union convention, the sixth one held in Maine, October 12, 1842. I quote here from the autobiography of Neal Dow: "It was presided over by the Hon. Joseph C. Noyes of Eastport. Mr. Noyes had been a representative to Congress and was a business man of large experience and a gentleman of strict integrity. He afterwards moved to Portland, where he spent the remainder of his days, retaining the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens. There he held a most important position of trust and usefulness, now held by one of his sons, a most respected citizen."

#### CAPTAIN STURDIVANT.

The father of Captains Isaac and Addison Sturdivant was Capt. Isaac Sturdivant, one of Portland's most successful merchants and one of the most saving men known. It was said of him that he never was known to spend a cent foolishly. The two boys, of course, were taught the lesson to look out for the cents and the dollars would look out for themselves. He passed away leaving property valued at nearly half a million dollars, leaving four children, two boys and two girls.

The boys, not liking the strict discipline they were under, left

home while in their teens and did not return until they were in command of fine ships. I think it was in '47 when Capt. Isaac arrived in Portland in command of a fine ship, loaded with railroad iron for the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad, now the Grand Trunk. He anchored his ship in the lower harbor. He had just married a young lady, handsome as a doll. His father went on board and took dinner with him. When leaving the ship he said to Isaac: "Why did you marry that child? Why did you not marry a woman?" He was a man of few words.

Capt. Isaac laughed when telling me the story and said, "That is father; he never gave me an encouraging word in my life." For years he and Capt. Addison were my best friends and ever ready to help on any good work. On one occasion that I remember well, my wife had a hired girl, a most worthy woman, who had an aged, invalid mother whom she supported. The girl had not worked for us for several years, but had always visited my wife who would give her something from our scanty store. We had a family to support and all we could do to get along, but managed to spare a little for the poor struggling girl. The rebellion came on; the greenback money was plenty. I was making money fast, kept a horse, went to ride often; thought to-morrow would be as this day and much more abundant. I did not think of the poor, in fact, did not suppose that there was one in Portland who was in want, for I was too far removed from that condition to think of it.

One Sunday morning, while seated at the table spread with abundance, my wife said, "Have you heard from Eliza; how is she getting along this winter?"

"No, has she been in?"

"No. I fear she is sick, or she would have called."

"Why have you not mentioned it before? I had not thought of it."

Had she struck me a blow in the face I should not have felt it more. It came with the spirit and with the understanding also. Oh, how I felt. That is one of the—shall I say, curses of wealth. They are so far removed from want they do not



think of the poor unless their attention is called to it, for they are not hard-hearted but neglectful. Well, I started to find the poor girl, who lived in a poor little hut. I found her in. She owed four months' rent at two dollars per month. The old landlord was pressing hard for the rent, then amounting to eight dollars. As I entered the room she burst into tears.

"Why have not you or Mrs. Todd called to see me?" she asked. "You must have thought me sick or I should have been over."

"We have been too busy riding out and showing my new horse and sleigh to think of anyone," I answered. "What do you most need?"

"Everything; I hardly know what I need most. I suppose I must give the landlord something. He told me if I did not by Tuesday he would take the key from me."

I gave her a ten dollar greenback and told her to tell old gripers when he wanted any more rent, if she did not have it, to come to me. He never called. I went to the stable and got my horse and sleigh. It being Sunday, no stores were open. I went home, told my wife how I had found affairs at the girl's home. She packed up everything she could in the grocery line, and there was a plenty. I took them and my wife over to the girl.

The next morning the two Captains Sturdivant came in to be shaved. I told them of my adventure Sunday, not thinking of asking help from them. Capt. Isaac, in his blunt and off-hand manner, said, "John, put me down for a barrel of flour for her." It cost at that time fifteen dollars. Captain Addison, looking at me with one of those smiles he always wore, said: "Ike is not to have all the pleasure of this affair. Put me down for a ton of coal." That cost seventeen dollars. The poor girl and mother did not suffer for food that winter. Occasionally they would ask me how the poor were getting along in my neighborhood.

One day I asked Capt. Addison how he came to leave home so young, and added: "I suppose it was the best thing for you,

for you perhaps would never have commanded a ship had you not started young. And see now what your father has left you ; I am told in the neighborhood of \$200,000." He earnestly replied : "To h—— with the money ; I have enough of my own now and don't need that. Let me tell you about it. When I was seventeen I became smitten with a beautiful girl, sweet sixteen, with eyes so bright they shone by night as radiant as the stars, and she was all that Fancy painted her. She was lovely and divine. Well, John, time may temper love but not destroy. I invited her to attend a dancing school with me. It was only six dollars, and I was sure that father would let me have it, but to my everlasting surprise and regret, his reply was, 'No, not one cent shall you have for such nonsense ; but I will buy you a hand cart or a wheelbarrow for you to get a living with.' Well, it just broke my heart, and I thought to myself, is that all my father thinks of me ? and I must tell my girl that I can't take her to the dancing school. Well, John, I made up my mind to leave this town, and I did, and in all my long life as sailor and master of a ship have I ever felt as then, and hope I never shall again. It was a love regretted I can ne'er resign."

I said : "Captain, there is no doubt your father said it for your good, and perhaps it was."

"Well, I don't think so. It changed the whole course of my life and drove me to sea, where I have suffered much, lost my health, am an old man at middle age, and, worse than all, it soured my life."

"Captain," I answered, "how different your life from mine. My father never gave me a cross word, and he had no six dollars to give me. I left him at thirteen, went to sea to get him six dollars and I got it and gave it to him and many more. That is a love not regretted, and that I don't wish to resign. Perhaps my father made a mistake in not scolding me."

## LOG CABIN CLUB.

The Harrison Campaign of 1840 was called the Log Cabin Campaign because General Harrison was born in a log cabin. This same year there was a club formed in Portland and called the Log Cabin Club, to which many of the first young men in Portland belonged. This club was a Whig club and for twenty-six years it was kept up and ruled the political situation in Portland and had much to do with keeping this city a Whig city for many years.

Now, the members of this Log Cabin Club would occasionally have suppers and would get them up somewhat in the following manner: Some member of the club would be accused by the other members of some crime or theft, would be arrested, and they would then hold a mock trial, and if the accused man was convicted he would have the supper to pay for. On one occasion one of the leading citizens, a merchant tailor whose name was Beckett, was accused of stealing a pig, was immediately arrested and brought to trial. The judge, in this instance, was Joseph Ring, a harness maker. The attorneys were Joshua Dunn and Andrew T. Dole, both merchants. Dunn was appointed counsel for Beckett, Dole representing the State attorney. Previous to the trial, Mr. Dunn inquired of a leading lawyer the Latin phrase that would express that his client stood correctly before the court and was given the phrase *rectus in curiâ*. Dr. Charles Thomas, one of the brightest young men and one of our best physicians in Portland, was foreman of the jury, and it must be remembered was the only man in the room who understood a word of Latin, and he said to the judge, "Will the court please inform the jury the meaning of the Latin phrase, *rectus in curiâ*, that the learned counsel has just used?" intending to corner the court. Quick as a flash the judge replied, "It matters not whether the jury understands it or not as long as the court does."

There was a Commodore Lord Beckett of England, from whom this Beckett family claimed a descent, and Beckett's

counsel said that it was a most ridiculous thing to accuse his client of such a crime, claiming him to be a descendant of the House of York of England and above any such crime. The opposing counsel interrupted him, saying that he was not aware of the fact that Beckett was a descendant of the House of York or held any relationship to Mme. York although he had noticed him coming out of her house on several occasions. (It will be remembered that this Mme. York of whom we speak kept a disreputable house.) After expatiating for some time, as is the custom of most lawyers, he turned and, addressing the court, said: "Supposing my client Beckett did steal the pig, whose business is it, and I may add that there isn't a son of a gun of you on this jury but what would have stolen the pig, mother and all."

After the opposing counsel had belabored the criminal, as is usual in such proceedings, the jury retired for a short time and, after an absence of five minutes or so, brought him in guilty, and thus poor Beckett was obliged to pay for the supper. When Beckett returned with a pig he had just purchased the judge said, "If there were possibly any doubt in regard to the justice of the jury's decision it is now demonstrated beyond a doubt that the pig the criminal has brought in is the same one stolen, for when Beckett left the court room he told me he had not a cent to buy the pig with."

#### MASTER JAMES FURBUSH.

Master James Furbush was a great linguist and teacher. One morning he came in to be shaved. I saluted him with "Good day, Mr. Furbush, this is a nice morning." "It is a fine morning, John." I noticed the strong accent he placed upon the word fine, and said, "What is the difference?" "A good deal of difference, for ladies make nice things and God makes fine things," and from that day until the present, that was fifty years ago, have I ever used that word. I knew his motive was to instruct me, not to criticise, and that is how I have acquired

much information, for I used to tell my customers to *always correct* me if I spoke a wrong word or used poor grammar, and I have profited somewhat by it."

Mr. Furbush became a firm believer, as well as myself, in the return of our spirit friends and that they could, under favorable conditions, communicate with the children of the earth. He presided at the spiritualist meetings for over twenty years, and was a fine presiding officer.

On one occasion, as no one cared to speak, and he rarely spoke, he turned to me and said: "Mr. Todd, please start the meeting. You can always speak well on a question, whether you know anything about it or not." It made a laugh at my expense, and I replied, "How wonderful are God's ways and marvelous are the works of His hands; no two things just alike throughout the vast domain of nature, for while I can tell so easily what I do not know, Brother Furbush labors hard to make himself appear ridiculous while attempting to tell what he does know."

He was not a fluent speaker. After the close of a meeting one day, he came across the room, looked me squarely in the face and said, "John, you lie." "What do you say, Mr. Furbush?" "Under a mistake, perhaps; you told me you knew nothing of grammar. It cannot be so, for you construed or repeated a sentence to-day, when you were rapidly speaking, that no one ignorant of grammar would have used. You said, 'If there are gods, or if there be a God.' Now, I repeat, that a person who knew nothing of grammar would have used the plural gods and singular God. You would not have been likely to have blundered onto that, therefore, I thought you lied, under a mistake."

"No, no, Mr. Furbush, you lie, under a mistake now, for I did not tell you I knew nothing of grammar. I told you I never studied grammar, but the winter I went to school sixty days, I heard the large girls parsing grammar, and that was where I acquired my first admiration of Pope's Essay on Man, for that was the book they were parsing from. There was a girl in that

class I held in great admiration and I remembered all she said, and when she said "I" was a personal pronoun, singular number, I knew I was singular enough, and at that time governed by love, or beauty, it matters not which, I remembered it. I told you, Mr. Furbush, I had not studied grammar, but I had acquired quite a little knowledge of English, for I had studied the English and American poets for ten years and devoted most of my spare time during that period to them."

One day he said: "John, I wish I only possessed your assurance, I could speak in public." I said, "You probably would have it if you knew as much." He laughed heartily and replied, "John, you are always loaded."

#### DR. STEBBINS.

From 1855 to 1861 the political skies were ablaze and every man had to choose between freedom and slavery, for the time had arrived when there was no neutral ground. The command had gone forth anew to choose God or Mammon, and it was expected that everyone would speak out. The leading men, and especially the clergy, had committed themselves, but the great Dr. Stebbins had not spoken. The old stone church walls had not rang out the jubilee, the tongue of the old bell in the belfry seemed as paralyzed as was the tongue of the pulpit, and we black abolitionists feared that the pro-slavery element in the church, as it was strong there, had intimidated the great Stebbins.

I could not believe it, for he had talked to me too often while cutting his hair, for me to believe it possible. One day it was announced in the papers that on Thursday evening the Rev. Mr. Stebbins would define his position on the slavery question. Well, don't you forget that all of us "long heels," as we were called who spoke in favor of emancipation, were there. Some were expecting, some hoping, some fearing, some doubting, all praying that the great preacher would speak out boldly for freedom and declare the whole truth despite position, salary or

friendship. But, to our chagrin and great disappointment, not a word had been spoken, nor a hint given on the subject of chattel slavery. In the pew with me were Newell A. Foster, M. F. Whittier, brother of John G., the great poet, M. A. Blanchard and Master Furbush. I whispered to Mr. Foster, "Do you believe that Mr. Stebbins is afraid to speak out as announced?" "I don't believe he is," he said, "let us wait and see." We were all ready to hiss him if he did not declare himself.

In a few moments he straightened up to his whole height, he was a tall man, and he never looked so tall to me as then; he said in a loud, firm voice: "I saw it announced a few days ago in the papers that I was to give, to-night, my opinion upon the slavery question. I take this opportunity to do so. I will not detain you long for it is getting late. It is where the human begins slavery ends, and I shall leave it to you to decide if our beloved brothers are human." We could not contain ourselves any longer; we just shouted. We free soldiers were satisfied and found nothing to offend and everything to approve in the definition he gave.

On one occasion he contrasted the golden rule to love your neighbor as yourself, with the low ambition and struggle for gold he witnessed on every hand. In a few days he met one of the wealthiest and most influential members of the church. He said, "Mr. Stebbins, I did not like your sermon last Sunday a bit, and I don't propose to contribute a great while toward the support of such preaching." "Well," was the answer, "Mr. Blank, I am pleased with your frankness. It is somewhat strange how men differ on those subjects. There was one man who heard the sermon who was much pleased with it." "Who could it be, pray?" "Horatio Stebbins," was the stern reply. And the two parted in silence, but not in tears.

On another occasion one of his parishioners met him and said, "Mr. Stebbins, you know I am a dry goods merchant." "Yes, I am aware of it." "Do you know that a man cannot succeed in that business without lying. He has to lie forty times a day, and more, too." "Then you are going to quit the

business, of course," said the doctor. The man was speechless for a minute, finally he rallied and said, "I don't do much of it myself. My clerks do the most of it." I will add this being honest by proxy won't be accepted in that great and notable day of the Lord.

#### DR. EDWARD MASON.

Dr. Edward Mason, the druggist, was indeed a great man, full of his jokes and fun. He claimed to be the first man who ever planted the American flag upon the Canadian soil, for at the time the Portland Light Infantry went to Montreal on an excursion he carried the flag. They had to get permit from both the American and English governments to go there with arms. Gen. Samuel J. Fessenden commanded the company at that time, and Edwin A. Marritt was lieutenant, the only officer now living. If any company was ever royally entertained they were. Dr. Mason served as ensign and carried the flag, and he used to say it was the proudest event of his life when he carried Old Glory into Canada. On those occasions when he went on an outing there was no one who put out his money more freely than he, and he had plenty of it to put out, although in business he was called a close man.

One day a rather hard looking man came in and asked him for something to eat. He thought it a good time to play one of his frequent jokes on me, as there were several of the boys present; looking at the poor, green-looking chap, he said, "I guess you are a stranger in Portland or you would have known that Todd, the barber, feeds Middle street now. You go right down opposite the post office and anybody will tell you where to find him, and tell him Dr. Mason sent you to him to get you a dinner."

Of course I saw through it, as the old woman said when her tub-bottom fell out. So I took him across the street to Mr. Ingersoll's, who kept a fine restaurant, and told him to give the man all he wanted to eat and I would pay the bill. The man



was hungry, for the bill was seventy cents. I paid it. The next day the doctor came in and said, "Did a man come in yesterday for something to eat?" "Yes, there was one." "Did you give it to him?" "What a question for you to ask," I answered, "did I feed a poor, suffering man? What do you take me for, a barbarian? Of course I fed him." "I shall send them all down to you after this," he answered.

Well, he got shaved and paid me for the shave. A month or so passed by before he gave me a piece of money large enough for me to take out pay for the dinner. One day he handed me a two dollar bill, I gave him back a dollar and twenty cents, taking out the pay for the dinner, seventy cents, and the shave.

"What does this mean?" he said. "I don't owe you or any other barber a cent. I never got trusted for a shave in my life. What are you trying to do, John?"

"I know you always pay," I said, "but you remember of sending a poor man to me to get him a dinner, don't you, doctor?"

"Yes, but what in h—— has that to do with it?"

"A good deal, for you must be aware, Mr. Mason, that your verbal order is just as good as a written one. So send them along, the lame, the halt and the blind; they shall all be fed. Don't you know that I am getting quite a reputation for generosity on other folks' money?"

"Well, you can't on my money."

"It seems I have, for I was told a few days ago by a customer, that very man told him of my great generosity and what a fine dinner I gave him, and I did not tell him it was Dr. Mason's money that paid for it."

"Well, Todd, I will get square with you, and don't you forget it."

I used to buy most of my perfumery and oils of the doctor, and I kept away for several weeks and did not call upon him, but he continued shaving with me. One day he said, "I see you don't patronize me of late." "No, nor I shall not until you take back that threat that you would get square with me on

that dinner. I am not going to give you a chance to sell me lard oil for bear's oil." "Oh, never mind that, John; let the past as nothing be." So it was all over, and we were always friends and paid each other many a dollar.

The doctor had a young man that worked for him many years, by the name of Fred Stevenson, a colored boy. One hot day the doctor came to the store. The ice man had just thrown the ice on the sidewalk at the door. A large dog rubbed against it several times. The doctor, who stood looking at him, turned to Freddy and said, "Freddy, you take that out into the street and wash it thoroughly." He did so. The doctor looked at him, saying, "Freddy, you take the hatchet and cut that ice in four pieces and take it out into the street and rub it hard with your hand." He brought it in. "What shall I do now? Shall I put it in the water tank?" "Put it in the water tank! What do you take me to be, you soot head? Throw that ice out into the street. Do you think Dr. Mason would drink water with ice in it that d—— dog had rubbed against? Now, you go down to the house and tell them Dr. Mason wants some ice."

#### EZRA CARTER.

Ezra Carter was born in Scarboro, April 29, 1804, and died May 11, 1887. He was a school teacher before moving to Portland about 1835. He was collector at Portland Custom House under Pierce's administration in 1852 to 1856. He would not support Buchanan in his Lecompton constitution business and was superseded by Moses McDonald in 1856. For years he was a member of the old book publishing firm of Sanborn & Carter. He was a rigid Congregationalist and Jacksonian Democrat and thought that membership in the Democratic party and High Street Church was sufficient. He was rather a stern man of unbending integrity, and thought I was the only man on the continent who could hone a razor properly.

He was my firmest friend, although diametrically opposed in

theology and politics, but in religion we were a unit. In business matters we always agreed, that is, I would borrow and he would loan. Sanborn & Carter were reputed at one time to be doing the largest business in the publishing and stationery line of any firm in the State, and no concern stood higher.

After my failure in the bath room enterprise, I was broke and feeling rather badly. Probably some of my readers can appreciate that feeling also. I went to Mr. Carter for help, for he never had refused me; but at that time I felt rather down-hearted, and I fancied that some of my former friends passed me by on the other side, but I have learned since that that could not have been unless, perhaps, they possibly might think I wanted to borrow a dollar. Anyway, I went to Mr. Carter. He sat writing at his desk. As I approached him he said, "Good morning, John." I stepped up as bold as could be, encouraged by his cordial manner. I said, "Mr. Carter, I am about to bestow upon you the highest compliment I can pay to anyone, and you know I am not in the habit of complimenting folks." "What is it, John?" "I am in a hard place and I don't know of a man in the city who I can ask for fifty dollars with any probability of getting it, but yourself. Is not that a great compliment, that out of a population of twenty-five thousand people I should select you as the one to help a poor man out of his troubles?" He burst out laughing and replied: "John, had you asked me for a loan at twenty per cent interest, with a double endorsed note, I should say no, for I don't want to draw from the bank to-day, but I suppose I must keep up your good opinion of me." He turned around, wrote his check for the amount, handed it to me and said, "Don't distress yourself, nor hurry about paying it, take your time." And I did, for he took most of it up in work.

Mr. Carter and T. C. Hersey were clerks together in Mr. Shaw's grocery store. John B. Brown was also clerk there at the same time.

Mr. Carter's children were two daughters, Ann Elizabeth, who never married, and Sarah R. P. Carter, who married Dr.

Hosea M. Quimby, superintendent of the insane hospital at Worcester, Mass. Mr. Carter's wife was Judith W. Carter of Concord, N. H., a cousin. His father was Ezra Carter, a tanner in Scarboro, a business associate of Josiah Dow; Friend Dow, as he always called him, the father of General Neal Dow. His youngest brother, Ilus Carter, was with him in the book concern of Sanborn & Carter, and afterwards was in the same business as Carter & Dresser on Exchange street. The other partners in Sanborn & Carter's were Oliver L. Sanborn and his son, Joseph S. Sanborn. Sanborn & Carter had a branch store in Boston. Mr. Carter had no son, but he left a nephew, a sister's child, who is more like Mr. Carter than Mr. Carter was like himself, in voice, gesture, manner and kindness of heart. He is no other than our highly respected attorney-at-law, Augustus F. Moulton.

#### FRED DOUGLASS.

The first time Frederick Douglass, the escaped slave, was seen in New England and the first time he made speeches in New England was in 1843 or 1844. I heard him in Bath. There were but few Abolitionists in Bath at that time. It was a great shipowning place and they did not wish to offend the cotton growers of the south, for the Bath ships were carrying the cotton raised by the slaves from the southern ports to Liverpool, England, and it might interfere with those ships getting freight if the Abolitionists held meetings to agitate the question of chattel slavery. There were but few men in Bath who were out and out disturbers of the peace and quiet of the town upon that question, an all important one for Bath shipowners. The active men in the fight, and it was a fight to the finish, were Amasa Soule, Isaac Swasey, Charles and Jesse Russell, Jerry Ellsworth, Johnson Rideout, Oliver Moses, Anthony Raymond and T. J. Gillman, the Universalist minister, who afterwards became editor of the *Portland Press*. They were the principal disturbers of that Christian town.

No hall could be had for Douglass. After a hard fight, Mr. Gillman, with the help of two or three of the wealthiest members of his church, Rideout and Raymond, secured the vestry of his church. They being shipowners, it was a great surprise to most of the people that they did not consult their pockets at all in deciding a moral question. The vestry was at that time under the City Hall. I have heard Douglass many times since but all his speeches appeared tame to me compared to that one. He made no effort or attempt at oratory, but unfolded a plain, unvarnished tale, most naturally told. Here is one anecdote he gave to us. He said:

"I was traveling in a stage coach drawn by four beautiful black horses. We were on our way to Montpelier, Vt. I was to speak there the next evening. Night overtook us. We stopped at a village and took in several passengers. It was so dark that I looked as white as the palest one. One of the passengers who got in was a judge of the Supreme Court of the State, with his daughter, as I learned afterward. We got into conversation and, oh, how delighted they all were, and we were cheered there in the darkness several times, and the learned judge appeared as much interested as the most enthusiastic. He urged me to stop with him while in the town. I told him I should be most happy to do so. But I had lingering doubts whether I should ever enjoy that great pleasure, for I had many a time before witnessed the great change that had taken place over the countenance of men and their action toward me when they had discovered that I was a colored man."

At that moment Douglass straightened up to his height of over six feet and, with a voice of thunder, said: "My hearers, are you aware that the great god of day has become a curse to the black man. On that occasion it had most assuredly become such, for when Old Sol burst forth through the darkness, lighting up the landscape, gilding the mountain tops, flushing both hill and dale with his radiance, lighting up the darkened coach within and driving out the darkness, the judge, in his great astonishment, exclaimed, 'God, he's a nigger!'

There was no more cheering, for silence prevailed. The judge did not even apologize for inviting me to his mansion."

#### CAPTAIN WILLIAM SENNETT.

Capt. William Sennett was born and lived in Harpswell and followed the sea all his life. After retiring late in life he settled in the town of Deering at Morrill's Corner, where he lived until the grim messenger, whom he had faced on many occasions, took him away. He gave me an account of a very narrow escape he and all hands had on a voyage to Manila, going out in ballast after a load of hemp. One day the ship lay becalmed off one of the Malay Islands, about six miles from shore. While examining, with his glass, the shore, he saw a large number of men actively at work upon boats. He knew the coast was noted for its pirates and he said to his mate: "Those fellows are getting ready to board the ship and capture her, and here we are helpless, for all the arms we have is one old single barrel musket. What can we do?"

The boats carried from twelve to fifteen men each, propelled by twelve oars, six on a side. They soon shoved off from the shore. There was no time to lose, for they were coming like steamboats. The sea was as smooth as a floor, not a ripple disturbing its bosom, with the exception of a shark or a dolphin coming to the surface, splashing its waters. The thought came to the captain: "We are in ballast with stones of every size. Put every man at work passing those stones upon deck. Hurry up, work for your lives, those devils mean business. Place those stones all around the deck, close to the rails, for we have no means of defence." The stones weighed from one to fifty pounds. It took but a short time, for he had twenty-six men on board, besides the cook, steward, three mates and himself, and he a giant, weighing two hundred and forty pounds. They were soon all ready for the fray. They did not have to wait long for the pirates were upon them, six boats with fourteen men in each, eighty-four men in all. As they approached the

captain hailed them. They took no notice. He fired the gun over their heads. They pulled right on, came alongside, and each grabbed a pole with a large hook upon the end, threw it over the rail of the ship and began to climb up.

Captain Sennett, who had been anxiously waiting for them, gave the command to fire. The captain, who stood on the quarter-deck with a belaying pin in his hand, saw one creeping over the rail, ordered him to go back. He probably did not understand English and kept right on, but when the captain struck him on the head with the belaying pin he must have understood that, for he went overboard. One reached the deck but he did not stay long, for a stout sailor grabbed him and threw him into the sea. In the meantime the battle of stones was going on and every boat that came alongside was stove in, for every one of those heavy stones that fell into a boat went through her bottom. One or two boats pulled off when they saw the destruction of the others and their dead and dying companions.

Captain Sennett told me that there were no weapons he could have had that would have done better service. A light breeze of wind springing up soon after, he sailed away, leaving the sharks to finish the battle.

#### WILLIAM G. DAVIS.

The late William G. Davis was born in the town of Limington and came to Portland in 1845. I knew him well and for over 50 years he patronized me. We never had an unpleasant word and he stood by me as long as he lived. When he was sick I went to his house and shaved him. I never met him when he was not pleasant. A man of great self control, always ready with an answer; he could say no as pleasantly as he could say yes. I know the truth of this, for I have had both answers from him myself, but as I knew he was a man of excellent business judgment, neither answer offended me, and notwithstanding our frequent differences of opinion I loved him, for

he was a most genial companion and had assisted me many times. He was not generally considered a very generous man, but I have known of his helping many people when they most needed help. He never advertised his gifts and would not help a loafer who was as able to work as he was. He was not a man to be governed by his feelings alone but his judgment must also approve of the deed.

His father owned and worked on a farm in the town of Limington on the banks of the Ossipee river. One day while he was planting corn with his father—I think it was in 1843 or 1844—he laid down the shovel and hoe and said: "Father, I don't think I am adapted to work on a farm. I was not born to be a farmer and I guess I won't work any more." "What are you going to do, William?" asked his father. "I am going to Portland." His father laughed and said: "You will return in two weeks," but he did not. He came to the city and went to work for Charles Blake, the baker, for seven dollars a week. In a short time he got nine dollars per week, but for two years I was earning about twice as much as he. When I leave this world I shall not perhaps possess so much of this world's goods as he left. He was a great economist. He and Mr. Blake had a disagreement and some sharp words. He said to Mr. Blake, who was a good natured man: "I think I can get a living without your help." "I think you can, William, if you practice economy and keep good natured," said Mr. Blake. Mr. Davis left and went to work with Josiah Waterhouse, who, but a short time before, had left Mr. Blake and started a bakery on Union street. I think this was in 1848, and Mr. Davis and James Slater opened a bakery on Willow street, now Pearl street. They did not succeed and gave it up, losing money by the undertaking. Mr. Slater went to work for the Eastern Express Company and ran to Boston. He afterwards took charge of the office in Bangor and continued in the company's employ for about fifty years. In 1850, when Mr. Davis gave up the bakery on Pearl street, he possessed little. He bought a team and stocked up with all sorts of goods, such as silks, cloths of



other kinds, trimmings, brushes, combs, tooth brushes and nearly everything in the line of Yankee notions. For about twenty years he traveled through rain and snow from Kittery Point to Bangor, a distance of nearly two hundred miles, that being his route, and he has told me that he has shoveled snow wherever it had drifted between those two points when it impeded his progress. He made it a practice to be prompt. Every day and hour that he was due in a city or town he was there at the appointed time and his customers at the appointed time looked for him. Some of them have told me if they got out of goods they would wait for him, knowing he would be there on the day he was expected, and when they bought his goods they got just what they paid for, for he never deceived them, his word being as good as his bond. By hard labor he accumulated a handsome fortune. Think of it young men and hustle. That was no boy's play. He sold his team and went into business with James P. Baxter selling about the same kind of goods on Free street. He did a large business, for wherever he went prosperity seemed to follow him. After that he went into the packing of canned goods. I said to him: "It was a lucky day for you when you went in with Rumery packing corn." "Yes, but I was no deadhead there, John, for by my efforts the business was largely increased. I was the first man in this country that ever suggested and put in practice the exporting of canned goods to Europe and it became an enormous trade." He surprised me one day: I told him I knew a man who wanted to hire some money and would pay large interest for it, and he said: "I never but once took over six per cent for money. I once charged eight per cent and always regretted it." I said: "I am astonished, for I supposed you were shaving notes with the rest of the saints." "No, thank heaven, I have not that sin laid to my charge." One morning he came in to see me and appeared much cast down. I said: "What is the matter, Mr. Davis? You seem to be in great trouble." "I am, greater than ever before; my wife is very ill and I fear she will not recover." "She may rally and live many years," I said.

"Don't be despondent but have faith, Mr. Davis, for faith has great power to save even the sick." He shook his head and said: "We have lived many happy years together; I cannot bear the thought of separation and going home at evening and having no eye to mark my coming and look brighter when I come." I said: "I have passed through all of that for ten years. It is hard to bear, but I have been sustained by the faith and knowledge that we shall meet again those whom we have loved and lost."

He made no reply. I added, calling him by his given name: "William, she may outlive us both. Don't mourn before she goes home." His wife outlived him several days.

#### JEDEDIAH JEWETT.

The late Jedediah Jewett was a partner of the late John B. Brown and was one of the smartest men Portland ever had. As a citizen, merchant, mayor, financier and collector of the port, none surpassed him. He was my friend and customer for over forty years. He was ever ready to assist me, and I am as much indebted to Mr. Jewett as to any man in Portland for what little I do know. In 1847 he came in and while shaving him I said that I had found out that a razor needed resting, for I had put away a dull razor that I could not shave with and then, after six months or a year, taken it up and it would be sharp and shave first rate, and I knew it was so.

He laughed me to scorn and said that was another one of my vagaries. Two years afterwards he came in with the *Scientific American* in his hand, and said: "John I don't know but you are right about a razor needing rest, for a writer in this scientific paper says it is so."

I said: "I suppose you accept it now upon the facts as stated by the paper. Tennyson, the poet, said that the things seen are mightier than the things heard, or, in other words, what we read or see have greater weight upon us than what is

told us or what we hear. But I knew it from experience." It is generally accepted now as a fact.

There was a man by the name of Mugford who was a very peculiar character. He used to haul his wood to market with cows yoked as oxen and was the only man at that time who wore a full beard. He never shaved and the boys used to follow him around hooting at him and calling him bad names. One morning Mr. Jewett came in smiling and said: "John, I have been floored this morning." "How is that, Mr. Jewett?" I asked. He replied saying: "Mr. Mugford was driving by my house with a load of wood with his cows yoked up as oxen. I have always felt offended whenever I have seen him do it. Mugford said: 'Dont you want a load of wood, Mr. Jewett?' 'No, and if I did, I would not buy it of you.' I answered. 'Why not, Mr. Jewett?' 'Because you haul it with those cows, for I think a man who does that should be tarred and feathered.' 'Don't you think that is prejudice, Mr. Jewett?' 'No, I don't.' 'You seem to have great sympathy for those cows, Mr. Jewett,' he went on. 'Let us look for a moment and see how things are. Don't those cows look fat and sleek? They have never had the weight of a goad laid upon them. I give them the best of care. They are treated as well as my children.' 'To make a long story short, Mr. Mugford,' I answered, 'I think a man who works his cows as you do is crazy, for it never was designed by nature to have them work, for they have to bear their young and care for them, and it is too bad and very cruel.' 'Now, Mr. Jewett,' he answered, 'you are a bright and reasonable man. I think that when you hear what I have to say and consider the reason I give for using these cows, you will think, as I do, that it is prejudice on your part and not intelligent reasoning. It is said by the best physicians that it is far better for both mother and child during those times to have exercise. But my main reason is this: I want to arouse public attention to the manner you husbands are treating your wives here in Portland. And I thought that this was a good way to do it, and I see that I am succeeding very well by the indignation you manifest.

Now, I shall ask you a question, Mr. Jewett, and you are most assuredly capable to answer it: Are the men of Portland as sensitive about the wives and mothers working and toiling both day and night as they are about my cows that work moderately a few hours in the day? I wish that I really knew and could feel that they are treated as kindly as I treat my cattle.'"

Mr. Jewett said, "I could not say and be true to myself that I thought they were. And my reply was, 'Mugford, drive those cows with that load of wood up into my yard for I will buy it whether I want it or not.'"

Now a word from Mr. Jewett who set me to thinking and caused me ten years of hard study, and more than that. He came into my shop one morning very much excited, walking the floor back and forth. I said: "What is the matter? You seem to be worried about something."

"Matter enough," he answered. "I should say. Have you read the papers this morning? If you have you would have seen that the Senate has defeated the House bill, making the greenbacks a full legal tender and thereby making them as good as gold. But now those two exceptions, interest on the public debt and import duties, they cannot pay, so you see, John, that makes two debts that nothing but gold can pay and thereby making a corner on gold, and gold will go up fifty cents on the dollar." And it went up 2.55 per cent on the dollar. Well, if he had spoken Greek it would have been all the same to me, for I knew nothing about legal tender or public debts at that time. So I said: "It may not be so bad as you think it will be."

"Bad as I think, you go down Exchange street and look in Mr. Wood's, the broker's window, and you will see there a stock of gold with a card up, written upon it, 'gold for sale.' You would not have seen it there yesterday, for the merchants could go to their money drawers and count the money they had taken for their goods and step into the Custom house and pay their import duties with it, but to-day they must go to Mr.

Wood and buy their gold before they can pay their bill to the government. In other words, the government refuses to take its own notes. Of course, John, you see it will ruin those notes, for what man or banker would take a note that reads: "This note is good everywhere except at my office;" and that is just what the government has done."

That set me a thinking and I thought I would post myself up a little so when my customers introduced a subject for conversation I would understand what they were talking about. That was in 1863 and from that time until now I have devoted much time to the study of finance, even to the study of frenzied finance by Thomas Lawson.

One morning Mr. Jewett came in smiling and said, "I am now satisfied. I have studied and worried much in regard to building the front steps that lead to City Hall, so no fire or panic can ever destroy them, so as to prevent an exit from the hall, and I now have them completed. And I know they never can be broken down by any crowd that can be rushed upon them at a fire or panic. They are placed upon a brick arch, the safest from fire of any material, and the arch the strongest in mechanical construction."

Whenever I have been going down those steps in a crowd I have always thought to myself: "Well, Mr. Jewett, I am not afraid of going down into the cellar on account of these steps giving away. The City Hall was commenced under the administration of W. W. Willis and completed under Mr. Jewett, and the stonework was done by the late J. R. Thompson.

#### STEPHEN CAMMETT.

It was in 1838 I think, that the brig Alna, Capt. Thomas, left Portland for Cuba, with a load of lumber. She was manned with an American crew, several of them Portland boys, and among them was Steve Cammett, as we used to call him, for he was one of "the boys" of those days. He was a steady boy, but, if the occasion demanded it, he could fight, run or

wrestle. There went with him also another young man belonging in Portland by the name of Eleazer Weare. The brig sailed on a beautiful day and everything looked prosperous. Captain Thomas left his home and loved ones not dreaming that it would be his last voyage. They had fair weather and favorable wind until they arrived off the coast of Florida when the vessel went ashore on one of the Florida reefs. At that time in Florida the Seminole Indian war was raging and Col. Zachary Taylor, who ten years after became President of the United States, was in command. The Indians seeing the brig ashore commenced firing upon her. The crew had no means of defense, and Captain Thomas and most of her crew were killed, but young Cammett, then nineteen years of age, and one of Portland's best athletes, and Eleazer Weare, another one of Portland's smartest boys and about the same age, made their escape. The Indians were on their trail but the boys were fast runners. The savages pressed them hard, however, and they had run a long distance and had outrun the tribe, but there was one young supple Indian, who had outrun all the rest of his people. The boys in running through a swamp got separated and this young, tall, powerful Indian was in hot pursuit after young Cammett. The captain after years told me his thoughts and feelings on that occasion. He was getting tired and his pursuer was gaining upon him, so he began to reason upon the situation and said to himself: "If I keep on running until that devil overtakes me I shall be out of breath and in poor condition to put up one of my best fights, but single handed and alone, I don't fear any one of them, and we are two miles ahead of the crowd. I reckon before they get up with us that the Indian, or I, won't care who comes." So he made up his mind to stop and get his breath, and a few minutes' rest in order to be in better condition to meet the fellow than he would be if he kept on running until overtaken. So he stopped and faced about, drew his large sheath knife, a very formidable weapon in the hand of a sailor, and said to himself, "You d—d savage, if you are not a pretty smart Indian you

will get hurt if you come too near to me, for I am not feeling any too friendly toward you just at this time." The Indian stopped within a few feet of him, looked him over, turned back to meet his tribe. Cammett passed through swamps and jungles infested by poisonous reptiles, rattlesnakes and moccasin snakes being plentiful. He swam rivers and on looking back from the bank of one that he crossed, saw two large alligators swimming up the river seeking their prey. After traveling three or four days, living upon whatever he could pick up, such as berries, bananas and other fruit, he arrived at Key West, supposing that his friend and shipmate Weare had been murdered. To his great joy the next day Weare arrived at Key West, having passed through about the same experiences that his comrade had, except that he met no Indians on the way.

They both spent their long lives in their native city of Portland, where both reared families. I was not acquainted with members of the families except our popular physician, Dr. William Cammett, who is the son of Capt. Stephen Cammett, the hero of my story.

#### JAMES C. CHURCHILL.

One evening ex-Mayor James C. Churchill was in my shop getting shaved. When he got through he looked for his hat; there was but one hat in the shop, and that had a weed that nearly covered it, such as folks never wore except in mourning for their wives. He said, "Someone has taken my hat, Mr. Todd." "Well," I said, "there have been only two gentlemen in here. They were both here when you came in, S. R. Leavitt and Henry C. Lovell. They have not lost their wives, either one of them."

I had a new silk hat that just fitted Captain Churchill and I told him to take that and wear it, and that on my way to supper I would call and exchange. I did so, but they both had their own hats. They had made no change. I kept the one with

the weed on it, hoping that the man would be in for it in the evening, but no one came, so I wore it home Saturday night, and there I was placed in a dilemma (as I have often been in my life). I had either got to stay at home with my wife all day Sunday or else wear a hat with a weed on it. Rather than annoy my wife all day Sunday I chose being dressed in deep mourning. And, as I walked out Sunday morning, the first man I met was my old grocery dealer, a pious old deacon, who, with all solemnity, said, "Mr. Todd, I did not know that you had lost your wife." I said, "Nor anybody else." "Well, pray, who are you in mourning for?" I answered, "I don't know, but I think it must be for somebody else's wife." Many met me that day, some on tip toes with sorrowful faces, and I think if they had looked in my face they must have thought I was a poor mourner.

Monday morning I went to Captain Churchill's office. I said, "Captain, where were you before you came into my shop Saturday night?" "I was attending a directors' meeting of the Portland Company in F. O. J. Smith's office." "Well, that is where you changed your hat before you came to my shop, but didn't notice it before. This is F. O. J. Smith's hat for he has just lost his wife." I went up to Mr. Smith's office (a place where I seldom had been), and said, "Good morning, Mr. Smith." He said, "Good morning, John, this is a rare visit indeed for you." I said, "Did not some one exchange hats with you Saturday night?" He replied, "Yes, and it was a great annoyance to me, for I had to go to church and wear a hat without a weed on it." I did not tell him that I wore his hat Sunday for fear that he might not be pleased with the idea. He asked me how I came by his hat. I told him Captain Churchill had worn his hat away from his office Saturday night. I took Captain Churchill's hat from Smith's and got my own.

James C. Churchill, who was a great Universalist in belief, and James Huse, who was one of the most rigid predestinarians, both of them well known citizens, but diametrically opposed in religious views, although neighbors and great friends and in



business relations most intimate, drew up a note signed by James C. Churchill and endorsed by James Huse. At that time there was great speculation in Bangor and many Portland men suffered great losses,—they were all wild on the scheme of buying land in Bangor. The note was presented to the Canal Bank to be discounted. Old Captain Newhall, who was a great character in his way, was one of the directors of the bank. The note, which was for a large amount, had been before the other directors and they hesitated taking it without another endorser. Just then Captain Newhall walked in and they said, "Mr. Newhall, we have a note here that we are a little shaky on and we want your opinion on it." "Whose note is it?" "James C. Churchill's, endorsed by James Huse." He straightened up and looked at them and said: "That note ought to be good; they both own real estate, and I should recommend taking it as it is signed by universal salvation and endorsed by universal damnation."

#### JEFFERSON DAVIS.

My introduction to Jefferson Davis, president of the Southern Confederacy, was a strange one. One day a couple of gentlemen came into my shop to get their hair cut. One of them took my journeyman's chair, Mr. Morrill's, and the other one mine. When they came into the shop they were discussing the possibility of the success of laying the Atlantic cable which was then being done. When they got through the gentleman whose hair I had been cutting, said to me, "What do you think, Mr. Barber? Do you think it a success?"

I replied: "As a sailor who has been to sea five years, I should say it would not be." For I thought, owing to the roughness of the ocean's bottom, its stones, etc., to say nothing of the big fish that might trouble it, that the cable would be destroyed and it could not rest there. I thought he asked the question just to set me talking. So I thought I would accommodate him, and said, "But as a prophet and interpreter of

prophecy, I should think it would be a success." "What do you mean by that, sir?" he asked. "There is no doubt in my mind," I said, "but the angel John saw on Patmos who declared that time should be no longer, was the angel of telegraphy. It is not relevant to speak of time as being no longer, for, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as time. What we call time is only the division of eternity into years, months, weeks, days and seconds for man's accommodation, and, therefore, to have what we call time annihilated was essential that the cable must be laid. So man can overcome it, the oceans must be spanned by wires. So thought, that great civilizer, must be transmitted from continent to continent, around the globe, to bring mankind nearer in the bonds of fraternity. I have no doubt that Franklin after leaving this earth, he being as much interested in his electric research and experiments that he practiced on Boston Common, as he was when here, and he found minds far in advance of his and with a knowledge of telegraphy, he sought his first opportunity to impress Morse and others that the world might possess this great blessing."

He said: "That is the first and only sensible interpretation I ever heard of the Book of Revelation."

Then he said: "Do you know the gentleman in the other chair, Barber?" "I do not." "Well, allow me to introduce you to Professor Bache, a grandson of Dr. Franklin." I said, "That may account for my saying what I did. His grandfather probably came in with him and used me as the medium to inform his grandson of the fact of his presence and of his interest in the work of laying the cable."

The gentleman said to me: "Are you one of those spirit rappers? I am astonished that a man of your apparent intelligence should believe in such a humbug."

I said, "Have you ever examined its phenomena?"

"No, I never had time to waste on such nonsense."

"You are most fortunately endowed to know a thing is naught that you have not looked up or examined," I answered. "Are you aware, sir, that it requires about as much knowledge to know a thing is naught as to know that it is?"

"I will take it all back, sir, I was too fast," he said. "Do pray tell me what evidence you have of this wonderful phenomena you are speaking of."

I was about to narrate some physical manifestations that I had witnessed, when this voice that had so often spoken to me and taught me much, said: "Away with your physical manifestations that rest upon your veracity, and you a stranger. You are talking to a man of brains. Address his philosophy; tell him that the appropriateness of the time, and the necessity of this truth, are the strongest arguments. For the time has arrived, and the human mind so developed, and the protection of the laws such that they can come through their mediums and not have the mediums hung as witches, for the severance of the church and state protects them. And it would be most appropriate if we could converse throughout the world; yes, and the spirit world also, and bring the races of men together." So I replied to him.

"Now, what of the necessity?" he asked. I replied, "As our leading statesmen are trying to break up the government of our fathers and nationalize slavery, there is great necessity for Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Adams, and other patriots to speak to their degenerate children, and stop them in their mad career."

Professor Bache, turning to me, said, "Barber, allow me to introduce to you the Hon. Jefferson Davis of Mississippi." I had some doubts of it being him, for he wore goggles and looked more inferior than I was expecting to see Mr. Davis look. I looked him in the face and said, "If this is Mr. Davis, all I can say is, as Nathan said to David, 'Thou art the man.'"

They had a hearty laugh and soon left the shop, Mr. Davis saying he was going down to Lowell & Senter, the jewelers, to get his watch fixed. In a few minutes Professor Bache returned. He said, "I have come back to congratulate you on the great hit that you gave Davis." "Hit, did you say, professor? Why, after you left the shop I went into a self-examination to see if I had not insulted the gentleman, for if he is not trying to

break up the government of his fathers, it was an insult. If he is trying to do that, should you lend your great name with the blood of Franklin coursing through your veins, to be taking him around through New England?" He wilted under my words as though his grandfather had spoken them.

Mr. Davis was in three times afterward to see me. He had his hair cut once. I told him of my spending two winters south and of the slave sales I had witnessed,—one in particular, in St. Marks, Fla., where five children were sold from the mother, never to see her again. She was sold to go to New Orleans as a house servant. When her youngest of five years was put upon the block, she begged of the man who had just bought her to buy him also so she might have him with her, and the gentlemen friends said, "Buy him, Sam, he will go for fifty dollars." "My wife would not want the little nigger under her feet." While they were talking he was sold to go to Texas for fifty dollars. I was about eighteen and had just left my mother and home, and I felt the separation keenly. She fell upon her face, clasped her child, and fell upon the ground with it in her arms, and was weeping in great agony when the slave driver came in and put his foot against her and told her to get up. I was so wrought up in my feelings that I said, "Don't you kick that woman again." A gentleman who stood behind me tapped me on the shoulder and said: "You are from the North, I see." He said he was from Vermont, and was captain of the steamboat that was at the wharf. "You must not say anything; one word more such as you have spoken and you will find yourself in the calaboose."

I said to Mr. Davis: "I took an oath before high Heaven at that time, that I would fight the institution that permitted such a scene as that till hell froze over, and then I would fight it on the ice. He burst out laughing, saying: "You are incorrigible. You are the first northerner that I ever met that had spent two winters in the South and did not come back in favor of the institution."

## THOMAS BROWN.

Sixty years ago on Middle street, near India, there lived a couple of old gentlemen, eighty and eighty-four years of age, who had formerly been active merchants of Portland and whose names were William and Thomas Brown. Thomas was a customer of mine and was in my shop frequently. He was a most devout Christian; I do not think I ever met a man who was more so. He had been a life-long Democrat and at the election of Mr. Lincoln in 1860 felt very badly and thought the country ruined, and he was near to the condition of what was then called a "copper-head," a man who did not believe in the war or in troubling chattel slavery at all. One cold morning in the winter (I think in February), he came into the shop, holding up his hands in the attitude of prayer, and said, "Mr. Todd, can you believe it," and he repeated it, "Can you believe that last night I arose from my bed at two o'clock and prayed for Abraham Lincoln? (clapping his hands.) Yes; as great a partisan as I am,—I prayed for President Lincoln on my knees for half an hour in the cold," he said. I said, "Why, Mr. Brown, how came you to do that?" He said, "Because I felt it to be a command from God, for did not Abraham Lincoln ask the prayers of all Christians to assist him in the great conflict that he saw coming? When I read it I said, 'How can I let my partisan feeling interfere with my Christian duty?' And I prayed for him as I never did before for anyone."

In 1845 I attended a Baptist church. The minister in the course of his remarks said that "Pleasures are like poppies spread: You touch the flower, their bloom is shed. Or, like a snowflake on the river, a moment white, then gone forever." I was delighted at the quotation because I was such an admirer of Bobbie Burns's poems, and especially the one he quoted from. At that time ministers would not quote from Burns, he was thought so immoral, etc. I waited after church to congratulate him on his courage and of his being an admirer of Burns. When I accosted him and told him, "Why," he said,

"I did not quote from Burns. I should not think of such a thing." "Well, you certainly did. Did you not repeat that 'Pleasures are like poppies spread?'" "Why," he said, "that is not Burns, is it? I read it in the paper, and I thought it was beautiful." I said, "You will find it in Burns's 'Tam-o-Shanter.'" "Had I known that, I should not have quoted it." "It was ever thus from childhood's hour I had seen my fondest hopes decay," for I was sadly disappointed. I had hoped a new era was dawning upon the church when they might perhaps sing a few of Bobbie's beautiful songs in church.

One of the first lessons I received, or hints that all church members were not wholly redeemed from the curse of the law, was in the spring of 1840, when I was nineteen years old. I was living on the banks of the Kennebec river, and there was a very devout man, so considered, whose land or farm reached to the Kennebec, and there was a point of land off into the stream where they built seines to catch salmon. He was quite aged and would not go into the water, for it was early in April and the broken ice was floating down the river. He said to me, "John, if you will build that seine, I will furnish material and we will go halves in the salmon catch, but remember, there will be no fishing on the Lord's day." I assented to it and for days I stood up to my waist in water, the ice striking against me while I drove down stakes and built the seine. The next Sunday after it was completed we were all at church, the church standing in sight of the seine on the banks of the river. A neighbor and expert fisherman came to the church at the recess and told me there was a large salmon in our seine and it was dangerous to leave him in there for he might get out, but he would go with me and dip him out and secure him. As there had not been a salmon caught in the river that spring, it would bring a very high price. The deacon being present in church, I asked him if we had not better catch the fish. He said, "I will have nothing to do with fishing on the Lord's day." That was before I had become a saint. I said, "Moss, let's go and take him out." We went and caught him. The

next day his brother was going to Portland on business. He kindly took the fish and sold it in Portland for \$14.63. He brought me the money and I said to my mother, whom I always consulted on moral questions, "I think I had better say nothing to the deacon about it." She said, "Oh, no, John, don't do that. Go and offer him half of the money; he, of course, will not take it, but it will clear your skirts from the appearance of wrong." On Wednesday I took a walk over to his house, said, "Deacon, Mr. Moss and I took that fish out of the seine Sunday and sent it to Portland and I have \$14.63. Now, if you feel that half of it belongs to you, I will divide with you." He said, "John, I don't know anything about your Sunday fishing, and I don't wish to have anything to do with it, but if you say you have \$7.32 belonging to me, you may give it to me." Only see how sagacious the old deacon was in clearing his own skirts from the sin, for he had never read or heard anything about Rockefeller's "tainted" money.

#### EBEN STEELE.

About 1790 Charles Blanchard established a crockery and glassware business on Middle street, where the Falmouth Hotel now stands. Eben Steele was at that time on Congress street just above the Preble House carrying on the grocery business. In the early part of the 19th century Mr. Steele bought out Mr. Blanchard and continued in the crockery and glassware business. Afterward he took in as a partner Thomas Hayes. In April, 1866, before the great fire of July 4th in that year, Mr. Steele retired, and Thomas R. Hayes and Robert Douglass purchased the business, the firm being Hayes & Douglass. Within a few years one of our city's business men, (A. L. Burbank) was in the New York office of the Havilands. They were large dealers in French chinaware. The oldest member of the firm had recently died. His son carrying on the business, and in looking over some of his father's papers in a private desk, came across a small card with this written upon it: "Eben Steele of Portland,

Me., crockeryware dealer. A proper man, credit good for a thousand dollars." The card was dated 1843. The card is in Portland to-day. After that time Mr. Steele's credit was good for fifty times that amount.

In 1845 I became a customer of Mr. Steele and he was my customer as long as he remained with us in the business, and I still patronize the store. I had bought all the crockeryware I needed in my shop of him. After my marriage I went to Mr. Steele and said to him : "I want some dishes, for I am going to housekeeping." He replied : "I saw your marriage in the papers and was glad to see it, not because I was anxious to sell you goods, but because I firmly believe it the best thing a young man can do, when settled in business, is to take a wife. John, you can have all the goods in my line you need on your own time, with this understanding that when you set down at your meals with those dishes in front of you, you will acknowledge to our Heavenly Father the many blessings we receive from His hands. I don't wish to enforce upon you any particular form of worship and if you don't wish to ask a blessing orally why you can do in silence. My object in asking you to do this is that I want you to recognize the Divine Giver, and also that we have a spiritual nature that demands spiritual food. It can only be fed by aspiration, communion and prayer."

I said : "I find no fault with that, but I think you will find me a rather hard subject to convert to your creed of endless punishment, for I have too good an opinion of my Heavenly Father for that." His reply was : "I don't ask you to accept my creed, but I would like to have you acknowledge those great fundamental principles of religion." He never let an opportunity pass by to impress upon the young the necessity of doing right.

His late partner, Thomas Hayes, told me how he came to be with Mr. Steele. He was at work for a railroad company. He had been with it for some length of time. When the demand came that he must work Sunday he told them he could not, that he should resign his position, and he left. He could get no



job, and for several months he waited in patience. It made some talk in the city, for in those days the employers of labor seemed to have more interest in those out of employment than they have now, for the war between capital and labor was not so intense and bitter as now. Mr. Steele heard of the young man's case and sent for him and having listened to his account of it, he employed him at once. Mr. Hayes remained in the concern as clerk and partner during his life, and he always believed it providential in his getting the place, because he stood firmly for principle in refusing to work on the Sabbath day. I think so myself, for had he not stood firm he probably never would have heard of Mr. Steele.

After the great fire of 1866 I caught the then raging fever to rebuild the city. Mr. Steele was one of the commissioners appointed to handle the money to be loaned to those who wished to build houses. He came to me and said: "I hear you are about to commence building houses. What do you know about building houses." I said: "I don't know anything about it." "Well, John," he said, "don't you know that a man must serve his time at every trade, either in time as an apprentice, or as a fool to pay money in a new enterprise they know nothing about, for pay they must. Now let me advise you, and be sure and profit by the advise. Don't you go to building houses for they will take advantage of your ignorance and cheat your eyes out." "Well," I said, "I want to help build up the city." "Never mind the building up of the city, for that will be done without your losing your money that you will need when you become old. If you really want to help the city I can tell you how to do it. You and wife confer together, I hear she is a careful, prudent women, and decide how much patriotic funds you can spare on building up the city. You should not give all you have, but whatever amount you two agree upon to give, take it and carry it up to the city treasurer and place it in his hands for the city's use, and then you will do the city some good, but if you go to building houses you will lose all you have and embarrass yourself and perhaps involve

your friends, and possibly bring upon yourself and family great suffering. What is your money invested in now?" "In fifty-two U. S. bonds." "John, it is the best security in the world. Are you so crazy as to think of selling them to build houses? You cannot get over eighty-five cents on a dollar for them in open market and before ten years they will be twenty per cent above par. That will be thirty-five cents on a dollar you will lose on the sale of the bonds, and you will have to pay at this time three to four dollars per day for skilled labor, when in two or three years from now you can hire these same men for two dollars a day. Now, John, look at it soberly and don't throw away your money."

"I have bought my lots, Mr. Steele, and will lose." He said, "Sell them the best you can and stop right where you are." I said, "Mr. Steele, I see the force of your argument, but I feel I must go ahead and build now, for I want to carry out my plans." "O, I see, John, you have the fever badly to build up the city. It will have its run. I am sorry for you, John, but there it is like thousands of others. You must suffer and learn wisdom thereby."

Well, I did lose money, and I think I got some little wisdom. I think Mr. Steele was one of the best business men Portland ever had, a man of good judgment in every department in life.

Living in Portland at that time was a schoolmate of Mr. Steele, I think they came from the town of Essex, Mass. The man told me he received a barrel of flour and a cord of wood every winter, and said he knew well enough who sent it, but Mr. Steele never mentioned it to him nor he to Mr. Steele during their lifetime.

#### LEWIS DELA.

Lewis Dela was a great genius and the strangest man I ever met. He was sympathetic and tender as a woman, full of sport, wit and jollity, but, judged by his actions, he was not governed by high principles. He was true to his intimates but not so to

outsiders. He was a lawyer, poet, business man and politician. He, after much urging, persuaded me to go to the corner of Fore and India streets, where he owned a store, to open a bath house and barber shop. I thought I saw in it a fortune. Captain Churchill asked me what I was then making, when I asked his opinion about my moving. I told him. He was astonished. "You are making more than I get as treasurer of the Portland Company; don't think of changing," he said. "There are men in this city with capital to the amount of ten thousand dollars invested who are not receiving that amount." But I, like most of the young fools, would not profit by the advice of the old and experienced captain. It was so plain to me that, in a city of twenty-five or thirty thousand inhabitants, a bath-house was the one thing needed, and hearing so many pleading for one I thought I had a sure thing. But, alas, "it was ever thus from childhood's hour, I have seen my fondest hopes decay." I lost everything I had and placed myself heavily in debt. There was no water in the city except what the wells and cisterns afforded. The Boston papers called us the "great unwashed." On India street there was an old log aqueduct owned by a company that supplied their own houses with water taken from the hill, fine pure water. Dela was one of the owners. I was to take the water from that source. I had quite a rush for baths the first few days. One night there was no water for anyone on that line. There went up a great cry for water, and they began seeking for the leak. It was soon found, and I was notified that there was no more water for me from that source, thus I was, as usual, in trouble.

Dela was also notified that his right to the water and use of the conduit was confined to his dwelling house, not to bath rooms. He saw at once the company was right, and I was without water for the room. What was to be done? He and his partner had agreed to supply me from that source and there was a question whether they were obliged to supply me from any other. Their store was separated from mine by a board partition. I could hear them talking over my situation. The

real respectable, moral, man of fine reputation, said, "I shall not invest one cent to lay a pipe for Todd's bath room. If you are fool enough to do so you can. We agreed to furnish him water from that particular fountain, and if that has failed us, my conscience is clear. I stop there." I thought to myself, that is cool, that is business, but where does poor Todd come in? Then Dela spoke: "That may satisfy you but it does not me, for we urged him to leave a first rate business, over a thousand dollars a year, to come here and fit up bath rooms. He has spent fifteen hundred dollars in fitting them and if he cannot get water they are worthless." "Well, what of it? That is the fate of ninety in a hundred who go into new business," said the other; "he took his chances and lost. I can do nothing for him." "Well, that may do for you," replied Dela, "but for me it won't answer, for I swear to you he shall have water." "How and where are you to get it?" "I can tell you where, but the how is not yet fully revealed. My mother owns as good a spring of water as there is in Portland, only twelve hundred feet from here, and fifty feet above us, and we can sink a fountain there and lay the pipes." "Where are we," objected the other, "to get the money to lay twelve hundred feet of pipe to the spring you speak of, for I will not put in one cent, be sure of that." "Mr. B., you can do as you please," said the sinner. "I am called dishonest, but, by the eternal, I can't leave Todd in that shape, thief or no thief."

He came in and told me the conversation he had with his partner. I told him I had heard it all, and had marked the stand he had taken. "Well, Todd, I start for Boston to-morrow night on the boat, and I will see what I can do," he replied. He went to Boston and in two days returned. He called in to see me. "Well, John, I shall commence laying the pipes to-morrow." "Then you got the pipes?" I asked. "Yes, two sets of them, one of wrought iron, one and a half inch, and the other of cast iron, three inches. I shall lay the cast iron." "What will you do with the other?" "Sell them to pay for digging the trench." So he set the men at work. They laid

the pipes, finished the work and came for their pay. Dela had not sold the pipes and had no money. He came to me and said, "John, I must have ninety dollars before six o'clock to-night. You must let me have it." An influential man who was present, shook his head at me. I told Dela I would see him before six, and see what I could do for him. He went out. The man said, "You are not fool enough to let him have the money?" "Yes, I am, for he will pay me if no one else," I said. "Perhaps he will, but you will get left one of these days by him. This looks like a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul." At six o'clock Dela came in after the ninety dollars. "Todd, what is the prospect?" he asked. "What's the prospect? You knew I had the money and, of course, you knew if you wanted it you would have it by asking. Here is the money. Now tell me, Lewis, about the pipes, how you got them, and why you got two sets?"

"I knew a firm in Boston," he said, "who dealt in wrought iron pipes, and they would give time to pay for them, so I ordered them. Coming home on the cars I met Mayor James T. McCobb. He asked me where I had been. I told him all about my trip and of my purchasing the pipes. He said, 'What a foolish man! Why did you not come to me, I would have let you have cast iron pipes, that will last ten times as long, for wrought iron pipes rust quickly as water pipes.' 'I'll tell you, Mr. McCobb, I had to get them on credit, and I was a stranger to your company and had no credit here.' 'That would make no difference, Dela, for I would have given you credit.' 'It is not too late,' said I, 'I can countermand the order, for I had much rather have the cast iron pipes.' So Mr. McCobb gave me an introduction to his company, and down came the pipes. As I thought it over, I concluded to keep both sets, sell the wrought iron one, take the money and pay for laying the other." For he would not cheat a laborer out of a cent, you know, and I don't believe he ever did. He sold the pipes to Charles Q. Clapp for cash and paid me, but he never paid for either set of pipes.

Dela owned the store and buildings on the corner of Fore and India streets. They were insured in a Connecticut company, and the agent was a most respectable man. They had been insured by this agent for a long time, and when the policy became due the agent paid it and sent the renewal to Dela. On this occasion it had run for several months. The building was burned down. Dela called for his insurance. The agent said he was very sorry, but he had a few days before cancelled the insurance, because he had put off paying the premiums so long. Dela took it calmly, said he was surprised that he did it, but he supposed it could not now be helped. "No," said the agent, "it is too late." He said it was an expensive lesson, and hoped he would profit by it. Dela replied he should most assuredly. Then there were no telegraphs. Dela had just time to catch the train. He did not stop to go home, but ran for the cars; when he arrived at the Connecticut city he went into a lawyer's office and said to him, "Step to the door, please, with me." He told the lawyer his business, stepped into a store beneath, left his hat and coat, placed a pencil over his ear, and told the lawyer to wait in the entry a few minutes so they might not suspect they were together. Dela stepped in, no hat or coat on, and said, "I have a little business with a man in Portland, Me. He has referred me to you; said he had a block of buildings on the corner of Fore and India streets in that city, and it is insured by you. I would like to know if it is so. If you will be so kind as to inform me, it would be a help to me." He turned to his lawyer and said, "Yes, the property is insured here all right." At that moment the mail arrived. Dela started to go. The lawyer had written down every word that had passed between them. "Wait a minute," said the clerk, "here is a letter from our Portland agent, saying the buildings were burned down a few days ago, and the premium has not been paid and he had cancelled the policy." "Well, I am Mr. Dela, and as I find it is all right on your book at 10.30 to-day, we will settle the question later on as to my paying the premiums before the fire." They would not pay the

loss. Dela sued the company, won his case and recovered the insurance.

For wit and quick repartee Dela had no superior. I knew him well and in all probability shall never look upon his like again. He spent a handsome fortune left him by his father, not because of dissipation, for he was strictly temperate, but because he was restless, full of scheming and speculation. He possessed rare poetic gifts and was of a social nature. I give below one of the poems which was written in Judge Nathan Clifford's office, in a room just below where the Casco National Bank now stands. Judge Clifford was known to be the most studious and hard working man who ever belonged to the Cumberland bar. He was in the habit of going to his office at five o'clock in the morning and working all day.

Dela said to him, "Judge, have I got to work as hard as you do when I am admitted to the bar?"

"Yes, if ever you amount to anything, you must work for it."

"Well, Judge," said Dela, "I have seen all I want to see of the law if that is the case." Dela looked out of the window and was in a brown study. Seeing an aged man, by the name of Safford, sawing wood upon the street below, he watched him for awhile and, turning to the judge, said: "I had rather be in Safford's place sawing wood for a living than study law."

"Well, Lewis," said the judge, "men in this country have their choice of professions."

Dela turned around to his desk and wrote the following poem:

#### LAW VS. SAW.

Sitting in his office was a lawyer,  
Standing in the street a sawyer;  
On the lawyer's anxious face  
You could read a knotty case,  
    Needing law;  
While the sawyer, gaunt and grim  
On a rough and knotty limb  
    Ran his saw.

Now the saw-horse seemed to me  
Like a double X in fee,  
And the saw  
Whichever way 'twas thrust,  
Must be followed by the dust,  
Like the law.

And the log upon the track,  
Like the client on the rack,  
Played its part  
As the tempering teeth of steel  
Made a wound that would not heal  
Through the heart.

And each severed stick that fell,  
In its falling seemed to tell  
All too plain  
Of the many severed ties  
That in lawsuits will arise,  
Bringing pain.

Then methought the sturdy paw  
That was using axe and saw  
On the wood,  
Had a yielding mine of wealth  
With his honest toil and health,  
Doing good.

If the chips that strewed the ground,  
By some stricken widow found  
In her need,  
Should by warmth and light impart  
Blessing to her aged heart—  
Happy deed!

This conclusion then I draw,  
That no exercise of jaw,  
Twisting India-rubber law,  
Is as good  
As the exercise of paw,  
Sawing wood.



In the early fifties, soon after the Portland & Kennebec Railroad was completed as far as Brunswick, an employe of the road, who was an Irishman, was killed. He was wheeling a barrow at the time and was struck by an engine. Not long afterwards it was reported by the engineer and fireman of the train that for several days an apparition of the man with the wheelbarrow appeared on the rails in front of the engine, and it mattered not how fast the cars were going, the "spook" would keep in front of them. Many people went to see the strange sight and when they returned were questioned regarding it. Some declared that they saw it and others said they did not. There was quite a stir over it in this city, especially among the Spiritualists. Dela, who always wanted to know and liked to investigate every story, came to me and said, "Come, Todd, let us go to Brunswick to-morrow and see the ghost that is causing such a stir in the city." "All right, Lew," said I, "I will be there with you." For at that time I would go anywhere to see spirits, not having seen so many as I think I have seen since.

The next morning in came Dela, and smilingly he said, "John, you may consider the engagement I made with you yesterday off." "Why so, Lew? Are you afraid to see a ghost?" "No, I am not; but the facts are, John, when I had retired last night I began to meditate on the story of the man appearing with the wheelbarrow. While I may think it possible for the spirit of a man to appear to us mortals, I'll be hanged if I can be made to believe that the spirit of a wheelbarrow will ever make its appearance here."

In 1856, Mr. Dela stepped into my shop and said: "Come, Todd, walk down to the Boston boat with me, for I go to Boston to-night." It was almost time for the boat to start, and so I went down with him. Just before the boat started he reached out his hand and taking mine, said, with much feeling: "Good-bye, John, but I hope not forever. I leave you now to go to Philadelphia and you will never see me in Portland again."

I thought it was a joke, but he insisted it was true. I asked,

"Why did you not tell me before this late hour, so we could have talked it over?"

"You know why I did not. I was fearful you might mention it to someone and I might be stopped. You know I am in debt and might be prevented from leaving."

"You know, Lew, that I would not have done so, for you have told me secrets of greater consequence to you than this one."

"That is so, but this one I could bear up under without the aid or sympathy or help from friends."

"All right, Lew, cut it off there."

"But, Todd, you must and will be with me soon. I will get you a shop in a hotel in Philadelphia, and when I do you will come."

"But what about your wife and two babies, Lew?"

"I leave them in your care. I have left them in the same block with you, and if they should get short of funds before I remit to them you speak to mother and it will be all right."

We stepped to the plank and I held his hand until the boat swung from her moorings. Then I bade him farewell, never to meet again on earth. He arrived in Philadelphia and all the money he had was fifty cents. He went to a cheap hotel, got a room, paid the fifty cents for the same, threw himself into a chair and burst into tears, the first he had shed for years. Then he commenced a retrospective view of his life and said to himself that in the last ten years he had gone through with all his earnings, together with twelve thousand dollars his father had left him. Here he was alone in a strange city, without a dollar to help himself with and an entire stranger in the city. There was no one to speak to and he was six hundred miles from his wife and children. Sad indeed was it for the heart-broken stranger.

At that moment some power seized him and said that it was no time for tears or baby talk. He must be up and get a move on. Now was the very moment to prove himself a man and not a thing. He took his pencil and wrote "A Yankee has

come to town," telling what the Yankee could do and every line hinted at the impossible. "The Yankee could go fishing with the equinoctial line, and, with a mermaid for bait, draw Neptune from the brine." There were six or seven verses of the same sort. He took them to a newspaper office that night, stating that this Yankee wanted a place to work and to introduce himself to the city. The poem was printed the next morning and that day he received sixteen different invitations to call at different stores. One of them was from the proprietor of a great clothing store. The firm was advertising largely all over the world and he selected that one to call upon first. He introduced himself by saying, "I received a letter from you this morning." The man looked the letter over and said, "You are the man who wrote that a Yankee had come to town." Dela wrote me that the man's face bore an expression of doubt as to whether he was the man or not, for Dela was a small man and had coarse features. Dela answered, "I am, sir."

"If you are, I want you to write in verse my advertisements. What is your price for one year?"

Dela's reply was: "I do not care to set a price on my services; I had rather go to work, and if you think I am worth anything you may pay me what you think I am worth to you."

He replied, "I would rather you would set some price."

Dela thought for a moment and was on the point of saying \$500 a year, when the proprietor asked him how \$1800 would strike him. It struck him so hard he thought he would drop through the floor. But he mustered up courage to say, "I fear you will expect too much of me."

"Well," was the reply, "I will give you that the first year and if you fill the bill, as I think you will, I will raise it the next year to \$2500."

Dela was not long in deciding to accept the proffered salary, and the next day he went to work.

The landlord of the cheap hotel said as he had two trunks and a good place to work he could stay until he was ready to pay his board. He soon sent for his wife and children.

Mr. Dela was a good stump speaker and writer on political subjects. He never left Tower Hall until his death. In 1860, in the campaign of that year, he was nominated for sheriff of the county that the city of Philadelphia is in, on the Democratic ticket, with Douglass. He took the stump, spoke and wrote both day and night, and he so overworked himself that his mind broke down before the campaign closed. He died in the insane hospital at Philadelphia at thirty-eight years of age.

#### WILLIAM WEEKS.

William Weeks of Bath, grandfather of Moses Owen, one of our most gifted poets, was a great reader and thinker and a mason by trade. When I was sixteen years of age my father moved from Brunswick to Bath, and Mr. Weeks was a neighbor of ours. He had suffered an attack of palsy and both hands shook so that he could hardly hold a glass to his lips when he wished to drink. In religion he was a Universalist and was looked upon as one of his satanic majesty's most useful servants, who lead poor mortals into his kingdom. I had heard the Universalists called Satan's servants in the pulpit and so I was a little shy of Mr. Weeks at first. Still I felt it a duty to help him in his farm work and, notwithstanding his great infirmity he was very industrious, doing a great deal of work. I thought that I might be instrumental in saving his soul, which I feared was in great danger of being lost. Almost every day I would go over to his field and help him pile up brush, for at that time he was clearing up an alder swamp and burning the bushes. He owned a little dog that was a great animal for treeing partridges and he often lent him to me to hunt with, and with him to assist me I never failed to bring home one or more birds. I was a great chatterbox and was always arguing with Mr. Weeks on the doctrine of future punishment and attempting to prove it by the Scriptures. Mr. Weeks was a devoted Christian who loved his fellowmen, and I suppose he grew weary of my cheap talk. Seeing that his reasoning and

logic failed to reach me, he determined to try some other method to convince me that I was wrong, and so one day, in the midst of my harangue, he interrupted me, saying, "John, are you aware that I think a good deal of you? I think that you have a kind heart, and wish to see everyone happy, and I also think that you are doing all that you can to help them become so. Now, please note what I am about to say. I want you to keep ahead of all the boys in the neighborhood and I am about to give you a great lesson that no boy in town can answer. I want you to promise me that you will not tell it to anyone else."

"I promise on my life, Mr. Weeks," said I.

"Now, tell me," said he, "why a monkey doesn't talk. It has every organ of speech—lips, teeth, tongue and palate. Now, why does it not talk? That is what I am about to teach you, but promise me once more that you will not divulge the secret."

"You may depend upon it, Mr. Weeks, I will not tell while you live."

"John, I do not believe in the monopoly of knowledge, for it is the prerogative of true greatness to build up and not drag down, and the more we know the more desirous we are to lift up our fellowmen. It is the language of hell to drag down and cry out, 'Behold, he has become as one of us.' This is a case where I think it best for you and all concerned not to tell."

I was very impatient for the answer and asked him why he did not tell me.

He replied, "First, I want to give a reason why I make an exception in this particular case. I don't want the boys to know what you know, for I want you to keep ahead of them. Now, I will tell you why a monkey doesn't talk. It is because it has nothing to say."

I did not tell the boys, for I think I saw the point and slacked up on my talk, for a few days at least. One day we were piling brush in piles as large as a load of hay, when Mr. Weeks said to me, "John, you go to the stone wall and get three large stones, one of them flat."

I got the stones and he placed them so that they made an oven, and then we piled the brush upon them ten or fifteen feet high. Then he called for the large flat stone and when I brought it he placed it in front of the arch so that it closed the arch and made a complete oven.

"Shall I set the brush on fire?" I asked.

"Not yet," he replied; "it is not yet quite ready, John."

I was greatly puzzled about the oven, not dreaming that I was about to be taught my first kindergarten lesson. The dog Watch lay in the sun near by, and Mr. Weeks said to me, "Now, I am ready. You bring Watch here and put him in the oven. He is getting old and the women folks are getting tired of having him around the house, so I think we had better get rid of him. Now is a good time to kill him."

Had he struck me with an axe it would not have astonished me more than it did to propose the killing of the dog. I said to him, "Mr. Weeks, are you crazy? I would never do such a thing as that. I would as soon think of putting a child in the fire as that dog. If you want him harmed catch him yourself."

He called the dog and the animal walked close to his master and looked at him. Still he would not get quite near enough for Mr. Weeks to put his hand on him. I jumped over the stone wall I was so badly frightened, and I was sure that Mr. Weeks was insane. I hastened home and told father that Mr. Weeks was crazy. He laughed at me and said, "He is no more crazy than we are. That is one of his old jokes, for he is one of the most level-headed men in Bath. You will find out the meaning of his actions later on."

The next afternoon I ventured to go over to see how Mr. Weeks was. I thought that perhaps he had committed suicide, but to my great surprise he was there in the swamp at work piling up brush. I was much pleased to see him, and there was Watch chasing the birds as usual. I started to get over the wall and Mr. Weeks looked up and said: "Don't you venture over that wall or ever again attempt to. You are the most wicked boy in town."

I felt it most keenly, and I then thought that he was surely crazy. I supposed, if he was not beside himself, that someone had stolen his farming tools the night before and that he thought I was the guilty party. I said, "Mr. Weeks, I don't want to be treated this way. I have given you no cause for this and you are surely man enough to tell me why you forbid me to come upon your land."

"I am and I will tell you. You told me yesterday that you were better than our Heavenly Father, and I do not wish to associate with anyone who would say that."

"Mr. Weeks," I said, "what is the matter with you? You act strangely. I never said such a thing or thought it in all my life."

"Well, that is what you said plainer than words can tell, but if you really think you did not say or think so, come here and let us understand each other."

I felt a little timid, but I thought that I could defend myself physically and if not, I could outrun him. So I walked up and looking him squarely in the face, said: "Now, tell me what you mean, Mr. Weeks."

"Have you not for several months, with all your gift of language, tried to convince me that our Heavenly Father would and had already banished some to everlasting punishment, and that the saints would look over the battlements of heaven and rejoice over the sufferings of His lost children? John, you did not know how I felt when you tried so hard to represent my Heavenly Father to be such a monster. I know that punishment must be disciplinary or vindictive, and if endless it could not be disciplinary, for we derive no benefit from it. If vindictive, it is devilish. I saw I could not reach you by any appeal to your reason, and so I gave you an object lesson on the dog. Think it over, John."

I did think it over again and again, but have never talked so much about it since.

## JOSIAH S. LITTLE.

Josiah Stover Little was born in Minot, July 9, 1801, and died in Portland, April 2, 1862. Mr. Little was graduated from Bowdoin College at the head of the famous class of 1825, which numbered among its members Hawthorne and others who afterwards became distinguished in their respective callings. After his graduation Mr. Little studied law in Portland, where he afterwards resided. He practiced law but a few years, going into business in which he was successfully engaged the remainder of his life.

He was for many years president of the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad Co., and it was under his management that the leasing of the Grand Trunk Railway was accomplished. He was connected with the Berlin Mills Company for a number of years and was its head. He was also interested in important lumbering enterprises in eastern Maine.

Mr. Little took a deep interest in politics and was Speaker of the House of Representatives in the Maine Legislature for several years. He was always honored and respected in the community where he lived.

He was one of nature's noblemen and to have a smile from him was a benediction, for "all the gods had set their seals upon his brow to give the world assurance of a man." I had many opportunities to study and to know him. He was my constant patron from October, 1845, to the time of his passing over the so-called dark river, on April 2, 1862. He, of all men I ever met, had the greatest power to lift up and encourage one. If I entered his office, when crowded with men, I would feel that it was no place for me at that time. Notwithstanding his surroundings and press of business, he, noticing my embarrassment as I started back to leave the room, with that commanding manner of his, would look up with an expression that bade me welcome, and say, "Sit down a moment John, or if you are in a hurry step in again." He never let any one open his door and leave either in haste or in fright, without

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noticing him, for with him rudeness or impoliteness was too expensive a luxury to indulge in.

On the 4th of July, 1846, the city was astir at an early hour. I was at my shop at four in the morning and did not leave until four in the afternoon, for on that day the city was full, but not the people. It was the day of days of the year, for the great Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad was to be commenced on that day, and Judge Preble had been selected as the man to throw out the first shovelful of earth as a beginning of the great enterprise that has resulted in the Grand Trunk road, that is destined to make Portland one of the most important cities on the coast. On that morning I remember distinctly some of the men I shaved, among them being Hannibal Hamlin and J. J. Perry, both members of Congress; Jedediah Jewett, Capt. James C. Churchill, Joshua Dunn, ex-Gov. David Dunn of Poland, John A. Poor, William C. Beckett, and Josiah Storer Little, who became the first president of the road. In just two years from that day the first train arrived from Yarmouth. That was another great day for Portland. Only think of it, you railroad builders of to-day! Taking two years to build eleven miles of road! There has been a great change since then in the methods of construction. In 1850 the cars ran to South Paris, and that year I made a contract with President Little and hired the cars for an excursion to South Paris. I arranged for the first three excursions that ever went over the Grand Trunk from Portland. The first one was to South Paris, the second to Norway, and the third to Gorham, N. H. On the first—to Paris, there were over a thousand passengers. I furnished them with tickets and a hot dinner of baked beans, brown and white bread, hard bread, cheese, corned beef, boiled tongue, tea and coffee. We had Chandler's Band. I paid the road fifty cents per head and charged only seventy-five cents apiece for the trip, including the dinner and music. And I cleared a tidy sum for my labor. In addition to this, I hired a man to go there two days in advance and he put up a large camp-meeting tent. I had hired the tent of S. R. Leavitt, who

had it stored in his sail loft. So we took our dinner under cover. That day I was the biggest toad (or Todd) in the puddle.

I made an agreement with Mr. Little for an excursion to Gorham, N. H. I had his word and that was enough. He was to have the tickets for me in a few days. The next day he sent the office boy for me and when I went over he said, "John, what am I to do? I am in trouble and you are the only one to help me out." He did not say as some would have said, "You cannot have the cars for an excursion to Gorham, for on the same day I let them to you, Mr. Courser, the superintendent of the road, let them to Mr. Chandler of the band, for an excursion to the same place." He said, "We have seen Mr. Chandler and he holds Mr. Courser to his agreement, and I do not want to interfere with the arrangement Mr. Courser has made, for really he has the right of way in the matter, he being the superintendent of the road." "Well, Mr. Little," said I, "I can see a way out, and I don't think it will compromise anyone. You and Mr. Courser consider both contracts off as the easiest way out of the difficulty, and I will see Mr. Chandler and have a talk with him. We are old friends and he is a good fellow and a reasonable man. You control the affairs. You can hire me to advertise and arrange the excursion for you and you can hire Mr. Chandler and his band." "What will you do it for? Give me your figures." I gave him my price, fifty dollars. He replied, "It is a bargain." He saw Mr. Chandler and made a trade with him without difficulty. I got up the excursion; the road took five hundred over expenses and Mr. Chandler and I received fifty dollars each.

About that time I had a young friend in the wood business in Portland who had but little capital. He came to me and said, "Todd, do you want to make a dollar?" "Yes, two," I said. "Can you raise four or five hundred dollars?" "Yes." "Now is our chance to make a fortune. There is in South Paris a large tract of land covered with a fine growth of wood and timber and we can land it at the depot for about \$2.25 per

cord, while we can get \$5.00 per cord in Portland." "That is a good thing. I will give you an answer as soon as I see Mr. Little, president of the road, and get his price for bringing the wood over the road to Portland." "O, the price will be all right; there will be no trouble about that." "There won't be when I get the figures," I replied. The next day Mr. Little came in and I laid the case before him. He smiled and said, "John, you are away behind the times; there have been three before you to see me about that trade and my answer was this: "We shall charge you about the difference there is between the two markets, or I will pay you \$2.50 per cord for all the wood you will land at our depot in South Paris." I could see no money in it, so I gave it up. I said, "Mr. Little, are there no checks in railway charters to prevent this? It gives them almost supreme power over the farmers as well as every producer and manufacturer." He said, "This is an exceptional case. This is a case of self-preservation, for we are burning wood in our locomotives and we want to keep all we can from the markets. We must do it, or very soon we would not run any cars." That was before coal was used for fuel to run cars.

"I know that, Mr. Little," said I, "but it appears to me that this great power for good, or for evil, should have some limit, and not be left to the sweet will of selfish men, whose interest it is to charge high freights." He gave me a look that I interpreted as saying, "You are trespassing upon sacred ground; how came you to think of that? That is too deep water for you to be floundering in." He, smilingly, said, "John, I am not going to be rude, or impolite, neither do I intend to hedge up inquiry for with you inquiry is more than habit. The laws of trade will regulate the freight charges. John, now let me intrude a little advice. This subject is too large for you or me to remedy, and we must let it alone and stick to our business—you to your razor and I to railroading." I had not read at that time the discussion on the interstate laws, nor of the fights in Rome for centuries for free roads, with the slogan, that all roads lead to Rome, and the king's highway must not be hedged up.

When I came to Portland, in 1844, to make it my home, I found the city fenced in, or, more properly, shut out from the rest of the world by toll bridges. A man could not come into the city to sell a bushel of potatoes, or a peck of beans, without paying the toll-keeper for the privilege of selling his product.

I could not carry my best girl to ride out in the country without paying to a few men twenty-five cents for the privilege. It was not because I was mean or because I did not enjoy the ride, for they were real pleasant rides, fully as much so as when in after years we could ride out with two or more children with us and free bridges to pass over. But I kept up my protest against toll bridges. They used to tell me I did not know what I was talking about, that such talk was all wrong, and I was infringing upon the right of private property; that these men had put their money into the bridges, and that under the constitution we could not trouble them.

It is evident to my mind now that Mr. Little, with his clear head and cultivated mind, saw at a glance that the destroying of toll bridges and corporations by government control would soon destroy private ownership, and even the competitive system altogether. Hence he thought it too big a subject for me and advised me in a very polite manner to stick to my razor. And I will say here that the man who chanced to be born too soon to have met Josiah Stover Little was most unfortunate, indeed. I should have been pleased had he left a son to perpetuate the father's name, but it was not so to be. He did leave one daughter, a lovely woman, who, as I have written before, became the wife of Col. Charles B. Merrill, one of Portland's noble men, a lawyer, soldier and friend. He left one son, John F. A. Merrill, who has inherited many of his father's and grandfather Little's traits of character. He is a man highly respected as a citizen, and as an attorney at law has but few equals. I predict a bright future for him. Mr. Little built for his future home that beautiful mansion on State street, opposite St. Luke's Cathedral, where he resided during his life time.

In 1860, when the Prince of Wales was visiting Portland, he

stopped at the house of Mr. Little. There was a great crowd in the street in front of his residence, and Mr. Little, standing upon the portico, made a speech that afterwards was harshly criticised, for at that time there might have been a lingering spark of the Mowatt blaze left in view of his critics. They accused him of stooping to conquer, for he said the time would and must come when the English-speaking people would unite in the interest of peace, and war would cease, for commerce would rule and control nations. The ties of consanguinity, blood and language would accomplish the rest. I think we can see it was a prophetic utterance, and not flattery.

#### THOMAS FAMILY.

The Thomas family is one of the oldest in the city and most remarkable in respect to longevity, generosity, music, mirthfulness, and independence of character. The father, Elias Thomas, Esq., was one of my first customers. He was my patron and friend over twenty-five years, from 1845 to 1872, when he passed away at the age of one hundred years and seven months. The Thomas family is one of five families in this city for whom I have done hairdressing for a period covering four generations. These families are the Thomases, the Woodburys, the Churchills, the Foxes and the Buxtons.

I think that the fifth generation of the Churchill family in my time is represented by the child of Mr. and Mrs. Hall, and if this child should be brought to me I would have served five generations. I think that the mother of Mr. Hall was the daughter of Commodore James M. Churchill.

It seems but a short time since we boys and girls used to congregate at the corner of Congress and India streets to attend the Thomas concerts. The Thomas mansion stood there for many years and was one of the most imposing residences in the city. Its site is now occupied by the Church of the Messiah. I will write a few words concerning the music in the Thomas home in the forties and in 1866, at the time of the

great fire. The Thomas Quartette consisted of Dr. Charles Thomas, violin; Edward Thomas, flute; George Thomas, French horn, and Miss Charlotte Thomas, piano. Sometimes the latter was assisted by her sister, Elizabeth, who is still living, cheerful and happy, and a joy to all who meet her. She has spent her life of over ninety years in doing good. In early life she was married to Phineas Fox Varnum, one of Portland's leading business men, whom I knew well as a whole-souled man, kind, sociable and generous. Hon. W. W. Thomas was a fine bass singer and when at home would assist the others in the music. George and Charlotte are still with us, joyous and cheerful as ever. At that time, on the corner of Congress and Franklin streets, where there is now an ice cream and confectionery establishment, stood a drug store kept by Charles E. Beckett and back of the store he had an ice cream garden, which, with its trees and shrubbery, was a very pretty place. Now when I go in where, sixty odd years ago, I used to get ice cream I tell the young clerks about the old store. After taking an ice cream we would walk up to the Thomas concert, where we would meet with fifty or more standing upon the street, listening to the music and occasionally cheering. On warm evenings the windows would be open and we could both see the performers and hear the strains of music plainly. Many years ago I came to the conclusion that these concerts were not given for the especial benefit of the Thomas family, but for the instruction and enjoyment of the poor and those who were not able to attend public entertainments.

When now I hear the present Thomas mansion spoken of, although it has stood at the corner of Danforth and State streets for many years, my mind reverts back to the old Thomas homestead at the corner of Congress and India streets, with its old oaken bucket, its concerts and other attractions. In my opinion it is the place of all others that we should call the Thomas mansion, the home of one of the most gifted and benevolent families that Portland ever had. The Hon. W. W. Thomas, the eldest of the family, was for years a leading

business man in the city, ever ready to extend a helping hand to every enterprise, state, church or business. As mayor during the first years of the Civil War, he was untiring in his efforts in behalf of the Union. When I first started in business I was in the habit of having notes discounted, hiring money of the bank of which Mr. Thomas was president. At one time he was in my shop and said to me, "John, you may think that what I am about to say to you is none of my business, but it is for your interest. You know that I am president of the Canal Bank and we bankers make our money from interest money. It is for our interest, therefore, to cash all the good notes that are presented to us, and yours being good have never been refused. Still, why do you hire money? It is a great moth and no man who earns his money by labor should make a practice of borrowing money. Take your own case; you have a note for one hundred dollars and you pay six to eight dollars a year for it. A working man should never give notes. Of course there are exceptions to all rules, but as a general rule I am correct. Now I will give you my reason for the assumption. A working man who is paid weekly or monthly has about as much money at one time as another. When his note becomes due he has no more money than he had when he borrowed it. So he has to renew his note or maybe the bank will not renew it. Perhaps the bank is in league with some broker and then you are in great trouble and forced to pay an exorbitant fee to some curbstone broker or lose your credit. It is quite different with the business man. For instance, a merchant has a large cargo of goods arrive and he must pay for them. He puts his note in the bank, receives the money and pays for the goods. He has not spent the money as you have done and perhaps bought double the amount you would have bought if you had not borrowed the money and were feeling a little flush. Have you not done so sometimes, John?"

I told him, that I had, and he continued:

"The merchant has not spent his money, mind you. He has only exchanged it for merchandise and he still holds its

equivalent in goods. When he sells the goods he has made a profit and has the money to pay his note with. You see the difference, John."

Well, I think that I did and as in many cases I saw the right and approved it too. I have seen the wrong and still the wrong pursued, and lost many a dollar I should not have lost had I followed the advice given me. Often have I seen the truth of the proposition, but have lacked the will power to enforce it, not knowing at that time the proper food to take in order to strengthen the will that it might enforce the injunction to do right. Aspiration and prayer form the only food that the will can thrive upon and grow strong when weakened by desire.

One day I met W. W. Thomas. I saw him approaching, apparently in deep meditation, and he stopped and said, "Good morning, John, what are you doing down here?" I told him that I was out for a morning walk and to ask him a question.

"What is it?" said he. "Let me have it."

"As I saw you approaching, Mr. Thomas, the thought came to me, knowing the power and force of habit as well as I do, to ask you to explain to me how it is possible for you, who have stood for half a century figuring and counting cent per cent, investing for profit and laboring to increase your store—I say, how is it possible for you to have retained so much of that Thomas generosity as is manifested from day to day in your life?" His answer was laconic, "What put that into your head?"

I said, "That is what I want to know, Mr. Thomas."

With a smile on his face he left me. To-day, in looking back over the panorama of life, a life of eighty-five years, I can see how it is possible for a man to keep the Christ spirit uppermost in his heart and mind all through life, amid the trying and uncongenial environments that one has to encounter. I have met many such in my short career and one such was the late Dr. Charles W. Thomas of this famous family. He was a wonder in his profession. Dr. Ludwig, a noted physician of this city, told me that Dr. Thomas was the most marvelous



man that he ever met. His great insight or gift of looking into symptoms and telling what was the matter with the patient, and his diagnosis of a case never failed to be correct. He could see no explanation to account for it, unless we assume that he was a genius and possessed a power that but few if any men had. The doctor attended me when I had a severe attack of rheumatic fever. For over a month he called twice a day. He was very particular about my diet and allowed me but little food. One day I was craving for some stewed beans, but he insisted that it was too soon for me to eat them. After he left I told my wife to cook some and I would eat a few. She entreated me not to have them, but to no purpose, for have them I would; she cooked them and I ate some. I do not think she intended to get rid of me by so doing and send me to the other side of Jordan, for she always tried to please me. Later on the doctor came. I was restless, with face flushed and pulse quickened. He felt of my pulse and said to my wife, "What has he been doing?"

"Well, Doctor," she replied, "he would have some beans and I gave them to him."

"You should not have done so, as it may cause his death."

I saw that he was offended and showed an anxious look. I, as usual, tried to joke a little, and said to him, "Doctor, there are two ends to this yarn."

"What are they, John?"

"Doctor, if I live, you will have a chance to dun me for your bill, and if I should die you can have my body to dissect."

Next morning he looked in and said to my wife, "Is he dead?" I felt real smart. He said, "Keep right on feeding him on pork and beans; there is no need of my calling any more."

When I joked the doctor I had no fear of death, for it has ever been impressed on my mind that I should live to be old, and if some unlooked-for accident does not occur, I have no doubt that I shall live to be quite aged, as I have passed my eighty-fifth year.

There is another incident in the life of this great physician that I will mention. The doctor, as well as the other members of the family, was a great singer. He sang for years in the choir of the First Parish Church. One Sunday morning a little boy ran up the stairs to the singers' seats, called the doctor out and said, "Father is bleeding to death at the lungs. Come with me quickly, or father will die."

At first thought the doctor replied: "I cannot go now, as we are ready to sing, and it being a quartette it will break up the singing. You must get some other doctor."

The little fellow burst out crying and said, "Father will die." Seeing the tears run down the child's cheeks, the doctor said, "Singing may go to the dogs; I will go." He went and saved the man's life. That boy worked for me for years; he went on a sailing trip in 1881 and was drowned. It happened that he perished on April 8, the birthday of his mother and my own. The father of Scott Sawyer outlived them both, passing away but a few years ago at the age of ninety. The young man always spoke of Dr. Thomas in heartfelt praise whenever he saw him, for he felt that he saved his father's life.

I could write many more incidents of this kind-hearted family, but it would be a waste of space and time, for everyone here in Portland knows of their generosity, and thousands have been recipients of their gifts. I could write page upon page of the kind deeds performed by George and Charlotte Thomas, but there is no need of that for they are known of all men in these parts. I was met one day by one of our leading judges, and he said to me, "Todd, you are getting the people of Portland afraid to die, fearing that you will write them up."

I said, "They needn't trouble themselves on that account, for that will not help them any, as I am about to write up some of the living, and when I do they may wish they were dead. But then I won't be too hard on them."

The influence of example upon the minds of children no one can tell or realize, but it is there just the same, whether we notice it at the time or not. I remember one object lesson the

mother of the Thomas family gave her children. The great woman that she was, known far and near for her kindness to all, no wonder the family are humanitarian and their hearts ever beat in sympathy with the poor and needy. A colored woman used to do the washing at the Thomas home and she had a family of small children who were at school. The school-house for colored children at that time was in the rear of the Thomas mansion. After school, at noon, the children were passing the home and the mother told them to go home, as she was detained. Mrs. Thomas, hearing the conversation, told the colored woman to let them take their meals there with her when they were able to do so. "There are too many of them," said the mother.

"Never mind that," said Mrs. Thomas; "the more the merrier." The colored woman told my wife about it a few days after the occurrence. No wonder the family was all right on the charity question with such surroundings at the parent home.

A harp composed of exquisite flowers was laid upon the funeral casket of the late Dr. Charles W. Thomas—a fitting emblem for one whose soul was filled with harmony but whose earthly music is now forever hushed. As I looked on that beautiful symbol there came to my listening ear sweeter melody than was ever heard upon earth, and the thought came to my mind: "He has only exchanged his earthly music for the heavenly—laid down his violin to strike the golden harp in heaven. He has died in the springtime, our beautiful Easter season, when everything in nature is bursting forth into new life and beauty, fitting emblem of the resurrection of our blessed Lord and Saviour. We trust his spirit has flown to the land of fadeless flowers, where everlasting springs abide."

"Thus will we think of him in the heavenly bowers,  
With the sweet wreath and harp of fragrant flowers,  
That changed to gold within his angel hand.  
Now that he's reached the bright and better land.  
The white camelia fades not from his breast,

Nor from his face the smile of one that's blest ;  
The white rose wreath to him on earth was given.  
He wears it now around his brow in heaven.  
Thus will we think of him in the land of love :  
'Twas God who called him to His home above,  
And with his sainted mother to rejoice —  
A sweet seraphic chorus for his voice."

#### FIRST YACHT CLUB.

In 1854 a few men, I with them, organized the first yacht club that Portland ever had. The book containing all the names and the facts therein I gave to Mr. Isaac Atkinson to present to the Portland Yacht Club, and I suppose it is there now, although I have not heard whether they have received it or not. He told me he gave it to them.

On one trip of the "Happy Family," that was the name of the club, consisting of the following gentlemen: Thomas Brown, banker; Josiah Pennell, a retired merchant; George M. Elder, William Dyer, George Thayer, druggist; Louis Dela, lawyer; Charles Averill, merchant; Ned True, merchant; George Wright, a printer, and I, John M. Todd, who was the sailing master (William Dyer and myself, I think, are the only ones now living), we sailed in the sloop, "Trefethen." We started for Harpswell to see the bark Chevelier launched, built by the Pennells of Harpswell for Capt. Isaac Knight. On our return we encountered one of the most severe squalls known in this vicinity. I saw it approaching and knew by the dust-covered islands and the trees at the windward on the islands bending and twisting. I could plainly hear the roaring blast, and ordered every sail taken in and furled securely. They laughed me to scorn, called me a coward. It made no difference to me, for down came the sails for I was determined to carry out the teaching of that grand old Captain Bibber to take in all sails when I saw a storm approaching. It was well that I did, for a boat, in the bay with three young Portland boys, was capsized and they were all drowned on that occasion for they did not take

in the sails. It continued blowing so we put back to Harpswell for we were in the midst of Broad Sound when it struck us.

The next day friends of our party chartered a small steamer and sent her down the bay in search of us, supposing we were drowned as the other boat's company had been, but I had brought her safely in port, and to the joy of all, we met her off Long Island as we were returning home.

On that trip we had taken with us the most verdant youth from the country that I or anyone else ever saw. He said he was from Spider Lake, and I reckon he was. On our way down across Broad Sound it was quite rough and all hands were as sea-sick as they could be, while that lunkhead was chewing his hardbread as though he had not tasted food for a month, and he said he had never seen any hardbread before. Dela, who could always enjoy a good joke, sick or well, said, "The fool, he don't know enough to be sick." The fellow looked up with a vacant stare and a grin no man ever gave before unless he was from Spider Lake, and as he champed away upon his hardbread, said, "I thought you said this was a pleasure boat." Poor Dela, sick as he could be, said, "Is it not a pleasure boat? The boy drawled out "Well, if it is, what in thunder are you all puking for? There ain't any pleasure in that." Dela said: "He is more sensible than the rest of us for we are seeking pleasure and going out into rough seas for the sake of being sick like real fools that we are, while he has sense enough to ask us where the laugh comes in, and we can't tell him, at least I can't."

My friend, Mell Snow, who had worked for me many a day, was a jolly good fellow and a dandy. He went to Boston on a trip and there attended a ball, and an Eastport belle was there — "one of the high steppers" so Mell said. Mell was a fine looking fellow, well dressed and wore his diamond ring. He danced with her, had her name on his card for either three or four dances. The second, she said, "What is your business, sir?" Said he to me: "I knew it was all up with me then

because of the prejudice against the trade, and with a haughty look he said, 'I am a barber.' She was horrified, and said, 'I thought you were a bar-tender.'" She wanted to have his name stricken from her card. That was a slight indication of the prejudice existing at that time and a hint of the times when a man who sawed hard wood should not associate with a man who sawed slabs.

#### CAPTAIN INGERSOLL.

The Ingersolls were among the earliest families that settled in Portland, their farm being located to the eastward of Center Street. It commenced at Congress Street and ran to the water front. Isaac Ingersoll was a descendant of that family and when I first knew him, in 1844, he was in partnership with L. D. Cole in the confectionary and restaurant business on Exchange Street below Middle. Afterwards he opened the best eating house that Portland had up to that time. It was in the brick block called the Fox block, that stood on the corner of Middle and Exchange streets. The block was destroyed in the great fire of 1866. Mr. Ingersoll's store was on the Middle street side where the Rialto restaurant now stands. His eldest son, Thomas, followed the sea. He had three sons and one daughter. She married Capt. Ellis Sawyer of Cape Elizabeth, who was killed at Spottsylvania court house, Virginia, in the Civil War. I think there is only one of the children now living, the youngest son, Richmond Ingersoll, who is treasurer of the York County Savings Bank, Biddeford. I knew Mr. Ingersoll's oldest son, Thomas, when he was mate of the ship Francis P. Sage of New York. One day Mr. Ingersoll came in with face beaming with smiles and said, "Thomas has got the ship and is now in command of her, as the captain is going to stay at home this voyage. She goes on a China voyage and it will be a long voyage for him."

"He is rather young for so responsible a position." I said, "If he was not capable they would not have placed him in command."

One of Capt. Thomas Ingersoll's sons—he had two—is now an officer on board the lightship off Portland harbor. On a voyage from China to Havana, Cuba, with a crew of forty, all told, the captain's wife, maid and two children were on board. They also had on board during the home passage 350 coolies sent to Havana to labor on the plantations. The ship was prepared for just such a company, for it was not an uncommon thing on such a voyage for the coolies to rise, murder all hands and take charge of the ship. So this ship was prepared for just that sort of trouble. A barricade was placed across the ship's deck, just aft the mainmast, as a sailor would say. There were doors and openings in the partition to fire through in case of an uprising of the coolies. A small cannon was also placed aft and this also had a place through which to be run in the barricade, so that the deck might be swept and the murderous pack put down in short order.

The ship had been at sea about two weeks, and everything was moving along pleasantly. The crew were at work as usual, the ship's carpenter being engaged in making a spar. He had just laid down his axe when a whistle and a shrill cry went up and the coolies swarmed upon the deck, striking the carpenter on the arm and disabling him.

The crew rushed aft according to agreement and closed the door that led to the after part of the ship. The captain had prepared provisions sufficient to last during a long siege, but the coolies only held the deck from 6 A. M. to 5 P. M. Captain Ingersoll did not order the cannon fired in order to sweep the deck, as he could have done, for he did not wish to destroy life when it was unnecessary, but about thirty of the coolies were slain. When all hope of taking the ship was gone the ring-leaders jumped overboard and the rest ran below and set the ship on fire between decks. On board was a young boy who was a regular "plugugly." He was a lad from the Bowery in New York and he cared for nothing. He stood by the captain's side all day during the uprising and when the captain asked who would go below with him to face the madmen to help put

out the fire and save the ship and those on board, this brave little fellow was at his side and said, "I dare go wherever you dare go. Come on, and I'll go." Down below the brave fellows went with pistols in hand, and those cowards slunk away in fear while the captain and the boy put out the fire and saved the ship. All arrived safely at Havana and if I only knew the name of that boy, be he saint or sinner, I would be most happy to write it here.

#### CALEB CUSHING.

On Saturday, June 27, 1863, the sun rose in all its regal splendor, flushing both earth and sea. Old ocean looked as placid as a lake, there being not a ripple to disturb its bosom. The citizens of Portland were early astir, going to their daily tasks when the news spread rapidly throughout the city that the cutter Caleb Cushing had been stolen from her moorings, or captured and taken to sea with those of her crew who were on board. On the arrival of the Boston steamer *Forest City* it was reported that she was seen being towed out through Hussey's Sound at the north of Hog Island, now Diamond Island.

To overtake, recapture and bring her back to the city was the all important question, and what means could be used to perform that task was not an easy problem to solve, for there were no ships of war in port or on the coast that could be reached in season to capture this armed cutter. Still, retaken she must be.

Mr. Jewett, the collector of the port, came into my shop to be shaved and he was greatly excited. "I suppose," said he, "that you have heard that the cutter has been captured?"

"Yes, I heard that she had left the harbor, but it is not known whether there is a mutiny on board, or whether she has been captured by the rebels. What are you going to do about it, Mr. Jewett?"

"What are we going to do about it! Why, we must and shall recapture her."



"That is easier said than done," I replied.

"Come," said he, "hurry up and shave me, for I never was in a greater hurry. By the way, John, you have been to sea, now come and go aboard the steamer and help take her."

"Mr. Jewett, I feel as the clown felt not long ago—I am willing to live for my country, but not to die for it. Now, to be serious, Mr. Jewett, if you attempt to capture, with the Boston and New York steamers, that armed cutter, the boats with all on board will go to the bottom."

"Well, that is what we propose to do—either capture or sink the cutter with those steamers, the Forest City and the Chesapeake, or go to the bottom. John, you have courage enough to swing the razor, but you have not enough to wield the sword."

To me it has ever seemed marvelous or providential that the steamers with all on board were not sent to the bottom, and I have ever felt that those noble men and patriots who would not inform those who captured the cutter where the ammunition was concealed, even when in irons and with pistols placed at their heads, should have their names go down in history beside those whose names are enrolled on the scroll of fame. I have been to the Custom House to find the names of those men, but there are no records left—none, at least, to be found. They have either been lost or were burned in the great fire of 1866. The only name that I can learn is that of Thomas Heffron, who was at one time employed in the Post Office.

On the morning that the Boston boat arrived she reported seeing the cutter being towed to sea. Then the hustling on board began. Mr. Jewett, the collector of the port, and Captain McLellan had decided to recapture the cutter with the New York and Boston boats. A part of the cargo of the Boston boat consisted of bales of cotton and raw hides and with these they packed the boilers. The Boston boat started first on the trip, as the New York craft was not ready, and waited out to sea. For some reason which I never learned, Captain Knight of the Boston boat was replaced by Captain Liscomb. The New York boat was in command of Captain McLellan.

As they neared the cutter the commander, Captain Reed, of the Southern navy, saw the New York boat and took her to be a United States gunboat, as she had two masts. He at once began preparations to leave the cutter and blow her up. He took all the cutter's crew, put them in irons, and then placed them in a boat without oars and set them adrift. Captain Reed had captured the fishing schooner Archer off Monhegan Island and, placing a pistol at the captain's head, had compelled him to pilot them to the city.

But one life was sacrificed in the attempt to capture the cutter and burn the city. Daniel Gould, while assisting in discharging the guns from the schooner Archer at the Custom House wharf, was killed by the accidental discharge of a musket. The cutter's crew were picked up by the New York boat, and Captain Reed had his white flag of truce flying at the time. His crew were all put in irons by a colored man, who was large and powerful and a steward on the Boston boat. He handled them rather roughly and they swore and protested against the indignity of being ironed by a negro, but it was of no avail, for the Yankee spirit was aroused to fever heat on that morning.

Captain Reed was a very small man in stature and weighed but one hundred and thirty pounds. He had on a suit of blue owned by a lieutenant of the cutter, who weighed two hundred and fifty pounds. When Reed went into the cabin of the Forest City and caught a glimpse of himself he laughed very much. He was a very jolly fellow and every one who met him liked him.

It had been planned for the New York boat to run the cutter down, but the latter was on fire before she could do this. Had Reed found the ammunition the outcome might have been different. The cutter had amidships a 42-pound cannon, while the New York boat had a cannon which carried only a six-pound shot. It was Reed's intention that morning to set fire to the wharves and shipping, burn the city, and then put to sea and waylay the Boston boat as near to Boone Island as he could

get. He was going to take all the passengers on the boat to the nearest southern port and also take the cutter to a southern port. It was a regular Paul Jones plan and had he carried it out he would have ever stood high in the estimation of his fellows in the South.

The only reason for not carrying out the plan was that for twelve hours there had not been a breath of wind. There had been a strong breeze the day before and there was one shortly after the cutter was sunk. It does seem to me that an Intelligent Power, whose hands have been seen through all history ever making for righteousness, was in this case of the Caleb Cushing, for had there been any wind that night or the next morning nothing could have saved our city. When Captain Reed became convinced that he could not find the ammunition he broke up kettles and all kinds of iron and chain cables to put in the gun. He fired upon the approaching steamers and the iron flew over their decks. The captain had found the powder but could not locate the balls.

The cutter had shortly before been fitted out for the purpose of capturing the small Confederate vessel Tallahassee that was destroying craft along our coast. The captain of the Tallahassee had captured the Ella Caroline and Sarah B. Harris. Reed then put the crews on board the Sarah B. Harris, bonded her and set her adrift. The captain of the Harris straightened things out as he took command of his vessel and brought her safely into Portland. For a long time I wondered how it was possible for Reed to board the cutter, as they always keep a watch of one or two men on deck day and night, but the adroit captain knew that and had laid his plans accordingly. He took two of the Archer's fishing boats, kept one back in the dark and rowed up on the farther side of the cutter, and the man who kept watch hailed him with "Boat ahoy!" He answered the hail, stopped rowing and engaged him in conversation, asking him questions in a very cordial manner. His object was to keep him at the rail as long as possible, so that the other boat's crew could row alongside and climb over the

other side, as they did. They seized the watchman by the throat and put him in irons before anyone on board the cutter knew about it, all being asleep below. All Captain Reed had to do was to close the cabin doors and thus come into complete control of the ship. Not a blow was struck or a gun fired.

The captain of the cutter had passed away and a part of the crew were on shore to attend the funeral with Second Lieutenant Waldron. The first lieutenant was in charge of the vessel, awaiting the arrival of the captain who had recently been appointed to take the place of the one who had died. The first lieutenant belonged in the state of Georgia, and it was thought at first that he had sailed off or rather rowed off with the cutter, it being thought that he was in sympathy with the southern rebellion. This opinion prevailed until Captain Reed was captured.

Shortly after the capture Capt. William Trefethen landed at the dock and met part of the cutter's crew, who told him that the vessel had been captured. The captain already knew that she was gone, but knew not who had taken her out or where she was bound. He hastened to board the *Forest City*, but she had gone out. He was determined to go, however, and hurried to go aboard the New York boat, which he had learned was to assist in the recapture of the cutter. When he attempted to board the New York boat he was told that they had all the men they wanted, except a pilot. Capt. William Willard told Captain McLellan that Captain Trefethen was the very man he wanted for the position, for he knew that Captain Trefethen was familiar with every port and harbor on the coast from New York to Eastport. Captain McLellan asked Trefethen how long it would take him to get ready and the latter replied that he was ready then, and jumped aboard the vessel. The New York steamer then started for the fray. On the way out they passed the *Forest City* making off from the cutter, for when she approached the cutter the latter opened fire.

The New York boat kept right on, however, for it was the intention of Captain McLellan to run her down. When he saw

that the cutter was on fire he stopped, fearing an explosion, and Captain Trefethen begged Captain McLellan to allow him to take a boat and board the cutter so as to put out the fire and bring her back to port. Captain McLellan thought it too hazardous and too great a responsibility to send his men on board a ship that was burning and had a magazine of powder on board.

There was plenty of time as was afterwards learned, to have extinguished the flames before they reached the powder, and Captain Trefethen regrets to this day that he had not been given permission to go on board the Caleb Cushing and put out the fire and bring her safely to port. Captain Reed was placed in the county jail for several months and then exchanged as a prisoner of war.

#### OLD TIME STORIES.

Dr. Carruthers, a noble old Scotch Congregational minister of the Second Parish Church, who during the rebellion aroused the people of Portland to great enthusiasm giving his grand discourses at the City Hall, urging men to enlist for the Union, and there were none that surpassed them, said to me while shaving him on his death bed, "Mr. Todd, why don't you join the church? You could do good service in the cause of the Master," and he spoke in a manner that I knew it would be hard to give him a reply. "There are some men, doctor," I said, "who are not so organized as to herd with men. Do you recollect, doctor, what Beecher said on one occasion in the pulpit, that there were men who seemed to do more good outside the church than in it, and then he used one of his grand illustrations: 'Have you not been riding through the country, and as you passed orchards full of luscious fruit and you did not feel that you had a right to help yourself to them, but soon you passed a tree outside of the enclosure that appeared to have been placed there by the divine hand for the wayfaring man, and you get out of your carriage and help yourself?'" But the rector, with his keen Scotch wit, answered: "That may be all true, John, but still they are usually crab apples."

The winter of 1839 and 1840 I spent in Tallahassee, Florida, with the exception of a month spent in St. Marks. I was then in my nineteenth year. I cooked for thirty men. We had an aged colored woman about eighty years of age who did our laundry; she took it home. She was not long in finding out that I was an Abolitionist, although we were not allowed to hint at freedom to a slave. One morning she came in and with great fervency of utterance said: "Young man, de Lord told me last night that you would live to see the Lord come down from the North to free His people." It impressed me very much. Her manner was so intense, and she was one of the most devout souls I ever met. I said to her, "Why do you think you colored people are especially the Lord's people?" She said, "Young man, you are not acquainted wid de Lord; don't you know that de Lord's people am de oppressed people de world over, because they have no one to look to but de Lord and He always hears their cries." I had not read then Bobby Burns where he says:

"The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,  
His friend, inspirer, guardian and reward,  
Oh, never Scotia's isle desert, but may her patriot and patriot's bards  
In bright succession rise, her ornament and guard."

I did live to see the slaves set free and the old lady's prophecy fulfilled.

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A fellow happened into my shop one morning early. He had been drinking considerably. He wanted me to give him some change to buy some drink. I said, "I don't give men money to buy liquor, but I will go with you and buy you some breakfast." And he replied: "He who buys meat buys bones; he who buys plums, buys stones; he who buys eggs, buys shells; and he who buys rum buys nothing else." And I reckon that is true as a rule.

A few years ago in Scarboro there was a young gentleman ordained to the ministry ; leaving town the next day (this was many years ago) riding horseback, an old lady stepped out in front of him and said : " Are you the young man that was crucified yesterday—executed, I mean." He said, " Ordained, you mean." " All one," the old lady said. In after years the young man said the old lady was not far from right.

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I met a literary man the other day who said : " Now, Todd, keep on with your book for in two or three hundred years hence it will be sought after more than any book that Portland will have, for the descendants of these men you are writing about will read it with great pleasure to know what their ancestors said to their barber." I added, " Do I understand you to mean that it won't be read until two or three hundred years hence? You must have read what Macauley said of Pilgrim's Progress. He said the cottagers of England, Scotland and Ireland read it with delight for two hundred years ; at last the literati took it up after two hundred years, and behold, the greatest allegory ever written."

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There was a poor, illiterate girl in Scarboro (it was many years ago) who had heard the Scriptures often quoted. She attended a great revival and was converted and wishing to appear well-informed, she attempted to quote Scripture, saying her God went through the earth like a roaring lion seeking whom he might devour ; she thanked his Holy Name that she had found the pearl of great price and he had taken her feet from the pit of miry clay and placed her on a rock edgeways.

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Who can give a definition of absent-mindedness ?

When I was a young man, I had an errand to do out in Libby's Corner. Captain Osgood, who was president of the Canal

Bank and whose horse was usually standing at the bank door, told me whenever I wanted to borrow his horse to let him know and I could have it. I thought I would borrow it to go and do my errand. At that time the railroad went across Portland street at grade crossing just above the poor house. I had done my errand and was coming back over Portland street. I was stooping forward, my arms on my knees, the reins in my hands; I saw the engine coming along and the thought flashed across my mind—it is on another street. I paid no attention to it and in a moment my horse stopped and the engine dashed by; the horse had to cant his head to let the cars pass him, and as it passed the engineer hollered, "Are you drunk or crazy or a damn fool?" I hollered, "All three." I was as wide awake as I ever was in the world. Now, what was that state of unconsciousness or absent-mindedness that allowed me to imperil my life and my friend's horse and carriage? What could have been the conclusion of public judgment had I been killed? It must have been that it was suicide, for it was in plain sight—no obstruction, the engineer ringing his bell as hard as he could ring it, and all that saved my life was the perfection of the horse in not fearing or caring for the engine. I never mentioned this circumstance, not even to Captain Osgood, I was so ashamed of it.





## MISCELLANEOUS



## MISCELLANEOUS.

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In his "journal" Parson Smith makes the following entry:

"In the year 1725, in June, I came here and found Mr. Pierpont, who was chaplain to the army, whose headquarters were on this Neck, preaching to the people. There were then forty-five families in the whole town, viz.: twenty-seven on the Neck, one at New Casco, and seventeen at Purpooduck and Spurrwink, most of them poor and some of them miserably so. They had four or five years before erected a meeting-house, which they had only covered, and the floor of it contained the people, with the fishermen and soldiers and other strangers that used to frequent the place much."

### FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of day are numbered  
And the voices of the night  
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight.

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And, like phantoms grim and tall,  
Shadows from the fitful firelight  
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more.

He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the roadside fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
 Who, the cross of suffering bore,  
 Folded their pale hands so meekly  
 Spoke with us on earth no more !

And with them the Being Beauteous,  
 Who unto my youth was given  
 More than all things else to love me,  
 And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep  
 Comes that messenger divine,  
 Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
 Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me  
 With those deep and tender eyes,  
 Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
 Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
 Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
 Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
 Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,  
 All my fears are laid aside,  
 If I but remember only  
 Such as these have lived and died.

—*Longfellow.*

#### "HALLOWED GROUND."

What's hallow'd ground? Has earth a clod  
 Its Makers meant not should be trod  
 By man, the image of his God  
 Erect and free,  
 Unscourged by Superstition's rod  
 To bow the knee?

That's hallow'd ground — where, mourn'd and missed,  
 The lips repose our love has kissed; —

But where's their memory's mansion ? Is it  
Yon churchyard's bowers ?  
No ! In ourselves their souls exist,  
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground  
Where mated hearts are mutual bound :  
The spot where love's first links were wound.  
That ne'er were riven,  
Is hallow'd down to earth's profound,  
And up to heaven.

For time makes all but true love old ;  
The burning thoughts that then were told  
Run moulten still in memory's mould ;  
And will not cool,  
Until the heart itself be cold  
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep ?  
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap !  
In dews that heavens far distant weep  
Their turf may bloom ;  
Or Genii twine beneath the deep  
Their coral tomb :

But strew his ashes to the wind  
Whose sword or voice has served mankind —  
And is he dead, whose glorious mind  
Lifts thine on high ? —  
To live in hearts we leave behind,  
Is not to die.

Give that ! and welcome War to brace  
Her drums ! and rend Heaven's reeking space !  
The colors planted face to face  
The charging cheer.  
Though death's pale horse lead on the chase,  
Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel  
To heaven ! but heaven rebuke my zeal,  
The causes of truth and human weal,  
O God above !

Transfer it from the sword's appeal  
To peace and love.

Peace, Love! the Cherubim, that join  
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine,  
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,  
Where they are not —  
The heart alone can make divine  
Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,  
And pompous rites in domes august?  
See mouldering stones and metal's rust  
Belie the vaunt,  
That men can bless one pile of dust  
With chime or chaunt.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!  
Thy temple's creeds themselves grow wan!  
But there's a dome of nobler span,  
A temple given  
Thy faith that bigots dare not ban —  
Its space in Heaven!

Its roof star-pictured, Nature's ceiling,  
Where trancing the rapt spirit's feeling.  
And God himself to man revealing,  
The harmonious spheres  
Make music, though unheard their pealing  
By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?  
Can sin, can death your worlds obscure?  
Else why so swell the thoughts at your  
Aspect above?  
Ye must be heavens that makes us sure  
Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime  
I read the doom of distant time;  
That man regenerate soul from crime  
Shall yet be drawn.  
And reason on his mortal clime  
Immortal dawn.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right ?  
 He's dead alone that lacks her light !  
 And murder sullies in Heaven's sight.  
     The sword he draws ; —  
 What can alone ennoble fight ?  
     A noble cause !

What's hallow'd ground ? 'Tis what gives birth  
 To sacred thoughts in souls of worth ! —  
 Peace ! Independence ! Truth ! go forth  
     Earth's compass round ;  
 And your high priesthood shall make earth  
     *All hallow'd ground.*

—*Campbell.*

#### E. H. CHAPIN.

One day the Rev. C. R. Moore, the pastor of the Universalist Church that stood at the corner of Congress and Pearl streets before the fire, and with him was E. H. Chapin, D. D., of New York, the foremost preacher the Universalist Church had in the country at that time, 1856. Mr. Moore introduced me to him. The doctor, with that manly, lifting-up power that great and good men always possess, took me by the hand and said, "Brother Moore tells me you are the most spiritually alive man he preaches to. I want you to give me your creed in the most brief sentence you can, for I want a text and I often get one from the laymen, and if yours suits me I will preach from it when I get back to New York."

I said: "You shall have it, doctor. 'The true life is the eternal life, because truth is eternal.'"

"Moore, he has it in a nut shell; I shall use it on my return to New York."



## THE HEAVENLY SYMBOLS.

O God, what symbols dost thou give  
To such as near to nature live!

Thou show'st to such life's soul-desire  
In wildly heaven-ascending fire.

And of time's passing they must dream  
While sitting by the rushing stream.

In starry circles they can guess  
The mystery of endlessness.

Thou singest in the sounding sea  
Thy all-pervading harmony.

Dost in the sun's unceasing light  
Show truth for our weak eyes too bright;

Dost in the midnight heavens keep  
The symbol of Thy secret deep.

—J. P. Harrington.

## WHO ARE CHRISTIANS?

If Christianity is an intellectual statement—a form of belief, a kind of creed, a theory of any sort which must be accepted—then those who do not accept such creed or theory are not Christians. But if Christianity is not creed, but character, not a *theory* but a *life*, then it would seem that those who follow the teachings of Christ, with a theory or without one, are entitled to be called Christians.—*Bradford Leavitt.*

I have often wondered, while listening to sermons on salvation by faith, how it happened that, in the great parable of the final judgment, when all mankind will be called upon to receive their final doom—in that wonderful parable there was nothing said about salvation by faith. There was an opportunity to forever settle the question, and, to my mind, it was settled. For the King did not say, in Matt. 25: 41, Depart from me,

because you did not believe, or because you did not believe in Jesus, or in the Bible, or vicarious atonement, or any form of worship. But He did say, in Matt. 25 : 34, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you." Why? "Because I was in prison, and hungry," etc. Read it, for you will find it all there, where the rewards and punishments are all based upon how we have performed our moral obligations to our fellow men. But far be it from me to say one word against faith. I am a man of faith, but let us understand what faith is and its proper use. Faith is an inspiring power. It is what the steam is to the ship, and if it does not impel us into the haven of good works, our faith is vain. Shew me thy faith without thy works, and I will shew thee my faith by my works. James 2 : 18. The faith spoken of here is not a faith in dogmas and creeds, but in truth and righteousness and in God, who presides over the realm of truth and justice, and sees to it that the wicked shall not go unpunished, Prov. 11 : 21 ; Who will not justify the wicked, Exod. 23 : 7 ; And promises sure punishment and wars upon the wicked, as set forth in Isaiah 3 : 11, also in Prov. 11 : 21.

Some say there may not be such a thing as sin in the world as understood by us, our vision is so short, our knowledge so limited, "with just enough of learning to misquote." Perhaps that which we call sin, in our short-sightedness, may, in the comprehensive view of the Infinite, be but a discord in the great anthem of creation.

#### RELIGION.

Tell—what is this that holds such sway  
O'er cultured minds this latter day?  
Religion? It is but a bane  
If superstitions never wane.

You men of letters and of heart,  
Can you present true Nature's part  
When bound in thought by any creed?  
And are you free from fault or greed?

Then, what is this man calls religion ?  
O, fools of men, your name is legion !  
Exclude ye men of noble thought—  
The men whose wisdom is God-taught ?

“ Judge not lest ye be judged,” it reads.  
We do not judge your rules and creeds;  
But we do claim the right to stand  
For wisdom's truth in God's broad land.

—*Mary Emerson.*

### SHAKER TESTIMONY.

I think the Shakers' have the true conception of the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth, I don't wish to be understood that your understanding of the Shaker doctrine is the teaching of Jesus by any means, for I had learned years ago that too often our opinions are formed and based upon one half ignorance and the other half prejudice. Years long past, I found out that our opinions are worth in proportion to the knowledge we have upon the subject we are talking about. And I have also found out that those who know the least are generally the most certain, they know all about it. The know-it-alls are the most disagreeable people we meet.

For many years I have been acquainted with the elders of the Shaker societies, Brother Wentworth, Brother Otis Sawyer of the New Gloucester family at Sabbathday Lake and that prince of great men, Elder John Vance of the Alfred family, and more recently Brother William Dumont of the New Gloucester family, and Brother Green of Alfred. I have learned much from them, both spiritually and intellectually; also from the books I have had from them. Now don't hold up your hands in holy horror in regard to what I have written about the Shakers, neither be frightened in regard to the belief. The greatest objection to this belief, you say, is: “ They don't believe in marriage nor in private ownership of property.” There is where you make a mistake for they believe in both, for those who want them. But



**ELDER JOHN B. VANCE**

*Of the Shaker Community, Alfred, Maine.*



those who have been redeemed from the curse of the law, by the truth of the gospel, and have been baptised by the Christ spirit and have become children of the resurrection in the present tense, for they don't need either ; neither do they want them, for they are no longer bound down to the Adamic plane and the command to multiply and replenish the earth. But don't have any fear, I have none, that the world will become depopulated. Judging by what I see on every hand there are, and will be for a long time plenty of old Adam's followers left to keep the world inhabited, and a hard crowd at that to keep not withstanding the Shakers.

On one occasion when talking with Elder Vance, one of the best and greatest men I ever met, I said, "it appears to me that it would be in accordance with the Divine method that when men had arrived at the highest and best, both spiritually, morally and physically, it would be the most proper time to beget offspring, so they could impart the highest and best qualities of their natures to their children." His reply was: "It is quite reasonable to think so, and my reply is, He lived our example. Follow Him, for He is said to live the true life which is the eternal life. He did not marry."

I will give you a faint idea of the doctrine of the Shakers' belief.

Shakerism presents a system of faith and a mode of life, which, during the past century, has solved social and religious problems and successfully established practical brotherhoods of industry, besides freeing women from inequality and injustice. To this there must be added that it has banished from its precincts monopoly, immorality, intemperance and crime, by creating a life of purity, social freedom and altruistic industry. A system that has rendered such a service to mankind merits attention from all thoughtful people, whatever may be their position in life.

That the Shakers, through the teachings of their faith, have wrought a practical solution of many social enigmas of the time, is admitted. It now remains to fit the principles embodied in its faith to the needs of the great world.

For a better understanding of their work and its meaning, this message, embodying the thought and work of many Shakers, is sent forth.

MOUNT LEBANON, N. Y., June 28, 1904.

*The Mission and Testimony of the Shakers of the Twentieth Century to the World.*

It is the mission of the reaper.

Are the fields white for the harvest? Jesus thought they were in His day.

The sharp sickle in the hands of the reaper is to cut souls from the generative and garner them into the spiritual.

That was the mission of Jesus,—to teach a higher life than the generative to the few who were able to live that higher life. His words were: "All cannot receive the saying. He that can receive it, let him receive it." And His meaning was,—let him subdue that animal nature into which the spirit of evil, an enemy has sown tares.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me."

"They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts."

"It is a hard saying; who can hear it?" said the murmuring ones. There were those, even in that day, who did receive it, willingly and thankfully, who by daily self-denial subdued every animal passion, made their spirits beautiful and refined, and entered the spirit life purified and redeemed.

The question is almost always propounded. "If all should become Shakers what would become of the world?"

"Strait is the gate and narrow is the way and few there be that find it." So the world is safe, as far forth as the cross of Christ is concerned.

The mission and testimony of the Shakers is as much to those living in the marriage relation as to those who have a call to live above it. The trumpet speaks in thunder tones to those

who would bring forth an offspring to people the world : " Your vessels are marred in the potter's hands and must be made over by regeneration," were the words of one of the first Shaker Elders.

Every soul that you bring into the world must be born again, from the natural into the spiritual, either in this life or the next.

The Shaker testimony is, to-day, and always has been, burning hot against the unfruitful works of darkness. And here is where the cross of Christ comes in. When the people of the world become perfect in their generations, even as Noah was perfect in his, what an improvement there will be in the race? What noble and Godlike men and women will become developed! The golden age will then dawn when Christ will bring in an everlasting righteousness.

As Buddha said to the people in his day, " Hear the five rules aright." So we would lay before you the Karma of the Christian, " Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

And to you who are ripened for the harvest we would say, " Enter the path." " For," said Buddha, " there spring the healing streams, quenching all thirst! There bloom the immortal flowers." Forsake the plane of nature and come up into the spiritual where Christ is. " They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with its affections and lusts." You that would people the world, rise ye above the unfruitful works of darkness. Take not one unnecessary step to satisfy the cravings of a depraved nature.

The impress of the life you live is stamped upon your features. You carry all your animal desires into the next life. There no language is needed, and your thoughts will be open before thousands of spirits with whom you will come in contact. You will call upon the rocks and the mountains to fall upon you to cover you from the pure eyes of the redeemed. Even here, our thoughts are plainly seen by both the good and the evil spirits who surround us.



"Are not thousands now beholding  
Every action, word and way,  
And our very thoughts unfolding  
In the blaze of endless day."

Feticide is murder, and can never be tolerated in the light of the new heavens and the new earth which God is creating. Bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, for you will be held accountable for the evils you have planted in them that may grow and develop.

Messengers are now abroad in the world who are inspired by the Christ. Here we find, in our beloved Sister Sarah Jane Farmer, a divinely inspired woman, whom we greet in the fullness of the love of the angels of the New Creation of God. A voice comes to us from a teacher and man of God in Russia, Count Leo Tolstoi, condemning all those evils that would destroy the human race. The trumpet gives no uncertain sound.

You send missionaries to the far East to teach people there your mistakes, when lo, and behold, there are those in those countries who could teach the people of the United States a better life than is generally lived. The teachings of Jesus and the life he lived are a good and sure test for our lives. As said the poet Whittier :

"Thou judgest us ; thy purity  
Doth all our lusts condemn ;  
The love that draws us nearer thee  
Is hot with wrath to them."

Thus we have given you, in plain words, the testimony of the Shakers of the twentieth century to the world. 'It is what they have lived out for more than one hundred and twenty-five years. Thousands of them have, by a daily cross, subdued all selfishness and every evil passion, and entered the next life bright and beautiful spirits.

Principles that can never be overthrown by the advance of science have long been understood in the Shaker Order.

The Duality of God, Father and Mother, Christ, the Divine Spirit emanating from them, able to reach and inspire every soul made worthy by good works. Jesus, the perfect man, born of noble, human parentage, wholly imbued with the Christ, and the Leader into the higher spiritual life.

Progression after death. The travel of the soul from one degree of grace and glory to another throughout the ages of eternity. All the souls who have ever passed from this life into the world of spirits, must some time enter this progression and be saved by the cross, by walking in the straight and narrow way Job 28 : 7, "There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen. The lion's whelps hath not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it."

There will be a great work for the heavenly angels and purified spirits to do to assist those who are far from God, for all those lost ones must be sought out and drawn by love as soon as they desire to receive help.

When the Christ Spirit becomes enthroned in any soul, then the work of separation will commence in that soul. The good from the evil; the wheat from the tares; the sheep from the goats. To the good the soul will say, "Come and live and grow." To the evil the sentence will be, "Depart from me and be destroyed." No compromise with the evil. Jesus inspired with the Christ, said, "I am the resurrection and the life." Therefore, the fact that one is living the high life that Jesus lived, does away with all old forms and ceremonies.

From a lecture delivered at Greenacre, Eliot, Me., July, 1904, by Aurelia G. Mace, of the Shaker Society, Sabbathday Lake, Cumberland County, Me.

## THE COMING OF THE LIGHT.

BY MARTHA J. ANDERSON.

[The sweet Shaker singer of Mount Lebanon, N. Y.—ED.]

There are mighty forces gathering,  
Round the standard of the right,  
There are myriads appealing  
For the coming of the light,  
To reveal the growing evils  
That are spreading far and wide,  
Threatening to engulf the nations  
In a dark, o'erwhelming tide.

Lo! amid the great uprising,  
Like the surging of the sea,  
There are mighty forces working  
To uplift humanity;  
Swelling waves of revolution,  
Borne upon the tide of thought,  
Are precursors of the triumph  
Truth and justice have outwrought.

Sons and daughters of the spirit  
Filled with inspirations power,  
Speak the words of truth prophetic  
That shall meet the present hour;  
And the people mass for freedom,  
Great as Israel's serried host,  
For the King of Glory cometh  
Bringing judgment to earth's coast.

Be ye lifted up, ye everlasting gates,  
Let the King of Glory enter in!  
For He cometh, even now,  
With the light upon His brow,  
To redeem the world from sin.

## THERE'S A NOBLER SIDE TO HUMANITY.

All that a man hath will he give for his life," is the Scriptural equivalent of that other saying, that "Self-preservation is the first great law." From the purely animal standpoint these statements are quite true. Every living thing clings to its life. From the moth to man the first great law seems to be, "Self first." All of which is exceedingly well; for without this instinct for life, this shrinking from death, all forms of existence would be in perpetual jeopardy. In order that there should be no such jeopardy Nature thunders forth to every creature the mighty command, "Live! Live! Live!"

Throughout the universal animality this command is heard and obeyed, absolutely, unswervingly. But man is more than an animal. Under the crust of his animalism throbs the heart of a god, and in the supreme moments of his mortal career he breaks away from his selfishness, forgets all about the little and the mean, and by his heroism rises to the heights of the divine! This nobler side of our humanity has received several illustrations of late in the shape of the men and women, and even the little boys and girls, who have freely and cheerfully endangered their lives to save others from death; who in certain instances died, bravely and without a murmur, that others might live. It was the good in them, the divine down under the animal, that caused them to fling the thought of self like a rock into the sea, while they dedicated themselves to the immediate and all-absorbing task of rescuing those who were in danger of destruction. The "first great law," that of self-preservation, they scorned to consider, and in the spirit of Him who came to "seek and to save the lost," they went forth to do their duty—regardless of consequences.

So long as such noble spirit is found among us it will be possible to cherish the hope that the Master was right when He called us the "children of God," rather than, as some are inclined to call us these days, the "children of the slime." It

is difficult, if not quite impossible, to demonstrate the inherent greatness and nobility of our humanity by a cold-blooded argument; but the simplest act of self-sacrifice goes a long way toward proving that there is something or other mixed up with our frailty and meanness that came from a higher source than that of the primeval mind.

I recently read, or rather re-read, Mr. Grote's great chapter on the first clash between the little handful of Greeks and the mighty hosts of Persia at Thermopylæ, and as the cold type so eloquently told the grand old story I felt to myself as never before: "The spirit of Leonidas and his three hundred was born not of mud, not even of 'protoplasm,' but of the Eternal Soul of things to which we give the name of God."

The pessimist cannot be answered by the syllogism, for life is deeper than dialectics; but unless one happens to be thoroughly animalized he cannot help seeing that in the sublime instances which history affords of man's devotion to principle, even when such devotion involves the extinction of his little finite life, we have the evidence of the presence within him of a larger and grander nature than appears on the lower levels of his average existence.—*Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.*

#### THERE'S GLORY IN LIFE'S STRUGGLE.

The young man who, in a fit of the blues the other day threw himself into the river did not realize what he was missing.

There is no game so thrillingly interesting as the game of life, and the man who has the chance to play it and refuses to do so deprives himself of the keenest pleasure conceivable.

It has been said a thousand times that "life is a battle."

Ay, it is!— and there is where the glory and joy of the business comes in!

Life is a battle and to stand in the battleline and fight, never

despairing, never showing the white feather, with courage undaunted, holding the face toward the enemy until its lines are broken and victory sits upon your standard — that is where the true grandeur and blessedness of existence are found!

Someone once said: "Life is like a game of whist; I am not particularly fond of it, but since the cards have been placed in my hand I am going to play them for all they are worth."

That is the spirit to have in one's breast! That is the spirit that wins victories and keeps the world a-moving up grade.

No matter what the theories may happen to be concerning the existence in the midst of which you find yourselves, it is your privilege, if you will have it so, to get a whole lot of solid comfort out of the affair. To struggle, and through the struggling to grow strong, and in the strength to win the prize for which you are striving, is there any intoxication to be compared with that, any pleasure or joy that is worthy of being compared with it?

What if there are troubles, what if there are difficulties in the way, what if the skies are dark? — bring your teeth together, knit your brows, screw your courage up, and pitch in! The bigger the trouble, the more stubborn the difficulties, the darker the clouds that hang over you ahead, the more firmly you should resolve to press on. You may be defeated, but you are not defeated yet, and still there is room for victory. And in that thought of victory there is enthusiasm enough to hold one up in the darkest and most trying hour.

Readers of this article will remember the words of Paul Jones to the English captain who called out to him to know if he had surrendered: "Surrendered, hell! I have just begun to fight!" We ought to go into the business of living as Paul Jones went into his fight with the *Serapis* — to live, not to die; to win, not to lose.

There was not a moment during that terrible struggle when Paul Jones felt like giving up the fight. Let the spirit of the "Father of the American Navy" be in the breast of every young man who reads this article. — *Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.*

“WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?”

A railroad president, whose name I do not feel justified in publishing without first having asked for his consent, writes as follows:

“If it is not asking too much, will you permit me to request, in the pure interest of truth, that you answer, editorially, the following questions:

Are you a minister of the Gospel?

Do you fully believe in Christ and his teachings?

Please give a brief statement of the purposes, teachings and mission of Jesus Christ.”

In answer to the first question, I would say that I am a “regularly ordained minister of the Gospel.” At least I have a document, duly signed and sealed, which says that I am. I am not prepared to say whether or not I am in direct “Apostolical Succession.” I have an idea, however, that my “succession” is good enough for all practical purposes.

To the second question, I would reply that I fully believe in Christ and in His teachings—as it is given me to understand Christ and His teachings.

But who was Christ and what did He stand for?

Primarily He stood for the spiritual, as opposed to the strictly animal, side of life. Without being in any sense of the word an ascetic, He mainly lived for love and purity. For the things that absorb most men’s attention, houses and lands, money and the things that money will buy, He cared but little. His world was the inner one of head and heart. In the outside world and its passing show He took but a slender interest.

It was humanity that Jesus loved, first, last and all the time, and all that harmed humanity or retarded its progress along the better way He hated with all His soul. He believed in the infinite perfectibility of mankind, and was, on that account,

deeply interested in the lowest and vilest of the race, since He saw in them the possibility of the finest moral and spiritual manhood. His whole creed—in so far as he may be said to have had any creed at all—was summed up in the immortal sixth beatitude: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." To the pure in heart, He declared, belong all the recorded benefits of Heaven and earth—for Heaven, He told men over and over, is not far away in time and space, but very close by, even within the mind and heart of those who live for purity and love.

Above everything else, He wanted men to understand that they were rich not in proportion to what they had in their jewel cases and wardrobes and barns and banks, but in proportion to what they had in their hearts and souls. The only wealth He knew anything about or cared anything for was the wealth of character, the joy of loving one another, of doing one another good.

Such, in brief, was Jesus, the Man and Teacher. He was everybody's friend. Hating no one, He was especially happy when reaching out a hand to the sick and the sorrowing, the needy and the oppressed. He excoriated the rich, not because they were rich, but because in their pride of fortune they despised and oppressed the poor. He wanted all men to feel that they were brothers, and that at the basis of all human dealings should lie the principle of the Golden Rule. Born and bred a Jew, He was not lacking in zeal for the faith of His fathers; but because He loved humanity He became indignant at the mummeries that were being enacted at Israel's capital, and that indignation He was not backward about voicing. The Jerusalem machine was not only indifferent, but positively antagonistic, to the humanity He loved and was trying to help, and He attacked it and was crushed. But His immortal Idea could not be crushed. His beautiful Spirit was beyond the power of man to harm—and to-day that Idea and that Spirit are making every throne of iniquity shake and every tribunal of injustice tremble!—*Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.*



## OH, YES, THE MILLIONAIRES DO LAUGH.

Carnegie has said that millionaires do not laugh. The newspapers take it up and it goes the rounds the usual way. But millionaires do laugh, not in public, but in their quiet offices, when they consider the amusing features of modern life and the docility of the masses—sometimes spelled, them asses.

When Mr. Rockefeller realizes that he can defy all the legal forces of the United States and simultaneously add to the living expenses of every family in the United States, by his personal order, he laughs. The other day, when he arbitrarily increased the price of gasoline and then read the humble statement of the president of the Automobile Club, "I suppose we must pay," John D. Rockefeller laughed.

When the coal owners want more money and add half a dollar or a dollar per ton to the price, they laugh. When the Steel Trust manager makes the American people pay twice as much for steel rails in this country as he charges abroad, he laughs. When the head of the Agricultural Implement Trust remembers that he owes everything he has to the American farmer, American inventive talent, and then makes the American farmer pay twice as much for a plow or a reaper as he charges for the same thing in Russia or South America, he laughs.

When the man with an income of \$25,000,000 realizes that the Supreme Court forbids the people to tax that income, and when he sees a man with ten children paying taxes on his little home, do you wonder that the millionaire laughs? He laughs in bitter cynicism and contempt at the people so little able to protect themselves.

The head of the Beef Trust who commits a crime against children and mothers and is fined a wretched five hundred dollars laughs as he sees a man who steals a ham sent to prison for five years.

The millionaire who, for his amusement and profit, maintains a race track, where thieves are manufactured wholesale, laughs when he sees a poorer man arrested for playing a game of cards in a saloon. How can he help laughing, when he realizes that the laws are arranged not only to grant him exemption, but to force the man who would gamble to gamble in his race track gambling hell and give him the profits?

There is a lot of laughing among the millionaires. They have much to laugh at.

When will the turn of the people come? When will they laugh?—*The Boston American*.

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#### ASSES.

This hemisphere produces two kind of asses.

The little South American asses, when attacked by an enemy, form a circle with their heads together and their heels out, and thus protect themselves by kicking.

The great North American asses—known as voters and taxpayers—when attacked by an enemy composed of genteel, legalized robbers, form in two lines, heels towards each other. One line is branded “Democratic” and the other “Republican.” At the word “go” from their political master they eternally kick the stuffing out of each other.

When the battle is over the victorious kickers rend the air with vociferous brays, while the masters divide the spoils and the offices.

This is the difference between the little South American ass, in uncivilized condition, and the great North American ass, in a civilized condition.

## AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

Of all the notable things on earth,  
 The queerest one is the pride of birth,  
     Among our fierce "Democracy!"  
 A bridge across a hundred years,  
 With a prop to save it from sneers,  
 Not even a couple of rotten Peers.  
 A thing for laughter, fleers, and jeers,  
     Is American aristocracy.

"Depend upon it my noblest friend,  
 Your family thread you can't ascend,  
 Without good reason to apprehend  
 You may find it waxed at the farther end  
     By some plebeian vocation!  
 Or, worse than that, your wasted line  
 May end in a loop of stronger twine  
     That plagued some worthy relation.

"Because you flourish in worldly affairs,  
 Don't be haughty and put on airs,  
     With insolent pride of station!  
 Don't be proud and turn up your nose  
 At poorer people with plainer clothes,  
 But learn, for the sake of your mind's repose,  
 That wealth's a bauble that comes and goes,  
 And that proud flesh, wherever it grows,  
     Is subject to irritation."

—*J. G. Saxe.*

## AXIOMS—SHARP POINTS.

A man that will not reason is a bigot; a man that cannot reason is a fool; and a man that dare not reason is a slave.

Be such a man, live such a life, that if every man were such as you, and every life a life like yours, this earth would be a paradise.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Thus, born alike, from virtue first began  
That difference that distinguish'd man from man :  
He claimed not title from descent of blood ;  
But that which made him noble, made him good.

—*Dryden.*

The true secret of living at peace with all the world is to have a humble opinion of yourselves.

People who do wrong seldom have any difficulty in finding excuses and justification for it.

Give to the world the best we have, for it is noble to be good. Kind hearts are more to us than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood. Do for the world the best we can and the best will come back to us.

The only wages never reduced—the wages of sin.

Ignorance has no light ; error follows a false one.

Some people look at everything, yet really see nothing.

There is no grief like the grief that does not speak.

He who chatters to no purpose climbs a tree to catch fish.

He who takes advice is sometimes superior to the giver.

It is better to need relief than to want the heart to give it.

Those who know the least of others, think the most of themselves.

The greatest truths are the simplest ; and so are the greatest men.

Cast your nets in the right water, and they may take fish while you are sleeping.

A woman fascinates us quite as often by what she overlooks, as by what she says.

In character, in manners, in style, in all things the supreme excellence is simplicity.

It is only the truly virtuous man who can love, or who can hate, others.—*Confucius*.

The hill has not yet lifted its face to heaven that perseverance will not gain the summit of at last.—*Dickens*.

When a man is opposed to Christianity, it is because Christianity is opposed to him.—*Bishop Hall*.

Every man has in himself a continent of undiscovered character. Happy is he who acts the Columbus to his own soul.—*Sir I. Stephens*.

Tyranny can make liars and cheats out of the most honest souls. It is done oftener than anyone, except close students of human nature, realize.—*Helen Hunt Jackson*.

"My will, not thine, be done," turned Paradise into a desert. "Thy will, not mine, be done," turned the desert into a Paradise and made Gethsemane the gate of Heaven.—*Pressense*.

If every man's internal care  
Were written on his brow,  
How many would our pity share  
Who raise our envy now!

—*Metastasio*.

Educate a man's intellect only and he becomes an infidel, educate his heart and he becomes a fanatic; educate both together and he becomes the noblest work of God.—*Rev. T. De Witt Talmage*.

Time should not be allowed to pass without yielding fruits, in the form of something learnt worthy of being known, some good principle cultivated or some good habit strengthened.—*Smiles*.

If you would hit the mark, you must aim a little above it;  
Every arrow that flies feels the attraction of earth.

—*Longfellow*.

The printing press is the evil genius of tyrants.

Honest doubt is a prince beside blind belief.

Knowledge creates free men ; a blind belief, slaves.

Our wonder is always in proportion to our ignorance.

Men who dare not assert their rights deserve to be slaves.

The purpose of a man's life stamps his face with its own nobility or ignominy.

Courage to face the vicissitudes of active life is better than wealth to shelter us from them.

Laws cannot confer rights upon the citizen. His rights are inherent, and the best of laws can only protect him in their exercise.

A man may care very little as to how his money goes, but there are times when he would give a good deal to know where it is coming from.

#### RECREATION.

The teacher of a public school corrected a pupil's composition, substituting "who" for "that" in the sentence, "The man that lies does wrong." The boy appealed to the principal, who indorsed on the paper, "I've come to the conclusion, for all that, that that that that that that boy used was correct."

"Have ye anny ancisters, Mrs. Kelly?" asked Mrs. O'Brien.

"An' what's ancisters?"

"Why, people you shprung from."

"Listen to me, Mrs. O'Brien," said Mrs. Kelly, impressively.

"I come from the rale stock of Donahues, thot shpring from nobody. They shpring at thim!"—*London Tid-Bits*.

"There is no use trying to please people," said Mr. Dustin Stax.

"What is the trouble?"

"If you don't contribute to campaign funds they say you're parsimonious, and if you do they say you're corrupt."—*Washington Star*.

Tommy—Pop, what is fret-work?

Tommy's Pop—Wrinkles, my son.—*Philadelphia Record*.

A little boy attended church one Sunday morning, and upon his return his mother asked him if he could repeat the text. He said he could; and this was the way he remembered it: "Don't be afraid and I'll bring back the quilt." The mother said that could not be it, but the child insisted. Upon meeting the clergyman some days later, she inquired of him as to the text. He replied: "Be not afraid. I will return and bring you a comforter."

A fine specimen of the *Taurus Hibernicus* made its appearance in the Bow Street Police Court yesterday. "You ducked your head," said the magistrate to Patrick Lane, who charged Joseph Kavanagh with shooting at him in the Strand. "Faith, and I did, your worship. It's better to be a coward for five minutes than to be dead all your life-time."—*London Globe*.

When I went out speaking, fearing that I might not give the hearers sufficient information to reward them for their time, I would give them these axioms (not original):—

"Let us ponder boldly. 'Tis a base abandonment of reason to resign our right of thought, our last and only place of refuge, at least it shall be mine."

"There is no mystery but ignorance, and ignorance alone enslaves."

"He who has never changed an opinion has forsaken none of his errors."

"Truth never shuns the light; asks no shield; seeks no panoply, courts inquiry, answers every honest question, and like its great Divine Author, loveliest when unrobed."

## SPEAK GENTLY TO THE ERRING.

" Speak gently to the erring one  
For, O! ye may not know  
The untold weight of suffering  
That bows his spirit low.

" A kind and gentle word to him,—  
May call all back again,—  
The pleasant dreams of early youth  
Ere the light of life was dim.

" Harsh words may be the only ones  
His ear hath ever heard ;  
Then like an angel's loving voice  
Will sound your gentle word.

" In joyous hours, with friends around,  
Rich with the love they give,  
You hear of wicked deeds and say,  
He is not fit to live.

" But only think, if yours had been  
Like his, a cheerless life  
Yours perchance, might then have been  
Like his, as full of strife.

" There's seldom found a heart so hard  
But love may enter in ;  
And love hath ever magic power  
To chase away all sin.

" Spare not those gentle words, that bring  
The erring unto God,  
To learn that life is beautiful,  
When spent in doing good."

## TO WIFE AND DAUGHTER.

" Soon my task will be completed,  
Soon your footsteps I shall follow  
To the land of the blessed,  
To the kingdom of the Ponemah,  
To the land of the hereafter!"



## BY THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BARD.

There have been noble men, whose highest, holiest thoughts  
 Were born in solitude.  
 Alone in some vast wilderness they wandered forth  
 And there communed with nature, until  
 Its inspiration roused the slumbering soul,  
 And from its depths brought forth some glorious vision,  
 Fairer than earth's creation, which in a higher world  
 Shall yet be realized. For what the soul creates  
 To the soul's realm belongs, and never can be more  
 Than dimly shadowed forth on earth, where  
 Skillful hands are ever ready to embody in external things  
 Its high imaginings. And such are they  
 For whom the earth hath no companionship.  
 They mingle with the world, but are not of it. With hearts  
 All formed for sympathy and filled with highest love.  
 They stand alone. Alone! because inflexible in truth and virtue  
 Alone! because the inward Voice can never yield  
 Its sense of right to the great world's applause.  
 Alone! because the clamorous multitude will never grant  
 The meed of praise to virtues not their own.  
 And yet not all alone. For ever to the heart thus throned  
 In solitude kind spirits minister, outpouring high  
 And glorious thoughts, and kindling sweet emotions in the soul,  
 Until it revels in the light of heaven, and slakes its thirst  
 In its undying founts, whose crystal waters reflect back the light of truth  
 and wisdom.

## WOE TO THE LAND.

Woe! woe to the land, when the people are blinded  
 By wealth's golden glitter and capital's smile;  
 Forgetting their sires who were patriot minded,  
 Honest, noble and true, without blemish or guile.  
  
 Could gold buy a freeman, when war-dogs are howling  
 Around our Republic in battle array?  
 Could office seduce when the lion was growling  
 With teeth ready whetted to seize on his prey?

Then, men manned the ramparts with vigilant glances,  
When Arnold and Andre were brought to a stand,  
In the thick of the fight, with their gun-stocks for lances,  
For justice and right, stood these patriots grand.

Could gold then decoy, or once bribe them to waver?  
Could flattery soothe them, or royalty daze?  
Though tracked by their blood o'er each hard-frozen river,  
This phalanx of liberty had but one knave.

Oh! blest shades of Washington, Lincoln and others,  
Look down from your bowers of Eden above,  
Unite our loved States as one grand band of brothers,  
And spread over all your rich mantle of love.

Destroy the foul schemes, foreign intrigue are weaving  
By gold and monopolies, o'er our loved land;  
Fill with joy the lone homesteads of labor now weeping  
For God and our Country, let each firmly stand.

## GIFTS.

"Oh, World-God, give me Wealth!" the Egyptian cried.  
His prayer was granted. High as heaven, behold  
Palace and pyramid; the brimming tide  
Of lavish Nile washed all his land with gold.  
Armies of slaves toiled ant-wise at his feet,  
World-circling traffic rolled through mart and street.  
His priests were gods, his spice-balmed kings enshrined,  
Set death at naught in rock-ribbed charnels deep.  
Seek Pharaoh's race to-day and ye shall find  
Rust and the moth, silence and dusty sleep.

"Oh, World-God, give me Beauty!" cried the Greek.  
His prayer was granted. All the earth became  
Plastic and vocal to his sense; each peak,  
Each grove, each stream, quick with Promethean flame,  
Peopled the world with imaged grace and light.  
The lyre was his, and his the breathing might  
Of the immortal marble, his the play  
Of diamond-pointed thought and golden tongue.  
Go seek the sunshine-race, ye find to-day  
A broken column and a lute unstrung.

"Oh, World-God, give me Power!" the Roman cried.  
 His prayer was granted. The vast world was chained  
 A captive to the chariot of his pride.  
 The blood of myriad provinces was drained  
 To feed that fierce, insatiable red heart.  
 Invulnerably bulwarked every part  
 With serried legions and with close-meshed Code.  
 Within, the burrowing worm had gnawed its home.  
 A roofless ruin stands where once abode  
 The imperial race of everlasting Rome.

"Oh, Godhead, give truth!" the Hebrew cried.  
 His prayer was granted; he became the slave  
 Of the Idea, a pilgrim far and wide,  
 Cursed, hated, spurned, and scourged with none to save.  
 The Pharaohs knew him, and when Greece beheld,  
 His wisdom wore the hoary crown of Eld.  
 Beauty he hath forsworn and wealth and power.  
 Seek him to-day, and find in every land.  
 No fire consumes him, neither floods devour,  
 Immortal through the lamp within his hand.

—*Emma Lazarus.*

### THREE LESSONS.

There are three lessons I would write,  
 Three words as with a golden pen,  
 In tracings of eternal light  
 Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope! Though clouds environ round,  
 And gladness hides her face in scorn,  
 Put thou the shadow from thy brow;  
 No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith! Where'er thy bark is driven,  
 The calm's disport, the tempest mirth,  
 Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,  
 The inhabitants of earth!

Have Love! Not love alone for one,  
 But man as man thy brother call;  
 And scatter, like the circling sun,  
 Thy charities on all.

Thus grave those words upon thy soul,  
 Hope, Faith, and Love; and thou shalt find  
 Strength when life-surges maddest roll,  
 Light when thou else wert blind.

—*Schiller.*

TIMIDITY—A HINDU FABLE.

A silly mouse, thinking each thing a cat,  
 Fell into helpless worriment thereat;

But, noticed by a wizard living near,  
 Was turned into a cat to end its fear.

Seeing a dog, who that way did go,  
 "Here, be a dog," he said, "and end your woe."

But though a dog, its soul found no release,  
 For fear some tiger might disturb its peace.

Into a tiger next the beast was made,  
 And still 'twas pitiful and sore afraid,

Because the huntsman might, some ill-starred day,  
 Happen along, and take its life away.

"Then," said the wizard, turning to his house,  
 "You have a mouse's heart—now be a mouse."

'Tis so with men: no earthly help or dower  
 Can add one atom to their native power;

Then from their smallness nothing can arouse,  
 No art can make a lion from a mouse.

—*Joel Benton.*

## BY A LADY EIGHTY YEARS OLD.

The *Press* published a poem written by Mrs. Sarah Tappan Todd, mother of John M. Todd of this city, when she was eighty years old.

Mrs. Todd was the mother of ten children, two of whom survive, John M. Todd, and Mrs. Joseph Davis. A grandson was Col. William Todd McMahon of New York city, who was deputy collector of customs for that city for many years and was a member of the tariff commission appointed by President Arthur. She was a sister of Judge Samuel Tappan of New York, also a sister to Josiah Tappan of Brunswick, a cousin of Arthur Tappan of New York, a famous abolitionist and a very wealthy and generous man. He paid a fine of \$10,000 to release William Lloyd Garrison from jail in Baltimore. Rev. Benjamin Tappan, D. D., and Enoch Tappan, M. D., of Augusta were also cousins.

The poem was originally printed in the *Portland Transcript*. It is as follows :

## OLD GREGORY.

[Founded on Fact.]

Said Gregory to a passing friend,  
My splendid house is done,  
It rivals in its costliness  
The temple of the sun.

It stands a noble monument  
Of architecture rare ;  
The landscape round is beautiful,  
Its gardens passing fair.

And see, he cried, those gallant ships,  
Like birds upon the sea :  
Those stately ships, with all their wealth,  
Belong, alone to me.

And see far spread that pasture land,  
And mark the lowing kine,

That forest of majestic oaks,  
And those green fields are mine.

Those mills are mine on yonder stream,  
And mine these stores of wheat,  
And mine this stately coach and six,  
And mine that country seat.

And seest thou, his friend replied,  
That hovel low and poor,  
And there an aged withered dame  
Is spinning at the door.

Well, she possesses wealth untold,  
A rich, exhaustless mine ;  
Go ask her to exchange her store  
For twice as much as thine.

What, she ! The astonished Gregory cried,  
It cannot, shall not be !  
What ! she possess a mine of gold !  
The land belongs to me.

With flashing eyes he sternly said,  
This mine I'll soon explore,  
Then lashed his steeds with furious haste,  
And reached the cottage door.

Woman, what is this boasted prize,  
This hoarded wealth of thine.  
The widow meekly raised her eyes,  
And answered, Christ is mine.

And Gregory turned with proud disdain  
And viewed the scenery round,  
To-morrow's sun shall see that hut  
Lie level with the ground.

That eve he quaffed the sparkling wine,  
The hall he lightly trod,  
Next morn he lay a stiffened corpse,  
The rest remains with God.

—*Mrs. Sarah Tappan Todd.*

North Pownal, Oct. 15, 1858.

## SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,  
And bent with the chill of the winter's day ;

The street was wet with a recent snow,  
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,  
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,  
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,  
Glad in the freedom of " school let out,"

Came the boys like a flock of sheep,  
Hailing the snow piled white and deep,

Past the woman so old and gray,  
Hastened the children on their way,

Nor offered a helping hand to her,  
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet  
Should crowd her down on the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop—  
The gayest laddie of all the group :

He paused beside her and whispered low,  
" I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm  
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,  
Proud that his own were full and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went  
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,  
For all she's aged, and poor and slow ;

And I hope some fellow will lend a hand  
To help my mother, you understand,

If ever she's poor, and old and gray,  
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head  
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was, "God be kind to the noble boy,  
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy!"

*Harper's Weekly.*

## WOMAN, WHO CANNOT VOTE, HAS DONE THE WORLD'S REAL WORK.

The would-be wise man, who thinks he believes that woman should not vote, will kindly read the following extract from the work of a great French historian and deep student :

"It is to woman, I think, that mankind owes all that has made us men. Burdened with the children and the baggage, she erected a permanent cover to shelter the little family ; the nest for her brood was, perhaps, a ditch carpeted with moss ; by the side of it she set up a pole, with large leaves laid across ; and, when she thought of fastening three or four of these poles together by their tops, the hut was invented—the hut, the first interior. She laid the firebrand, with which she never parts, and the hut became illuminated, the hut was warmed, the hut sheltered a hearth \* \* \*

"Notwithstanding the doctrine which holds sway at present, I maintain that woman was the creator of the primordial elements of civilization."

That quotation appears on page forty-eight of the second volume of Stuckenberg's "Sociology: The Science of Human



Society." This book—published by Putnam—is well worth your reading.

You can get it at your library, or, better still, buy it and own it—if you do not object to slightly "heavy" reading.

Whether you read Stuckenberg or not, think for half an hour on the quotation that we publish here.

Has it ever occurred to you that woman, robbed of the right to vote, forbidden to help make the laws that govern her and her children, is really the builder of our civilization?

Woman was the first agriculturist—and she established the first home. She was the first inventor—she invented weaving. And we owe to her the knowledge of vegetable foods—the development of all our grains from weeds.

Woman developed language, which, in turn, has developed man's mind.

She put all the children in the world and protected them after they got here—while the savage man was hunting his fellows or other animals or drowsing in the sun.

If we amount to anything in this world, we owe that fact to woman—and we might, at least, admit it and allow her to help us, with her superior intuition and character, in our lawmaking and our choosing of public officials.

Female suffrage will add millions of votes to the moral side, the common-sense side, of every election.

How much longer is this country to wait for it?—*Boston American Journal*.

"Enthusiast! dreamer! such the names  
Thine age bestows on thee,  
For that great nature, going forth  
In world-wide sympathy:  
For the vision clear, the spirit brave,  
The honest heart and warm,  
And the voice which swells the battle cry  
For freedom and reform.

"Yet for thy fearless manliness  
When weak time servers throng,—  
Thy chivalrous defence of right,  
The bold rebuke of wrong,—  
And for the flame of liberty,  
Heaven-kindled in thy breast,  
Which thou hast fed like sacred fire,—  
A blessing on thee rest!

"'Tis said thy spirit knoweth not  
Its time of calm and sleeping;  
That ever are its restless thoughts  
Like wild waves onward leaping,  
Then may its flashing waters  
Be tranquil evermore,—  
They are troubled by an angel  
Like the sacred pool of yore."

## THE SHIP OF STATE.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O Union strong and great!  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hope of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
We know what Master laid the keel,  
What workman wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat  
In what a forge, and what a heat  
Were shaped the anchors of the hope!  
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,  
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;  
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,  
And not a rent made by the gale!  
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!  
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fear,  
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

*H. W. Longfellow.*

## ILL FARES THE LAND.

" Ill fares the land to gathering ills a prey  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.  
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade  
A breath can make them as a breath hath made;  
But a bold yeomanry their country's pride  
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

*Goldsmith.*

## THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG.

When earth produces free and fair  
The golden waving corn;  
When fragrant fruits perfume the air  
And fleecy flocks are shorn,  
Whilst thousands move with aching heads,  
And sing the ceaseless song,  
" We starve, we die; O give us bread,"  
There must be something wrong.

When wealth is wrought as seasons roll,  
From off the fruitful soil;  
When luxury from pole to pole,  
Heaps fruits of human toil;  
When from a thousand, one alone  
In plenty rolls along,  
And others ne'er a joy have known,  
There must be something wrong.

When poor men's tables waste away,  
To barrenness and drought,  
There must be something in the way  
That's worth the finding out;  
While surfeits one great table bends  
While members move along,  
While scarce a crust their board extends,  
There must be something wrong.

Then let the law give equal right  
To wealthy and to poor ;  
Let freedom crush the hand of might,  
We ask for nothing more.  
Until this system is begun  
The burden of our song  
Must and can only end—  
There must be something wrong.

## TO "LEATHER FRENCH."

[Leather French was an old hermit in the town of Exeter, Me.]

You have haunted the dreams of my sleep, Leather French.  
You have troubled me often and long,  
And so now to give rest to the waves of my soul,  
Leather French, let me sing you a song.

I suppose that the cold world may sneer, Leather French.  
For they've done it too often before,  
When the innermost spirit has snatched up its harp  
Just to sing o'er the grave of the poor.

Never mind, let them laugh, let them sneer, Leather French,  
We will not be disturbed by them long,  
For we'll step out aside from the battle of life,  
While I question and sing you my song.

You were poor when you lived here below, Leather French,  
And you suffered from hunger and cold,  
And 'twas well you escaped from the storm and the blast,  
At the time you grew weary and old.

Has that old leather garb that you wore, Leather French,  
That you wore in the days long ago,  
Been exchanged for the robe that you named in your prayer,  
For a robe that is whiter than snow?

And that dreary old hut where you dwelt, Leather French,  
That old hut on the hurricane lands;  
Was it bartered by you at the passes of death,  
For a house not erected with hands?

When the toys that I love become stale, Leather French,  
And my life's fitful fever has passed,  
Shall I safely cross over the Jordan of death,  
Shall I meet you in heaven at last?

Tell me true — tell me all — tell me now — Leather French,  
For the tale you can tell me is worth  
More to me than the wisdom, the pleasures, the fame,  
And the riches and honors of earth.

Shall I meet no response to my call, Leather French,  
Tell me quick, for I cannot wait long,  
For I am summoned again to the battle of life —  
Leather French, I have finished my song.

—*David Barker.*

#### ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
By the name of Annabel Lee;  
And this maiden lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea:  
But we loved with a love that was more than love—  
I and my Annabel Lee;  
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful Annabel Lee;

So that her highborn kinsman came,  
And bore her away from me ;  
To shut her up in a sepulchre  
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels not so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me—  
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those that were older than we—  
Of many far wiser than we—  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul,  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee :

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;  
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;  
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,  
In the sepulchre there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Doctor Cotton, an English poet, said :

“ If solid happiness we prize  
Within ourselves the jewel lies  
And they are fools who roam  
This world has nothing to bestow  
From our own selves our joys must flow  
And that dear hut our home.”

Pause not to dream of the future before us,  
 Pause not to weep of the wild cares that come o'er us,  
 Hark, how creation's deep, musical chorus,

Unintermitting, goes up into heaven !  
 Never the ocean wave falters in flowing ;  
 Never the little seed stops in its growing ;  
 More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,  
 'Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

" Labor is worship " the robin is singing  
 " Labor is worship " the wild bee is ringing  
 Listen, that eloquent whisper is upspringing  
 Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart  
 From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower,  
 From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower,  
 From the small insect, the rich coral bower,  
 Only man in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life—'Tis the still water faileth,  
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth,  
 Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth,  
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.  
 Labor is glory,—the flying cloud lightens ;  
 Only the waving wing changes and brightens ;  
 Idle hearts only the dark future frightens ;  
 Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune.

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,—  
 Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,—  
 Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,—  
 Rest from world sirens that lure us to ill.  
 Work, and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow ;  
 Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow ;  
 Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow,  
 Work with a stout heart and resolute will.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish, are round thee ;  
 Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee,  
 Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee,  
 Rest not content in thy darkness, a clod,  
 Work for some good, be it ever so slowly,  
 Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly,  
 Labor,—All labor is noble and holy,  
 Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy GOD.

—Osgood.

## MESSIAH'S COMING.

The cleansing of the Sanctuary.—*Daniel, Chap. XII.*

The cry : " He comes !  
The signs are sure—all lands are armed for war—  
The mystic number is fulfilled—He comes ! "

We answer : O that He would come ! we want  
The Christ ! We want a God to burn the truth  
Afresh upon the forehead of the world !

We want a Man to walk once more among  
The wrangling Pharisees, to drive the beasts  
And moneymongers from the temple courts ;  
To bring the gospel back again, and prove  
How all unlike the churches are to Christ !  
We want the Christ again to tell the " Saints "  
Their sins ; that they were sent to bless the poor,  
And they have sold themselves unto the rich ;  
That they were sent to preach the works of peace,  
And they have filled the world with war of words ;  
That they were sent as messengers of love,  
And they have driven love out of the creeds ;  
That they were sent to teach men not to lie,  
Nor tremble when their duty led to death—  
O for the Christ again ! He—He would dare  
To tell the churches how they lie and cant,  
And talk of serving God—and serve themselves ;  
And talk of saving souls—to save their " cause,"  
And pare and narrow God's divinest truth  
Until a man could hardly be a man  
And member of a sect.

\* \* \* \* \*

Already Christ is coming. Hear ye not  
The footfalls of the Lord ? He tramples down  
The cruel hedges men have built about  
The gate that leads to Heaven. He rends the creeds  
And gives their tatters to the merry winds.  
He does not come as bigots prophesy ;  
He comes the spirit of a riper age



When all that is not good or true shall die—  
When all that's bad in custom, false in creed,  
And all that makes the boor and mars the man  
Shall pass away forever. Yes, he comes  
To give the world a passion for the truth,  
To inspire us with holy human love,  
To make us sure that, ere a man can be  
A saint, he first must be an upright man.

## THE CALF PATH.

One day through the primeval wood  
A calf walked home as good calves should;

But made a trail all bent askew,  
A crooked trail, as all calves do.

Since then three hundred years have fled,  
And I infer the calf is dead.

But still he left behind his trail,  
And thereby hangs my moral tale.

The trail was taken up next day  
By a lone dog that passed that way.

And then a wise bell-wether sheep  
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,

And drew the flock behind him, too,  
As good bell-wethers always do.

And from that day, o'er hill and glade,  
Through those old woods a path was made,

And many men wound in and out,  
And dodged and turned and bent about,

And uttered words of righteous wrath  
Because it was such a crooked path;

But still they followed—do not laugh—  
The first migrations of that calf.

And through this winding wood-way stalked  
Because he wobbled when he walked.

This forest path became a lane,  
That bent and turned and turned again ;

This crooked lane became a road,  
Where many a poor horse with his load  
Traveled the same two miles in one.

The years passed on with swiftmess fleet,  
The road became a village street ;

And this, before men were aware,  
A city's crowded thoroughfare,

And soon the central street was this  
Of a renowned metropolis ;

And men two centuries and a half  
Trode in the footsteps of that calf,

Each day a hundred thousand rout  
Followed this zigzag calf about,

And o'er this crooked journey went  
The traffic of a continent.

A hundred thousand men were led  
By one calf near three centuries dead.

They followed still his crooked way,  
And lost one hundred years a day ;

For thus such reverence is lent  
To well-established precedent.

A moral lesson this might teach  
Were I ordained and called to preach ;

For men are prone to go it blind  
Along the calf paths of the mind.

And work away from sun to sun,  
To do what other men have done.

They follow in the beaten track  
And out and in and forth and back,

And still their devious course pursue,  
To keep the path that others do.

They keep along the path a sacred groove,  
Along which all their lives they move ;

But how the wise old wood-gods laugh  
Who saw the first primeval calf.

Ah, many things this tale might teach—  
But I am not ordained to preach.

—*Sam Walter Foss.*

#### PARKER MEMORIAL.

Before the twenty-eighth Congregational Society, at Parker Memorial Hall, Rev. W. R. Alger preached on "The contradiction between the theory and practice of Christendom and the remedy for it," from Matthew, xxv : 40—"Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Christianity, he said, was given to humanity, it has always been thought, to secure the redemption of the human race and the establishment of the kingdom of Heaven upon earth. It must be that when Christ's precepts are everywhere acknowledged sin and injustice will be done away with. His religion is already enthroned upon the earth. Those nations which possess the major portion of the wealth, education and science of the world ostentatiously proclaim their belief in Him and their following of His precepts. The sum of \$6,000,000,000 is invested in churches, schools and theological colleges ; an army of 250,000 priests is engaged in drilling the people in His religion at an annual expense of \$500,000,000, and yet with this material triumph of Christianity the world is

yet unredeemed. Why is this? Because Christianity has been perverted into a vast engine for the attainment of selfish ends instead of being made a tender spirit of philanthropy and piety. His ruling principle for the guidance and redemption of men is embodied in the words of the Golden Rule. In proportion to the prevalence of this rule, Christ's spirit, the evils of the world must decrease, and herein lies the hope. But the love of power is one of the very deepest impulses of our nature, and lives in priests as in other men. The contention for offices in the church has been as intense and rancorous in every age as in the political field, and hence the temptation to subordinate the principles which they should teach to the attainment of temporal power. The whole body of ecclesiastical instructors became a set of men with twisted and distorted minds, who were content to follow a routine of instruction easily performed, rather than to explain and enlarge upon their precepts. They have actually taught against the example of Christ. The church, both Catholic and Protestant, has given chief prominence to ceremonial conformity and dogmatic belief, but the repetition of all the articles of the Council of Trent would render the world not a whit better. In view of the facts of the case, what a picture of unconscious hypocrisy is formed by the contrast. Out of the 300,000,000 so-called Christians 50,000,000 of the wealthiest go in church on Sunday and piously intone their litany, while during the rest of the week they struggle with each other for gain, without once applying any of the principles which they so devoutly repeated in the church. Consistency requires that Christendom must do one of two things, either practice what it professes, or abandon its professions and cease its daily stultifying of itself. The doctrine of the sanctification of the whole field of human experience, the holiness of all truth, the sanctity of all good, is a doctrine which is patiently awaiting recognition to step in as a conciliator and remedy the defects of the Christian professions of to-day.

The church has selected a few truths and set its seal upon them, giving its subjects the full privilege to enjoy them, and

the rest it has thrust away as secular or profane, and hence unhallowed. The principles of the church creed and of philosophy make an illustration, yet every principle of truth is a revelation of God. The church permits ecclesiastical music, but forbids operatic or martial, as the very lurements of the devil, yet the soul of each is alike. These are distinctions not recognized in the eyes of God, that which the church takes under its approval, and that which it does not, distinctions made according to their capacity to serve ecclesiastical power. What is needed in the restoration of every province of truth and love to the domain of the church. Every circumstance of human experience is as distinctly under the scrutiny of moral and religious law as anything enacted before the Sunday altar. Christ said that it was His meat and drink to do the will of Him that sent Him, and that for this end was He born, and for this cause came He into the world, that He might bear witness unto Him. The service of God is not the cultivation of arbitrary rites, or the separation of religion from life, making it a technicality, nor can we do or neglect to do anything we please with impunity so long as we hold to the orthodox church. God speaks in every truth revealed by science with the same authority that He does in the devotional truths and warnings of the New Testament. We are to do all to the glory of God, regarding everything in life as essentially moral and intrinsically religious. Every truth, physical or scientific, no less than moral or religious, involves duties to be scrupulously obeyed, and all sanctity to be attributed to the truths of the text must be attributed to every truth. We must believe that in every man exists the potentiality of a Christ, and regard all men with the same spirit of reverence with which we would regard them, were we certain that they were the embodiment of God, and with this spirit in us our conduct may be easily determined, a discipline to be enlarged and cleansed until we see Christ in every man, and most intensely in the most needy with whom Christ expressly identified himself. The individual qualities in every man represent himself, the universal represent God.

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw within the moonlight of his room,  
Making it rich and like the lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold;  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the presence in the room he said,  
'What writest thou?' The vision raised his head,  
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,  
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'  
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'  
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,  
But cheerily still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one who loves his fellowmen.'  
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night,  
He came again, with a great waking light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,  
When, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

"'Tis better to endure the wrong  
Which evil hands and tongues commit,  
The bold encroachments of the strong,  
The shafts of calumny and wit —  
The scornful bearing of the proud,  
The sneers and laughter of the crowd.

"And harder still it is to bear,  
The censure of the good and wise,  
Who, ignorant of what you are,  
Or branded by the slanderer's lies,  
Look coldly on, or pass you by  
In silence, with averted eye.

"But when the friends in whom you trust  
Were steadfast as the mountain rock  
Fly, and are scattered as the dust  
Before misfortune's whirlwind shock,  
Nor love remains to cheer your fall —  
This is more terrible than all!

"But even this, and these, — ay, more, —  
Can be endured, and hope survive;

The noble spirit still may soar,  
 Although the body fails to thrive.  
 Disease and want may wear the frame,  
 Thank God, the soul is still the same !

" Hold up your head, thou man of grief !  
 No longer to the tempest bend ;  
 For soon or late must come relief —  
 The coldest, darkest night will end.  
 Hope in the true heart never dies ;  
 Trust on, the day star yet shall rise !

" Conscious of purity and worth,  
 You may with calm assurance wait  
 The tardy recompense of earth ;  
 And e'en should justice come too late  
 To soothe the spirit's homeward flight,  
 Heaven at last the wrong shall right."

#### ETERNAL JUSTICE.

The man is thought a knave or fool,  
 Or bigot, plotting crime,  
 Who, for the advancement of his kind,  
 Is wiser than his time.  
 For him the hemlock shall distil,  
 For him the axe be bared ;  
 For him the gibbet shall be built,  
 For him the stake prepared ;  
 Him shall the scorn and wrath of men  
 Pursue with deadly aim ;  
 And malice, envy, spite, and lies,  
 Shall desecrate his name.  
 But truth shall conquer at the last,  
 For round and round we run,  
 And ever the right comes uppermost,  
 And ever is justice done.

Pace through thy cell, old Socrates,  
 Cheerily to and fro,  
 Trust to the impulse of thy soul,  
 And let the poison flow.

They may shatter to earth the lamp of clay  
That holds a light divine,  
But they cannot quench the fire of thought  
By any such deadly wine.  
They cannot blot thy spoken words  
From the memory of man,  
By all the poison ever was brewed  
Since time its course began.  
To-day abhorred, to-morrow adored,  
So round and round we run,  
And ever the truth comes uppermost,  
And ever is justice done.

Plod in thy cave, gray Anchorite!  
Be wiser than thy peers;  
Augment the range of human power,  
And trust to coming years.  
They may call thee wizard, and monk accursed,  
And load thee with dispraise,  
Thou wert born five hundred years too soon  
For the comfort of thy days.  
But not too soon for human kind,  
Time hath reward in store,  
And the demons of our sires become  
The saints that we adore.  
The blind can see, the slave is lord;  
So round and round we run,  
And ever the wrong is proved to be wrong,  
And ever is justice done.

Keep Galileo to thy thought  
And nerve thy soul to bear!  
They may gloat o'er the senseless words they wring  
From the pangs of thy despair:  
They may veil their eyes, but they cannot hide  
The sun's meridian glow;  
The heel of a priest may tread thee down,  
And a tyrant work thee woe.  
But never a truth has been destroyed:  
They may curse it and call it crime.  
Pervert and betray, or slander and slay  
Its teachers, for a time.



But the sunshine, aye, shall light the sky,  
 As round and round we run,  
 And the truth shall ever come uppermost,  
 And justice shall be done.

And live there now such men as these,  
 With thoughts like the great of old?  
 Many have died in their misery,  
 And left their thought untold;  
 And many live, and are ranked as mad,  
 And placed in the cold world's ban,  
 For sending their bright, far-seeing souls,  
 Three centuries in the van.  
 They toil in penury and grief,  
 Unknown, if not maligned;  
 Forlorn, forlorn, bearing the scorn  
 Of the meanest of mankind.  
 But yet the world goes round and round,  
 And the genial seasons run,  
 And ever the truth comes uppermost  
 And ever is justice done.

—*Mackay.*

#### UNSOLD LAND.

"The land shall not be sold." Lev. 25: 23.

"A billion of acres of unsold land  
 Are lying in grievous dearth;  
 And millions of men in the image of God  
 Are starving all over the earth!  
 O, tell me, ye sons of America,  
 How much men's lives are worth!"

"Ten hundred millions of acres good,  
 That never knew spade or plough;  
 And a million of souls in our goodly land  
 Are pining in want, I trow,  
 And orphans are crying for bread this day,  
 And widows in misery bow!"

"To whom do these acres of land belong?  
 And why do they thriftless lie?  
 And why is the widow's lament unheard,  
 And stifled the orphan's cry?"

And why are storehouse and prison full,  
And the gallows tree is high?

"Those millions of acres belong to man!  
And his claim is — that he needs!  
And his title is signed by the hand of God —  
Our God, who, the raven feeds;  
And the starving soul of each famishing man  
At the throne of justice pleads.

"Ye may not heed it, ye haughty men,  
Whose hearts as rocks are cold;  
But the time shall come when the fiat of God  
In the thunder shall be told!  
For the voice of the great I Am hath said,  
That the 'land shall not be sold.' "

## HANGING.

"How is it, when you doom to death  
Some victim for his crimes,  
Accounting him not fit to live,  
You still allow him time  
To make his peace with God, for what  
Yourselves will not forgive;  
Presuming him, when fit to die,  
As not yet fit to live?

"Now, though he be not fit to live,  
Is he prepared to die —  
Sent strangled from this world of woe  
Before his God on high?  
You send unto his darkened soul  
Repentance and the priest,  
And when reduced to penitence  
You hang him like a beast.

"How can you know just how much time  
Your victim should be given  
For such repentance as shall send  
His spirit pure to heaven?  
Supporters of the bloody code,  
I pause for a reply:  
How is it, if unfit to live,  
A man is fit to die?"

## NEVER DESPAIR.

" If slave to poverty thou art,  
 Bear bravely with thy lot;  
 Though keen her galling chains may smart,  
 Strive still to rend their links apart!  
 Hope on! for the despairing heart  
 God surely loveth not.

" Hope on, hope on, though drear and dark  
 Thy future may appear,  
 The sailor in his storm-tossed bark  
 Still guides the helm and hopes to mark  
 Amid the gloom, some beacon spark  
 His dangerous way to cheer.

" Though wealth take wings, or friends forsake,  
 Be not by grief oppressed;  
 Stern winter binds with ice the lake,  
 But genial spring its bonds shall break.  
 Hope on, a firmer purpose take,  
 And leave to God the rest."

## THE SPIRIT OF NATURE.

I have come from the heart of all natural things,  
 Whose life from the Soul of the beautiful springs;  
 You shall hear the sweet waving of corn in my voice,  
 And the musical whisper of leaves that rejoice,  
 For my lips have been touched by the spirit of prayer,  
 Which lingers unseen in the soft summer air;  
 And the smile of the sunshine that brightens the skies,  
 Hath left a glad ray of its light in my eyes.

On the sea-beaten shore—'mid the dwellings of men—  
 In the field, or the forest, or wild mountain glen;  
 Wherever the grass or a daisy could spring,  
 Or the musical laughter of childhood could ring;  
 Wherever a swallow could build 'neath the eaves,  
 Or a squirrel could hide in his covert of leaves,  
 I have felt the sweet presence, and heard the low call,  
 Of the Spirit of Nature, which quickens us all.

Grown weary and worn with the conflict of creeds,  
 I had sought a new faith for the soul with its needs,  
 When the love of the Beautiful guided my feet  
 Through a leafy arcade to a sylvan retreat,  
 Where the oriole sung in the branches above,  
 And the wild roses burned with their blushes of love,  
 And the purple-fringed aster, and bright golden-rod,  
 Like jewels of beauty adorned the green sod.

O, how blessed to feel from the care-laden heart  
 All the sorrows and woes that oppressed it depart,  
 And to lay the tired head, with its achings, to rest  
 On the heart of all others that loves it the best ;  
 O, thus is it ever, when wearied, we yearn  
 To the bosom of Nature and Truth to return,  
 And life blossoms forth into beauty anew,  
 As we learn to repose in the Simple and True.

No longer with self or with Nature at strife,  
 The soul feels the presence of Infinite Life ;  
 And the voice of a child or the hum of a bee —  
 The somnolent roll of the deep-heaving sea —  
 The mountains uprising in grandeur and might —  
 The stars that look forth from the depths of the night,  
 All speak in one language, persuasive and clear,  
 To him who in spirit is waiting to hear.

There is something in Nature beyond our control,  
 That is tenderly winning the love of each soul ;  
 We shall linger no longer in darkness and doubt,  
 When the Beauty within meets the Beauty without.  
 Sweet Spirit of Nature! whatever thou art,  
 O, fold us like children, close, close to thy heart,  
 Till we learn that thy bosom is Truth's hallowed shrine,  
 And the soul of the Beautiful is—the Divine.

—*Lizzie Doten.*

#### WISDOM IS KNOWN OF HER CHILDREN.

" My heart is sick, my soul is pained within,  
 To see this Babel-world so rent with strife ;  
 To hear its heartless shouts, its Babel din,  
 As onward flow the feverish streams of life ;

There rush the worshippers of gold and pelf ;  
Here stand the human gods of pride and self.

" Behold the struggle ! the mad, selfish rush  
For shining baubles or a beggar's crust !  
In vain, divines, ye try the tides to hush,  
Though hearts are dead or bleeding in the dust.  
There kneels the nabob, drawling out a prayer ;  
Here dies the o'er-worked victim in despair.

" Like chaos-fragments strewn upon life's sea,  
And hastening onward to an uncared shore,—  
Whirling and dashing ever as they flee,—  
Leaping and crashing 'mid the storm-king's roar,  
Is the mad world of men. Wrecked is the world  
By self and sense, to very chaos hurled.

" Gold, give me gold, though dimmed with orphan's tears.  
Fame, give me fame, though bought with human gore !  
Away with heart and soul—away with fears ! —  
Gold, gold, though here's the grave, yet give me more !  
Shut up the book, talk not of brotherhood ;  
Man lives for self, not for the common good.

" For untold ages thus the world hath gone,  
By self and sense in broken fragments riven,  
Yet yearning still for a millennial dawn,  
When this same world should be a type of heaven.  
Talk not of heaven, or of a golden age,  
While social ills in ceaseless battles rage.

" Ten thousand temple domes in grandeur rise  
Where priestdom learned expounds the ' word of life,'  
Where man is taught to live but for the skies,  
And leave to Satan this mad world of strife,  
Where Sinai's assay the Soul to awe,  
And creed is worshipped as the saving law !

" The human mind by threats of heavenly wrath  
Has long been chained within a narrow sphere ;  
Like a poor blind man groping for the path,  
Yet fearing still the pitfalls opened near.  
Thus man, alas, choosing a moral night,  
Let reason lead him from the creeds' dim light.

"The world is rich in musty lore and creeds—  
In mysticism, and in temple show—  
In spirit-chains; but poor in brother deeds  
To the great brotherhood of man below.  
The central truth designed the world to save  
Is crushed by self to a dishonored grave!"

—*N. Brown.*

#### AMONG THE MISTS.

Think me not unkind if o'er my features,  
Oft the lines of care and sadness play;  
We are all but weak, unthankful creatures,  
And my thoughts are often far away.

Much they love to dwell on one who left me  
Ere your gentle breathing had begun;  
And I thought that parting had bereft me  
Of all joy in life, till life were done.

Then you came; and in your slow, sweet fashion  
Twined the parted strands of hope anew;  
Starting in this lonely breast the passion  
That has burned these many days for you.

Blame me not, if, from your roses turning,  
Thought would view the lilies on the mound.  
'Tis not that, your loving spirit spurning,  
I reject the consolation found;

But the snows of life are thickly sifting  
Through the scanty locks so dark in youth;  
But a step for me before the lifting  
Of the mists that hide the hills of Truth;

And I could not prize you half so dearly,  
Loved I not remembrance of the dead.  
'Tis by the borrowed light I see so clearly,  
Pitfalls in the path we daily tread.

Loosen not your clasp upon my fingers,  
Loosen not your hold upon my life.  
All of loving tenderness that lingers,  
Gave I the holy name of Wife.

—*Harriet E. Pritchard.*

## THE CHEMISTRY OF CHARACTER.

John, and Peter, and Robert; and Paul,  
 God in his wisdom created them all.  
 John was a statesman, and Peter a slave,  
 Robert a preacher, and Paul—was a knave.  
 Evil or good as the case might be,  
 White or colored, or bond or free—  
 John, and Peter, and Robert and Paul,  
 God in his wisdom created them all.

Out of earth's elements, mingled with flame,  
 Out of life's compounds of glory and shame,  
 Fashioned and shaped by no will of their own,  
 And helplessly into life's history thrown;  
 Born by the law that compels men to be,  
 Born to conditions they could not foresee,  
 John, and Peter, and Robert and Paul,  
 God in his wisdom created them all.

John was the head and the heart of his State,  
 Was trusted and honored, was noble and great,  
 Peter was made 'neath life's burdens to groan,  
 And never once dreamed that his soul was his own.  
 Robert great glory and honor received,  
 For zealously preaching what no one believed;  
 While Paul, of the pleasures of sin took his fill,  
 And gave up his life to the service of ill.

It chanced that these men, in their passing away  
 From earth and its conflicts, all died the same day,  
 John was mourned through the length and the breadth of the land  
 Peter fell 'neath the lash by a merciless hand—  
 Robert died with the praise of the Lord on his tongue—  
 While Paul was convicted of murder, and hung.  
 John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,  
 The purpose of life was fulfilled in them all.

Men said of the Statesman—"How noble and brave!"  
 But of Peter, alas!—"He was only a Slave."  
 Of Robert—"Tis well with his soul—it is well;"  
 While Paul they consigned to the torments of hell.  
 Born by one law through all Nature the same,  
*What* made them differ? and *who* was to blame?

John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,  
 God in his wisdom created them all.

Out in that region of infinite light,  
 Where the soul of the black man is pure as the white—  
 Out where the spirit, through sorrow made wise,  
 No longer resorts to deception and lies—  
 Out where the flesh can no longer control  
 The freedom and faith of the God given soul—  
 Who shall determine what change may befall  
 John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul?

John may in his wisdom and goodness increase—  
 Peter rejoice in an infinite peace—  
 Robert may learn that the truths of the Lord  
 Are more in the spirit, and less in the word—  
 And Paul may be blest with a holier birth  
 Than the passions of man had allowed him on earth.  
 John, and Peter, and Robert, and Paul,  
 God in his wisdom will care for them all.

—*Lizzie Doten.*

#### THE HEAVENLY SYMBOLS.

O God, what symbols dost thou give  
 To such as near to nature live!  
 Thou show'st to such, life's soul-desire  
 In wildly heaven-ascending fire  
 And of time's passing they must dream  
 While sitting by the rushing stream  
 In starring circles they can guess  
 The mystery of endlessness.  
 Thou singest in the sounding sea  
 Thy all-pervading harmony  
 Dost in the sun's unceasing light  
 Show truth for our weak eyes too bright;  
 Dost in the midnight heavens keep  
 The symbol of Thy secret deep.

—*J. P. Harrington.*



## CAMPAIGN SONG.

(Dedicated to the Portland Grant Club.)

You who have with Sherman bled,  
 You whom Grant hath often led,  
 Hear the voices of the dead,  
 Call to Victory!

"Now's the day, and now's the hour!  
 See the front of battle lower,"  
 See approach oppression's power.  
 Chains and Slavery.

Who like a trait'rous knave,  
 Leaves the standard of the brave,  
 Baser than a fawning slave,  
 Bid them turn and flee!

You who fought with Porter well  
 On the night when shot and shell  
 Seemed vieing with the fires of hell  
 Lighting land and sea.

Come once more at duty's call,  
 And their souls with dread appall,  
 As on the news of Vicksburg's fall;  
 Sank the heart of Lee.

By your sufferings, wounds and pain,  
 You have broken every chain,  
 Sparing not your dearest vein,  
 If to make us free.

Once again the venal crew,  
 Raise their hands against the true.  
 Rally! all ye "boys in blue,"  
 'Till the traitors flee.

Bravely face November's gale  
 As you faced the leaden hail  
 Led by him they dare assail  
 On to victory!

E'er election day is done,  
 You with ballot, as with gun,  
 Shall proclaim the battle won,  
 And the nation free.

—John M. Todd.

For the people in this time of need I pray—

“God give us men! A time like this demands  
Clear minds, pure hearts, true faith, and ready hands—  
Men who possess opinions and a will;  
Men whom desire for office does not kill;  
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;  
Men who have honor—men who will not lie;  
Tall men—sun-crowned—who live above the fog  
In public duty and in private thinking;  
Men who can stand before a demagogue  
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking:  
For, while political tricksters, with their worn-out creeds,  
Their large professions and their little deeds,  
Wrangle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,  
Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice sleeps!”

#### GOVERNMENT.

Daniel Webster said :

“The freest government cannot long endure where the tendency of the law is to create a rapid accumulation of property in the hands of a few and to render the masses of the people poor and dependent.”

The party of the future demands justice as the basis of all legislation, and will be satisfied with nothing less.

Civil government is the proper remedy for the inconvenience of a state of nature.—*Locke.*

The government most conformable to nature is that whose particular disposition best agrees with the humor and disposition of the people in whose favor it is established.—*Montesquieu.*

Government may be a tyranny, but it cannot be a chaos, the moment it becomes a chaos it ceases to exist. Society must be recognized.—*Mansfield.*

The best government is where the people obey the magistrates, and the magistrates the law.—*Solon*.

As government is impressed by its constitution, so it must necessarily act.—*Seward*.

The aggregate happiness of society, which is best promoted by the practice of a virtuous policy, is or ought to be the end of all government.—*Washington*.

The strength of a government is the friendship and love of its people.—*Victor Emanuel II*.

There is no stronger bond of loyalty than a mild and equitable government.—*Livy*.

A tenacious adherence to the rights and liberties transmitted from a wise and virtuous ancestry, public spirit, and a love of one's country, are the support and ornament of government.—*Addison*.

Religion hath a good influence upon the people, to make them obedient to government, and peaceable one toward another.—*Tillotson*.

A government that is hated seldom lasts long.—*Seneca*.

No government, any more than an individual, will long be respected without being truly respectable.—*Madison*.

When a new government is established, by whatever means, the people are commonly dissatisfied with it.—*Hume*.

The administration of government like a guardianship, ought to be directed to the good of those who confer, and not of those who receive the trust.—*Cicero*.

Except wise men be made governors, or governors be made wise men, mankind shall never live in quiet, nor virtues be able to defend herself.—*Plato*.

Governments which do not curb evils are chargeable with causing them.—*G. D. Prentice.*

With how little wisdom the world is governed.—*Oxenstiern.*

We are often governed by people not only weaker than ourselves, but even those whom we think so.—*Lord Greville.*

We cannot dispense with governments; we must commit power to somebody, and therefor expose it to abuse.—*Dwight.*

## SOCIALISM.

### A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

" Is there for honest poverty,  
That hangs his head, and a' that ?  
The coward slave, we pass him by,  
We dare be poor for a' that !  
For a' that, and a' that  
Our toils obscure, and a' that :  
The rank is but the guinea stamp ;  
The man's the gowd for a' that.

" What tho' on homely fare we dine,  
Wear hoddin'-gray, and a' that ;  
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine  
A man's a man, for a' that  
For a' that and a' that,  
Their tinsel show, and a' that ;  
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,  
Is king o' men for a' that.

" Ye see yon birkie, ca'd I a lord,  
Wha' struts and stares' and a' that ;  
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a coof for a' that.  
For a' that, and a' that,  
His riband, star, and a' that,  
The man of independent mind,  
He looks and laughs for a' that.

" A prince can mak a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;  
But an honest man's aboon his might.  
Gude faith, he manna fa' that !  
For a' that, and a' that,  
Their dignities and a' that,  
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
Are higher rank than a' that.

"Then let us pray that come what may,  
 As come it will for a' that;  
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
 May bear the gree, and a' that;  
 For a' that, and a' that;  
 It's coming yet, for a' that;  
 That man to man, the world o'er,  
 Shall brothers be for a' that."

—Robert Burns.

## DESTINY OF THE NATION.

### PARKER PILLSBURY'S PROPHECY.

The nation is hastening to its baptism. It is a baptism of blood. It were downright atheism not to believe it. It was prophecy, dictated by inspiration, when the sage of Monticello, beholding the tears of the oppressed, exclaimed: "*I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just, and that His justice cannot sleep forever.*"

No matter though the warning were not thundered from Mount Sinai, nor threatened in stern decree by Hebrew prophet commissioned of God. It was founded on the highest, holiest philosophy. It was based on Nature's irrevocable statutes—on the never-changing law that links events to their causes throughout the universe.

By a moral evaporation has our guilt been ascending, until the dark cloud hangs suspended in the heavens all charged with thunder, too soon to hurl the bolts of all nature's righteous indignation down upon us. Sorry philosopher is he who thinks to stay the desolation. Nature must be false to herself, must repeal her eternal mandates, or the dread prediction shall be fulfilled.

There is a moral as well as physical gravitation, and the laws of both are beyond all human control. Call it what men may, the vengeance of Jehovah or the action of natural causes and

effects, the result is the same. Who needs one to come from heaven to assure him that *the wages of sin is death*? The solemn declaration is written, not on Judean parchment alone, by pen of inspiration, but in all history, in all experience, and on nature's broad face all over the domain of God.

There is no longer hope. The church should have averted the doom. She might have done it; but instead, she has invited it, with most unholy zeal. No depravity has been too desperate for her to sanction. Slavery has been her delight. Slave breeders and slave brokers, slave drivers and slave owners, their hands dripping with blood of the bondman, have ever been welcomed to her sacramental feasts. There is no salvation in such a church; there can be none. Rather is she not a mill-stone on the nation's neck, to make more dread and certain the nation's calamity?

CONCORD, N. H., 1847.

No truer prophecy was ever spoken than the above. And as terrible a judgment awaits this nation at no distant day, if the workers of iniquity do not cease poisoning the food they sell to the people, and turn to the paths of righteousness and deal justly and learn this truth quickly, that it is as great a crime to poison your neighbor as it was to sell him into slavery, as our southern brothers did in anti-bellum times, and that a terrible curse awaits them if they continue in wrong doing.—ED.

#### COLUMBIA'S LAND.

Is your armor all on for the glorious strife,  
 And your oath recorded on high?  
 Are you pledged for fair freedom that's dearer than life.  
 Or fighting for freedom to die?  
 If so, fellow freemen, then give the right hand,  
 And swear that for freedom forever you'll stand.

This land we hold sacred, and 'tis left to our trust—  
 God bless the fair land of the brave!

Should old Shylock but tread on our forefather's dust,  
 It would rouse the old dead from the grave,  
 Then rise fellow freemen and give the right hand  
 And swear for justice forever you'll stand.

In Columbia's land a spoiler abide,  
 Profaning its love and its charms?  
 Shall avarice sever the loved wife from our side,  
 And tear our sweet babes from our arms?  
 If not, fellow freemen, then give the right hand,  
 And swear that old Shylock we never will stand.

Shall avarice enchain us, my countrymen, No!  
 From earth let the tyrant be driven!  
 For millions of freemen shall teach the proud foe  
 That the fetters they've forged shall be riven.  
 Now rise, fellow freemen, and give the right hand  
 And drive the old Shylock straight out of the land.

—*John M. Todd, 1861.*

#### REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT A FAILURE.

We must come back to a Democratic form of Government. That is, we have tried the Representative form, and we all must see that it invites bribery and corruption. And my present remedy is referendum, that is when a law has been passed by the legislature it will not become a law until it has been referred to the people, so they can vote upon it before it becomes a law. That is, if a certain number of voters wish to have it referred to the people. You see that would do away with the practice of large corporations, bribing law-makers for they would at once see the folly of purchasing legislators, for it would be a too uncertain investment, if they knew the people could, and probably would vote upon and destroy it and what they had paid out to the representatives had gone up the spout where the woodbine twineth. Oh, that the people would inform themselves, they would find the panacea for their political and economic ills in the ballot, not strikes and war.



## TROUBLE AHEAD.—LET IT COME.

We run across croakers every day who are shivering and shaking for fear that trouble will come out of the labor movement. They hardly dare speak above a whisper, but when they do speak it is with fear and trembling lest we shall have trouble before the labor difficulties are settled. We have no fears of any more trouble in the future than has been in the past. We have been in trouble ever since we were born, and much of our trouble has been to know where the next month's provisions were to come from; how we should get the next suit of clothes when these were gone unless we could get trusted again. But the trouble in the future is not going to be so much with the laboring class as with those who have been reaping millions from the toil of others. The men who have systematically robbed the producers of all wealth are going to be troubled in the future to get such big dividends as they have in the past. That is where the trouble is going to be, and that is what makes the croakers referred to in the beginning of this article, turn pale at the mention of the name, Socialism.

Politicians are going to be troubled in the future about getting a second election after they have betrayed those who elected them. Our congressmen are going to be troubled to show by acts instead of words that they are in sympathy with the laboring class, while all political rings will have much trouble in wiping in the votes as in days gone by. In fact, Mr. Croaker, the day of deliverance is near at hand for the millions of toilers of the earth, while trouble is brewing for the evil doers. Let it come. It is the kind of trouble that ought to have come long ago by an intelligent ballot.—*Boston American*.

## ANDREW JACKSON.

We endorse it. It is a state paper that will live on in the ages. We are in the same crucible now :

"But if they (Congress) have the power to regulate the currency, it was conferred to be exercised by themselves and not to be transferred to corporations. . . . It is neither necessary nor proper to transfer its legislative powers to such a bank, and therefore unconstitutional."—*President Jackson's message July 10, 1832.*

Corporations which create the paper money cannot be relied on to keep the circulating medium uniform in amount.—*President Jackson's Farewell Address.*

"In the full enjoyment of the blessings of heaven, and the fruits of superior industry, economy and virtue, every man is equally entitled to protection by law. But when the laws undertake to add to these natural and just advantages, artificial distinctions—to grant titles, gratuities and exclusive privileges, to make the rich richer and more powerful—the humble members of society, the farmers, mechanics and laborers, who have neither the time nor the means of securing like favor to themselves, have a right to complain of the injustice of their government."—*President Jackson.*

Many years ago over the door of an inn in London, hung a sign representing the four ruling elements of the government. It was the picture of four men standing upon the shoulders of each other. At the top stood the king, and on his breast was the legend, "I govern all;" under him stood the soldier, and on his breast was the motto, "I fight for all;" next came the clergyman, upon whose breast were the words, "I pray for all;" at the bottom stood the laborer, every nerve strained to support his tremendous burden, and on his breast was written, "I pay for all."

#### A WORD ON THE LABOR QUESTION.

Socialists: You are right in seeking to protect and elevate labor; but you are wrong if you forget that capital honestly obtained is labor; it is the stored up energy of labor. Don't

overlook your strongest argument. Here it is: According to the census of 1880 the wealth of this country increased the ten preceding years from \$24,000,000,000 to \$43,640,000,000. In the same time, the same census reveals the average wages of the laboring man per annum decreased from a little more than \$400 to a little more than \$300. That is, while the wealth increased some eighty per cent wages decreased one-fourth. There is something frightfully wrong in this. Machinery and the competitive system applied to wages are grinding the working man. We must look this fact in the face. In some way it can be righted. There can be no permanent progress that does not lift society from the bottom. Free discussion, the force of reason with patience, will right the wrong.

#### NO WAR DEBT.

When Babylon went down, two per cent of her population owned all of her wealth. The people were starved to death.

When Persia went down, one per cent of her population owned the land.

When Rome went down, 1,800 men owned all the whole world.

There are about forty millions of people in England, Ireland and Wales, and 100,000 men own all the land in the United Kingdom.

For the past twenty years the United States has rapidly followed in the steps of those old nations. Here are the figures: In 1850, capitalists owned thirty-seven and one-half per cent of the nation's wealth. In 1870 they owned sixty-three per cent. In 1880, about 30,000 owned three-fifths of the entire wealth.—*People's Advocate*.

When the patriot Lincoln saw the deliberate preparation made for just the crimes of the rich against the poor that are above indicated, no wonder that his heart—bleeding for the

woes that threatened his country, and which he was powerless to avert—gave utterance to the following mournful prophecy:

I see in the near future a crisis arising that unnerves me, and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned, and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until wealth is aggregated in a few hands, and the republic is destroyed. I feel, at this point, more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of war.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

His far-sighted policy had been such as to avoid the contraction of a great war debt in imitation of the great European powers, and yet he had seen measures set on foot (in accordance with the advice of British bankers to American bankers to "see to it that a great debt is made out of the war,") to counteract his beneficent plans, and, in imitation of England, saddle, if possible, a vast debt for all time upon the shoulders of labor. The present status is that in which (after paying over \$4,000,000,000 for nothing, to these heartless conspirators,) what is left—now put into the form of debt, not money, as it was under his planning—will require for its payment, in the products of labor (real values), far more than would have paid it all, when their cruel schemes were, alas, successfully made. Let it forever be known that at the close of the war, when the infernal scheme of spoliation by contraction of the country's currency began, there was no war debt.

We often notice in the public print such expressions as "the great war debt of the Rebellion." We now undertake to deny all such expressions. They are false. The late war between the states created no debt of consequence. When Lincoln came into office he found a gigantic war on his hands, and an empty treasury. He attempted to borrow money, and succeeded in getting about \$75,000,000 at big interest. No foreign nation

did or would loan us a dollar or buy a bond of us. That \$75,000,000 was all lost by the first great battle at Bull's Run.

Lincoln, the man of emergencies, not able or willing to borrow more money, determined to coin paper money. The mints were put to coining paper money of various kinds and denominations. Therefore no war debt was created. These greenbacks and 7-30 notes were the money that saved the Union and freed the negro. Gold and silver coins ceased to circulate Jan. 1, 1862, and did no war service. But, says one, the greenbacks and 7-30 notes were a debt. That is utterly false; they were not debt except in form. Hon. F. E. Spinner, ex-Treasurer, said, August 17, 1876, "In answer, I have to say that the 7-30 notes were intended, prepared, issued and used as money."

Our great debt is not a war debt, but an afterthought. The bonds are the debt, and were issued for class purposes. The bond act, the bank act and funding act were special class legislation to create a national debt; to enslave the poor and to make millionaires; and these acts have accomplished the end intended.

We have no war debt, and never had one that could not have been paid off by any United States Treasurer any day he wished.

Not only have the billions paid to bondholders been filched from the earnings of labor, but also the tens of billions stolen by mortgage foreclosures, vast sums of usury and untold amounts, the result of shrinkage of values occasioned by lessening the amount of debt-paying money of the country. All these pluckings of the poor by the dangerously rich would probably aggregate more than one-half of all the present wealth of the country. This sum, vast as it is, must be, probably, doubled by the loss of earnings of the millions of laborers who have been deprived of the privilege of earning anything, and hence turned into vagabonds, tramps, and, in vast numbers of cases, criminals, by this hellish policy set on foot and forced upon the country by traitorous bankers. Shylock is always the same

cruel being. Although it is not nominated in the bond, he does not fail to take with his pound of flesh all the blood he can get. He is—in the very nature of his calling—a murderer, and when the time of reckoning comes it will be apparent to an astonished world, not only that all his goods are forfeit, but with them his life itself, since he has plotted against the life of his fellow citizens.

The judgment of the "great and dreadful day of the Lord," now at hand, that shall strip him bare of all his ill-gotten gains and reduce him to a level with his plundered victim, will be a righteous judgment of the Almighty. Let him not—in his fancied security, trusting in money which has been his strong tower hitherto—imagine such catastrophe is, for him, impossible! It would require only the destruction of his god, Mammon, to render him a poor, weak, despised and helpless thing. Such destruction is just as certain as that there is a God who cares for righteousness, and will rescue the poor and oppressed out of the hand of the oppressor, bringing in the kingdom of righteousness in earth.—*O. F. L.*

#### WHO OWNS THE WEALTH?

In England one-thirtieth of the people own four-fifths of the wealth.

In Scotland 1,700 persons own nine-tenths of the wealth.

In Ireland 700 persons own one-half of the land.

In the United States seventy persons own \$3,700,000,000.

Less than fifty persons control the entire currency and fifteen of them can precipitate a panic at any time.

If a government contracted a debt with a certain amount of money in circulation, and then contracted the money volume before the debt was paid, it is the most heinous crime that a government could commit against the people.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

## IT IS TIME.

In this age when gold is king,  
 Sitting on a brazen throne;  
 When 'tis thought the proper thing,  
 Rating men by what they own;  
 When the brute is more and more,  
 And the spirit less and less;  
 When the world is lorded o'er  
 By corruption and excess;  
 It is time that men of worth  
 Boldly step into the van,  
 With this message to the earth;  
 Down with Mammon, up with Man.

We have seen the idler feast,  
 While the toiler lacked for bread;  
 We have seen the king and priest  
 Rob the living and the dead;  
 We have seen the thief arrayed  
 In the purple robes of state,  
 While the honest man was made  
 To beg succor at his gate.  
 It has ever been the same,  
 Since our human world began.  
 Let us stop the sickening game,  
 Down with Mammon, up with Man.

Earth is far too wise and old  
 For a lording or a slave;  
 For to heed a band of gold  
 On the forehead of a knave;  
 Far too old for war and hate;  
 Old enough for brotherhood;  
 Wise enough to found a state,  
 Where men seek each other's good.  
 We have followed self too long.  
 Let us try a better plan;  
 Keep the right, subdue the wrong.  
 Down with Mammon, up with Man.

Many of the brightest, best,  
 Of the earth, were counted poor.  
 Some possessed not where to rest ;  
 Others toil and hardships bore.  
 Homer, at the dawn of Greece,  
 Sung and begged from day to day.  
 Buddha, born with palaces,  
 Flung as baubles all away.  
 Wealth is by the devil prized.  
 God has cursed it with a ban.  
 Let us hear the pauper, Christ.  
 Down with Mammon, up with Man.

O, my people, will you heed?  
 Be no more like beasts of prey.  
 Turn from selfishness and greed.  
 Let us find a nobler way.  
 From the worn out lies of old,  
 Let us make the whole world free.  
 Down with kings and priests and gold ;  
 Up with God, Humanity.  
 We are tired of hate and crime,  
 Let us crush them while we can.  
 Let us hail the better time.  
 Down with Mammon, up with Man.

—*J. A. Edgerton.*

#### CHARLES MARTEL.

When the Turks in wild advance  
 Swarmed upon the land of France,  
 Then, like Scandinavian Thor,  
 Charles of France arose to war !

And aloft in the battling van,  
 Swung the emblem of a man—  
 Lifting over falchion's edge,  
 Labor's sign—his iron sledge !

Then, while Europe paused aghast,  
 Fiercely into war he cast  
 Iron of manhood, wielded well ;  
 So they called him—Charles Martel !



Charles the Hammer! Back from him  
 Crescent waned, in shadows dim;  
 Back from Europe's rescued soul—  
 Shattered by that Cross of Toil!

Iron of Manhood! Labor's Cross!  
 Lift it still o'er golden dross!  
 Lift it still, in battling van—  
 Emblems of enfranchised Man!

For, for while arm of flesh can wield—  
 Labor's sledge, in forge or field,—  
 Labor's sledge at forge or bench  
 Chains from Manhood it shall wrench!

Never a right was ever wrought,  
 Never a wrong was ever fought,  
 Never a blow for mankind fell,  
 Save through Hammer wielded well!

And if here, on Freedom's soil,  
 Men would wield their Sign of Toil—  
 Wield it over golden dross,  
 Wield it—as their Iron Cross.

—*Col. A. J. Dauganne in N. Y. Advocate.*

#### A NOTABLE SERMON.

On the fifteenth of December Rev. Myron Reed preached to his congregation in Denver, on "Socialism," choosing for his text: Revelation xxi: 1, "And I saw a new Heaven and a new Earth."

All the prophets and poets have seen the same thing. Isaiah looked forward to an utter change of the face of the earth and the hearts of the people of the earth.

Robert Burns saw a new earth, and so did Alfred Tennyson when he was young. Plato looked away from the decaying world around him and saw Atlantis. Sir Thomas Moore, about to suffer death, was writing "Eutopia."

There ought to be a new earth, and what ought to be will be. No one will assert that this is the ideal social system—this one

that we are living under. Isaiah would not be satisfied with it, nor Plato. We are not satisfied with it. It is a makeshift.

We have been sending money and sympathy to Ireland, and that was right and effective. Home rule is in sight. But in 1890 there were more than 23,000 evictions in New York. That means more than 100,000 people turned out of doors. That is to say in one American city the evictions as compared with Ireland were more than four to one.

More than 300,000 people exist on one square mile of the city of New York. The east end of New York makes the east end of London look thinly inhabited.

What a summer we had. War up in Idaho and Wyoming, and down in Tennessee, and at Buffalo and Homestead. These little wars cost millions. Nothing was settled by them. Lock-outs and strikes will continue. It is no wonder that we hear prophets and poets saying, "I see a new Heaven and a new earth." They are very much needed.

I see they are driving a certain class of women out of Pittsburg. Where to? What sense in this persecution? It is as useless as it is cruel.

The question of woman's wages is a moral question. Wellington reproved a soldier for some fault and the soldier reminded the great captain that "You can not hire all the cardinal virtues for seven dollars a month."

Poverty and ignorance get together and crime is born.

But I need not tell you that this social order is not to be admired.

A socialist desires something better. He may think that a new earth will come in by persuasion. He thinks it will come in. Surely this state of things we are familiar with is not permanent. There is much righteous discontent. It makes itself felt by speeches and newspapers and books. There is a literature of discontent. If you read Hamlin Garland's stories of the West you realize their absolute photographic truth. One rises up saying they are too true. "Cæsar's Column" is a powerful book. Men have learned by "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

that there is nothing so persuasive as a story, and modern novels are full of the social questions of the day. They are sold by the ton.

*The Arena Magazine* has gone quickly almost to the front because it recognizes the signs of the times. The word socialist does not scare anybody now. We find that often he is an amiable gentleman who would like to hear of less suicide, less extortion, less eviction, less greed, and less blood. He lifts up his eyes and sees a new earth. "Looking Backward" is a book that is bought and borrowed a good deal.

#### I HAVE COME.

I have come, and the world shall be shaken  
     Like a reed, at the touch of my rod,  
 And the kingdoms of time shall awaken  
     To the voice and the summons of God.  
 No more through the din of the ages  
     Shall warnings and chidings divine,  
 From the lips of my prophets and sages  
     Be trampled like pearls before swine.

Ye have stolen my lands and my cattle;  
     Ye have kept back from labor its meed;  
 Ye have challenged the outcast to battle  
     When they plead at your feet in their need;  
 And when clamors of hunger grew louder,  
     And the multitudes prayed to be fed,  
 Ye have answered with prisons and powder  
     The cries of your brothers for bread.

I turn from your altars and arches,  
     And the mocking of steeples and domes,  
 To join in the long, weary marches  
     Of the ones ye have robbed of their homes.  
 I share in the sorrows and crosses  
     Of the naked, the hungry and cold,  
 And dearer to me are their losses  
     Than your gains and your idols of gold.

I will wither the might of the spoiler,  
 I will laugh at your dungeons and locks ;  
 The tyrant shall yield to the toiler,  
 And your judges eat grass like the ox,  
 For the prayers of the poor have ascended  
 To be written in lightnings on high,  
 And the wails of your captives have blended  
 With the bolts that must leap from the sky.

The thrones of your kings shall be shattered,  
 And the prisoner and serf shall go free ;  
 I will harvest from seed that I scattered  
 On the borders of blue Galilee.  
 For I come not alone and a stranger—  
 Lo! my reapers will sing through the night  
 Till the star that stood over the manager  
 Shall cover the world with its light.

*James G. Clark.*

“The first result of the invention of machinery has been to increase the wealth of the few. The hope of the world is that through invention man can finally take such advantages of these forces of nature, of the weight of water, of the force of mind, of steam, of electricity, that they will do the work of the world; and it is the hope of the really civilized that these inventions will finally cease to be the property of the few, to the end that they may do the work for all. When those who do the work on the machines, when those who toil control the inventions, then and not till then can the world be civilized or free. When these forces shall do the bidding of the individual, when they become the property of the mechanic instead of the monopolist, when they belong to labor instead of what is called capital, when these great powers are as free to the individual laborer as the air and light are now free to all, then, and not until then, the individual will be restored and all forms of slavery will disappear.”—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

I was asked, “When did you become a Socialist?” “When I first read the Sermon delivered on the Mount,” was my reply.

"And I will punish the world for their evil, and the wicked for their iniquity, and I will cause the arrogancy of the proud to cease, and will lay low the haughtiness of the terrible.

"I will make a man more precious than fine gold; even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir." Isaiah 13: 11-12.

That time has not yet arrived, but it will; I can see its dawn even now, and socialism is the means, politically, to help bring it about. The law of evolution has, and is, forcing it upon the world, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. The fall of Babylon the Great is none other than this competitive system that we are now living under, and it is based upon the lowest animal instincts of our nature, whose language is, "Look out for yourself and the devil take the hindmost." So long as that system adheres, so long will men be slaves, for man is not looked upon as the image of God and respected as such, but instead is respected, or at least pretended to be, because of his wealth or attainments and environments, and not because of his possibilities that some time in the great future will be developed because he is made but little lower than the angels, possessing all the possibilities of the highest archangel. I know of no greater basis for the recognition and respect of my fellow men than this, that we are the sons of and made in the image of our great and all-wise Creator, and consequently cannot, or should not, be enslaved by poverty. Therefore, the means of production should not be in possession of the rich and the few. So long as they are, just so long will the masses be enslaved, for he who owns my job owns my bread, and he who owns my bread owns me.

The late Horace Mann, in an address before the Boston Library Association fifty years ago, said: "I may as well be dependent for my head as for my bread. The time is sure to come when men will look back upon the prerogative of capital, with as just and severe condemnation, as we now look back on the predatory chieftains of the dark ages."

## WE HAVE NO TIME.

We have no time to "hem" and "haw,"  
 We have no time to pray;  
 We have no time to mope and moan,  
 We've work to do to-day.

We have no time to choose our words,  
 No time to laugh and play;  
 We needs must get our armor on,  
 There's work to do to-day.

Let cowards slink to caves unknown,  
 And traitor-curs betray,  
 But we will fight both day and night  
 To keep the "wolves" at bay.

We have no time for useless gems  
 Or broadcloth to display,  
 Let fools bow down to fashion's gods,  
 But let us *work* to-day.

The call resounds through every land,  
 Up, Comrades, and obey!  
 The fight is won if every son  
 Will do his *best* to-day!

—*Samuel King.*

Socialism means that all those things upon which the people in common depend shall by the people in common be owned and administered. It means that the tools of employment shall belong to their creators and users; that all production shall be for the direct use of the producers; that the making of goods for profit shall come to an end; that we shall all be workers together and that all opportunities shall be open and equal to all men.

## SOCIALIST CITY PLATFORM.

The Socialist Party of Portland, reaffirms its allegiance to the principles of the National and International Socialist Movement.

We declare our object to be the establishment of a system of industry, under which the people shall own the means of production and distribution, and operate them for the benefit of all; so that all production shall be for the use of the people, that the making of commodities for profit shall come to an end, that we all may be workers together and that all opportunities shall be open and equal to all mankind.

We indite the present economic system because it is bad economically, morally and politically.

We, therefore, demand the public ownership of the water works, electric railroads, gas and electric lighting, fuel yards and all other public utilities.

These shall be run in the interest of the whole people and under a just system of civil service, so that employees cannot be discharged arbitrarily, as is now done under private ownership, looking first to the interest of the working class.

We demand a secret ballot which will relieve voters from corporation and political spies.

We also demand as follows :

An eight-hour day on public work; and the abolition of contract work.

Provision shall be made for the employment of the unemployed.

School rooms shall be utilized evenings for lectures and other educational purposes.

Socialism is simply applied Christianity, the Golden Rule applied to every day life.—*Prof. Richard T. Ely.*

Socialism is a theory of society that advocates a more precise, orderly, and harmonious arrangement of the social relations of mankind than that which has hitherto prevailed.—*Webster's Dictionary.*

Public schools, streets, the post office, the fire department, police department, light-house service, etc., are all examples of industries publicly operated, every citizen gets the same service

and it works harm to no one. Under Socialism all industries which supply the needs of all the people would be publicly operated, and better service would result to all.

Socialism appeals to the reason and advocates the greatest good to all.

In other political parties the candidates ask you to vote for them so that they can get the benefits to be derived from holding the office, the socialists ask you to vote their "ticket" in order that a principle may be carried out, that the public may be benefited instead of private parties.

Graft always comes from some privately owned industry trying to secure the right to make profit out of the public.

Socialists believe that everyone should have the full product of their toil, if a man would not work he could have what he produced also, and no one would object.

There are hundreds of thousands of people out of employment in the United States. Every combination of capital throws out still more, it may be your turn next. Socialism guarantees employment to all. If necessary or advisable the hours of labor would be reduced; but all will have an opportunity to work.

#### THE EPISCOPAL ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.

The recent pastoral letter of Bishop Potter, of New York, on the labor troubles, has attracted universal attention. New York is justly proud of Bishop Potter. He is just fifty-one years of age, was ordained a priest at the age of twenty-three, and was consecrated bishop in 1883. He was formerly rector of Grace church. Of his letter the *New York Sun* says:

It is Dr. Potter's firm conviction and deliberate affirmance that society must be reorganized until it reflects the lessons of the Sermon on the Mount far more faithfully than now. He



recognizes and declares that this cannot be done by almsgiving. He tells the representatives of organized capital that the fundamental doctrines of their political economy have been tested by the touchstone of Christ's teachings and found wanting, and that their vaunted principle of supply and demand must be radically modified before its relentless gyves are immovably fastened upon the lives and hopes of men.

But for the fundamental change in the relations of employers and employed, which he pronounces indispensable to the safety of the state.

Dr. Potter would recall the pulpit to its duty and all public teachers to their mission; he would set in motion every influence by which opinion can be leavened through and through with that spirit of all penetrating benignity and brotherhood which ought to animate every honest follower of Christ, With public opinion thus inspired, no revolution would be needed to bring about a welcome change in the direction of equality in agrarian, economical and social conditions. Legislation would speedily obey the impulse of sympathy and kindness.

#### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

In the opening prayer in the House of Representatives the chaplain besought the Lord to enable the educated and intelligent men and women of the land to comprehend that in this republican country there could be no privileged class, and in this democratic age no aristocracy could be founded and built of the fabled blood of Norman, Guelph or Ghibelline, on titles to gold or lands or stock, on power of public office or private corporation, but that our best society must be the growth of sound brains, informed by wide instruction on good hearts and loving, fervently bending with reverence toward God and love to man, and with supreme devotion to noble uses, sweet and generous behavior, learned not from the dancing master, nor in courts of princes, but in the school of self reliance, wills braced to heroic endeavor and endurance, capable of sacrifice of self

for the common weal, the wants and the woes of others. He prayed that God might forbid the rich and prosperous from attempting to import and reproduce on our new soil the pomps and shows, the folly and fashions, the luxury and pride, of other climes lest the giant anarchy, blind through ignorance and rage, like sightless Samson be goaded to madness by oppression.

The *New York Sun* calls attention to the fact that thus far over 9,000 bills had been introduced into Congress during the present session. Most of these are pure "crank" measures which have no possible chance of ever becoming law. They are not introduced for any such purpose, and probably the men who introduce them would be horrified if they discovered any prospect that they would be passed. They are introduced generally for the purpose of satisfying some crack-brain constituents whose support may be useful in the next election.

#### SOCIALISM IS NOT COMMUNISM.

At the regular semi-monthly meeting of the Socialists held in Chicago, April 12, the following resolution was offered by one of the members, and after a very heated debate was finally adopted :

*Resolved*, That as in the United States government is but the reflex of the intelligence and morality of the people, it is wrong and useless to advocate or attempt its destruction by force, and that, so long as men are free to speak and write, to organize and vote, we will not countenance other than the peaceful agitation of our ideas; and as modern Socialism is not Communism, and is emphatically opposed to Anarchism, we earnestly protest against the indiscriminate use of these names as interchangeable terms by public speakers and writers.

#### TORCH-BEARERS OF REVOLUTION.

Has it ever struck the rich that they are the dangerous class? If their excesses and base displays of wealth tempt the destitute, if their hands lie like burdens upon the oppressed, if they

are forgetful of the obligations of property and ever thinking of its rights, if they combine to best the laborer in his struggle for bread for his little ones, if they flaunt their flags of ease and luxury in the faces of poverty and hunger, they are but the torch-bearers of revolution.

Louis XIV, with his tyranny, and Louis XV, with his luxury, and Versailles and Mme. de Pompadour, and Mme. du Barry and the Oeil de Roef and the languid infamies of the *Ancien Régimé* were the causes of the French Revolution, and the privileged monopolies of this time are guilty before God and men for not a little of the violence now epidemic.

Associated with the cause of crime is one more prolific and direct, one in which we bargain with God for gold and pander, for money, to envy, hatred, malice and lust. Everywhere the animalism of brutal passions still crowds our streets with the infamies of its victims and the wretchedness which dogs its heels. Still, when a newspaper fights this evil it is denounced as "yellow," and when a preacher lifts his voice against it he is scored as "red," and both are spit upon by alleged philosophy, and spurned by so-called intellect, and insulted with shameful lies.

#### ON TO VICTORY.

Oh, sons of Columbia, rise in your might,  
Enroll with the banner of justice and right,  
And freedom, your heritage, sacredly guard;  
The ballot is mightier far than the sword.

As of old the knight-errant in panoplied steel  
Rode forth from his castle with boldin and shield,  
With waving of pennon, and lance in the rest,  
To succor the weak and avenge the distressed,—

So now, let us put on the armor of right,  
The breast-plate of justice, the boldin of light,  
And go forth to protect, not the Trusts that command,  
But the workman, the toiler, the tiller of land.

Through all our road land, from the east to the west  
Our cohorts shall gather, our wrongs to redress  
And in strength our union, our banner uphold  
And march on to victory under its fold.

*Mrs. R. Bishop.*

Great teachers really do not teach us anything—in their presence we simply become different people.

#### AS TO SCIENCE AND WHAT IS BEST FOR HUMAN GOOD.

It was not so very long ago that the profession of teaching was entirely in the hands of the theologians. All things, secular and sacred, that were taught to young or old were taught by priests. Priests decided what books should be printed and what not. The priest decided as to what should be taught, and how it should be taught, and beyond him there was no appeal.

Instead of refuting natural science by natural science, theology sought to silence science by citing Scripture.

Galileo, writing in 1610, complains because the theologians would not so much as look through his telescope to see that the earth revolved, under serious penalty. The works of Galileo and Copernicus were forbidden to all good Catholics, and were upon the Index for over two hundred and fifty years, or until 1836. For teaching the truths of natural science Bruno was burned alive, and his ashes scattered to the four winds.

The policy of every formal religion has always been to allow the fullest play possible to individuality, and yet not risk the life of the institution. The institution being the important thing—the individual, secondary.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT ONCE SAID, THE  
PUBLIC BE DAMNED.

When Public Bedamned surrendered,  
Like other mortals, and died,  
Ten millions to each of his children  
\$10,000,000.

He left, and millions beside!  
Oh! careless and thoughtless mortals,  
Can any of you declare  
How many millions were paupered  
To make this millionaire?

Can you tell how much of the burden  
The laborers have to bear  
To pay the annual interest  
On each of the children's share?  
At four per cent per annum,  
The interest every year,  
On each ten million of dollars,  
Is four hundred thousand clear.  
\$400,000.

Thus unto Bedamned's eight children  
Ten times this sum would fall  
Each year, or just three millions  
Two hundred thousand in all!  
\$3,200,000.

Divide the wealth of the nation  
Up into ten million shares,  
How many would have ten millions  
If they were the nation's heirs?

Our wealth is about sixty billions;  
\$60,000,000,000.

Ten millions into each soul,  
And only six thousand people  
6,000.

Would gather in the whole;  
And fifty-nine million nine hundred  
And ninety-four thousand slaves,  
59,994,000.

Of our sixty millions of people,  
Would not own even their graves!

Yet Public Bedamned had his millions  
 One hundred and ninety or o'er,  
 \$190,000,000.  
 And yearly he drew from the toilers  
 Not far from ten millions or more;  
 Counting wages per year at five hundred,  
 \$500.  
 Then into his coffers were crammed  
 The wages of full twenty thousand  
 20,000.  
 To keep old Public Bedamned!

Three hundred and sixteen persons,  
 316.  
 Each owning as much as he,  
 Would monopolize every farthing  
 Of the nation's property!  
 The rest of our sixty millions  
 59,999,684.  
 Would all be underlings,  
 Consenting to live in bondage  
 To these few money kings!

We have twelve million families;  
 One hundred and ninety to each,  
 \$190,000,000.  
 Two thousand two hundred and eighty  
 Trillions the sum would reach!  
 \$2,280,000,000,000,000.  
 Divide our sixty billions  
 Among our families free,  
 And only five thousand dollars  
 \$5,000.  
 Would fall to each family.

The man who owns but a million  
 \$1,000,000.  
 Is rated as only fair!  
 Yet only sixty thousand  
 60,000.  
 Could each have a million share—  
 The sum which two hundred households  
 200.

Must yield, if he controls,  
Or the individual portions  
Of full one thousand souls!

1,000.

Oh! citizens—sisters and brothers—  
Can none of you see the wrong  
Imposed on you and your children  
By Mammon's usurious throng!  
If not, then good-by to your manhood—  
Your much-boasted freedom, good-by!  
To the scattering winds throw your ballots—  
You're not fit to live or to die!

## THE PRAYERS I USED IN LIFE.

With these four prayers I got along very well, without making up any of my own :

### THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever, Amen.

### MONTGOMERY'S DEFINITION OF PRAYER.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire  
Unuttered, or expressed.  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the heaving of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye  
When none but God is near.

### ALEXANDER POPE'S PRAYER.

Father of all in every age,  
In every clime adored,  
By saint, by savage, or by sage,  
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

Thou great first cause, least understood,  
Who all my sense confine,  
To know but this, that thou art godd,  
And I myself am blind.



Lead me through this dark estate,  
 To know the good from ill,  
 Binding all nature fast in fate,  
 Left free the human will.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,  
 Since quickened by thy breath  
 Lead me, wheresoe'er I go,  
 Through this day, life or death.

Let not this weak, presuming hand,  
 Thy thunderbolts to throw  
 And deal damnation through the land,  
 In each I judge a foe.

This day be meat and peace my lot,  
 All else beneath the sun  
 Thou knowest whether best bestowed or not,  
 And let Thy will be done.

Give me to feel another's woe,  
 To hide the fault I see;  
 That mercy I to others show,  
 That mercy show to me.

#### BYRON'S PRAYER OF NATURE.

Father of Light, on thee I call,  
 Thou seest my soul is dark within;  
 Thou who doth mark the sparrow's fall,  
 Avert from me the death of sin.

No shrine I seek of sect unknown—  
 Oh, point me to the path of truth.  
 Thy dread Omnipotence I own,  
 Spare yet amend the faults of youth.

Shall man confine his Maker's sway  
 To Gothic domes of smouldering stone,  
 Thy temple is the face of day  
 Earth, Ocean, Heaven, Thy Boundless Throne.

## GEORGE JACOB HOLYOKE'S PRAYER.

If, in that illimitable and coherent mystery which we call the Universe, there bendeth a listening ear to creatures who presume to speak, we ask chiefly that there may be given unto us reticence and modesty.

We pray not for the rich, who have more means of happiness than belong to them; nor for the powerful, who have more resources for doing good than they use. We exclaim, with the great Persian Sadi: "O God, have mercy on the wicked, for thou hast done everything for the good in making them good. We pray that sense be given to the poor, who are poor because they want sense. We pray not merely for the poor of this land where we speak, but for the poor of every country, for the barbarian of every clime, for the slave who is in bonds and the slaves who are free."

Teach civilized and cultivated men to understand that God is at least a gentleman whose lofty generosity is above incompetent praise, and shrinks from the weariness of interminable pauper thanks; and, above all, teach the people that they dwell in a self-acting universe, and that its conjectured author can derive no honor save in beholding a self-helping, independent and gladsome world. O Nature, thou art more intelligent than any church, more merciful than any creed, more joyous than any psalm! Deserting the awful impostures of superstition and terror, let the plain people learn to trust, and know that there can be no glory to any good save in the happiness of his creatures, human and otherwise. Give to the people ambition without vanity; give them purposes which they know to be compatible with the good of others; give them the love of politics apart from speculation; enable them to see that freedom is not outrage. Above all, endow them with the grandest charm of equality, quietness, courtesy, and deference to each other.

The truths of Nature come into view like the distant stars filling the night of the world with new wonder and new light.

Truth bubbles like the gracious fountain which dances in desert and glade, that man, parched by error, may be allured to its joyous streams, and into their hearts that they may grow in virtue and happiness.

#### CHAPLAIN'S PRAYER.

In the House of Representatives, this morning, quite a sensation was produced when the chaplain devoted his opening prayer to an invocation to God to rid the land of gamblers, whether in cards, dice, chips, stocks, wheat, bucket shops, or boards of trade, to lead the people to know that money making other than by the sweat of the face was contrary to his laws.

On motion of Mr. Butterworth of Ohio, seconded by Mr. Weaver of Iowa, the prayer was ordered to be inserted in the record. March 22, 1886.

## SHORT STORIES.

In Vermont there once lived an old shoemaker. He was a very devout man, widely known for his brusque speech and manners. "But as for the pure his work was right." Prov. 21 : 8. He believed that all men were created free and equal, as the Declaration of Independence declares; he also believed that all labor was respectable and laborers should be respected and the working man treated as well as any one else. He was a Methodist of the old school. One day the minister, who had just been appointed to preach in the place, called upon him. He had never seen "Old Uncle Jake," as he was called by all. The minister introduced himself and said, "I have heard of you for a long time, and I desired to meet you. I have heard of your great piety and the noble work you have done in the church, and have called upon you—the first call I have made on any one of the members of the church—and notwithstanding your humble vocation I have made my first call upon you."

"My humble vocation! What do you mean by my humble vocation? Do you call it a humble vocation to make shoes for Jesus? Do you see those shoes hanging up there? I made them for Jesus. A few days ago I saw a poor, sick little girl going by in the rain and slush, with shoes all worn out and her feet upon the cold ground. She was coughing, and I said to myself, 'Poor child, she is about gone with that fatal New England scourge, consumption.' So I thought I would make those shoes and give them to her. That other pair hanging up there I shall give to a little destitute boy, a cripple, who went by a few days ago with his bare feet on the cold and icy ground. I hope and trust that I shall see those shoes hung upon the walls of Paradise, if I ever reach there, and I hope the recording angel will say unto me, 'Jake, did you make those shoes?' and then I can hold up my head and say, 'I did.' And I trust that I shall see beside them hung up there on the wall of the

holy city one of your grand sermons, and notwithstanding your great vocation I hope you will not forget you were once a mortal."

#### POPE LEO XIII.

Pope Leo XIII, one of, if not the wisest man who ever sat in the papal chair, once wrote: "The real enemies of the Church have been those over-zealous churchmen who have sought to stamp out error by violence, forgetful that man is little and our God is great, and that in His wisdom the Father of all has provided that evil left alone shall soon exhaust itself, and right, of itself, will surely prevail. Impatient defence of our holy religion springs from limitation and lack of faith. Against its avowed enemies the church stands secure, but against those who are quick to draw the sword and strike off the ear of Malchus we are often powerless. If the servants of the church had ever taught by example, through love and patience, even now the reign of our God would be universal as the flowers of spring carpet the gentle hillside slopes."

For modes of faith let graceless bigots fight,  
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.  
O, blind to truth and God's great scheme below,  
To fancy joy from vice, or virtue, woe.

—*Alexander Pope.*

I have been my own prophet, priest and king; that is, I have done my own prophesying and preaching, and have tried to be king enough to rule my own spirit, for "he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Prov. 16: 32.

THE OLD SHIP OF STATE.

PARODY BY JOHN M. TODD.

Over the dark and the gloomy horizon that bounds her,  
Thro' the storm and the night and the hell that surrounds her,  
I can see with a faith which immortals have given,  
Burning words, blazing out o'er the portals of heaven,  
She will live!

But a part of the freight the old shylocks gave her,  
We must cast to the deep yawning waters to save her,  
'Tis the untaxed bonds we must pay them to right her,  
'Tis the worship of gold we must yield up to right her,  
She will live!

Clean the decks of the curse—if opposed by the owner,  
Hurl the wretch to the wave, as they hurled over Jonah.  
With "Justice to all" gleaming forth from our banner,  
Let the tyrant yet learn we have freemen to man her.  
She will live!

She will live while a billow is swelling before her,  
She will live while the blue arch of heaven bends o'er her,  
While the name of a Christ to the fallen we cherish,  
Till the hopes in the breast of humanity perish,  
She will live!

MEMORY'S RIVER.

In nature's bright blossoms not always reposes  
That strange subtle essence more rare than their bloom,  
Which lies in the hearts of carnations and roses,  
That unexplained something by men called perfume.  
Though modest the flower, yet great is its power  
And pregnant with meaning each pistil and leaf;  
If only it hides there, if only abides there  
The fragrance suggestive of love, joy and grief.

Not always the air that a master composes  
Can stir human heart-strings with pleasure or pain;  
But strange subtle chords like the scent of the roses  
Breathe out of some measures, though simple the strain.

And lo! when you hear them, you love them and fear them;  
You tremble with anguish, you thrill with delight,  
For back of them slumber old dreams without number,  
And faces long vanished peer out into sight.

Those dear, foolish days, when the earth seemed all beauty,  
Before you had knowledge enough to be sad,  
When youth held no higher ideal of duty  
Than just to tilt on through the world and be glad.  
On harmony's river they seemed to float hither  
With all the sweet fancies that hung round that time;  
Life's burdens and troubles turn into air bubbles,  
And break on the music's sweet current of rhyme.

Fair folly comes back with her spell while you listen,  
And points to the paths where she led you of old;  
You gaze on past sunsets, you see dead stars glisten,  
You bathe in life's glory, you swoon in death's cold,  
All pain and all pleasure surge up through those measures,  
Your heart is wrenched open with earthquakes of sound;  
From ashes and embers rise Junes and Decembers—  
Lost islands in fathoms of feeling refound.

Some airs are like outlets of memory's oceans,  
They rise in the past and flow into the heart;  
And down them float shipwrecks of mighty emotions,  
All sea-soaked and storm-tossed and drifting apart.  
Their fair timbers battered, their lordly sails tattered,  
Their skeleton crew of dead days on their decks,  
Then a crash of chords blending, a crisis, an ending—  
The music is over and vanished the wrecks.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

#### THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;  
He has loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;  
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;  
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;  
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel—  
"As you deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;"  
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,  
    Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat,  
Oh! Be swift, my soul to answer Him! Be jubilant, my feet!  
    Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
    While God is marching on.

—*Julia Ward Howe.*

#### THE CONSCIENCE AND FUTURE JUDGMENT.

I sat alone with my conscience,  
    In a place where time had ceased,  
And we talked of my former living  
    In the land where the years increased.  
And I felt I should have to answer  
    The question it put to me,  
And to face the answer and question  
    Throughout an eternity.  
The ghosts of forgotten actions  
    Came floating before my sight,  
And things that I thought were dead things  
    Were alive with a terrible might.  
And the vision of all my past life  
    Was an awful thing to face,—  
Alone with my conscience sitting  
    In that solemnly silent place.  
And I thought of a far-away warning,  
    Of a sorrow that was to be mine,  
In a land that then was the future,  
    But now is the present time.  
And I thought of my former thinking  
    Of the judgment day to be,  
But sitting alone with my conscience  
    Seemed judgment enough for me.



And I wondered if there was a future  
 To this land beyond the grave;  
 But no one gave me an answer,  
 And no one came to save.  
 Then I felt that the future was present,  
 And the present would never go by,  
 For it was but the thought of my past life  
 Grown into eternity.  
 Then I woke from my timely dreaming,  
 And the vision passed away,  
 And I knew the far-away warning  
 Was a warning of yesterday,—  
 And I pray that I may not forget it,  
 In this land before the grave,  
 That I may not cry in the future,  
 And no one come to save.  
 And so I have learnt a lesson  
 Which I ought to have known before  
 And which, though I learnt it dreaming,  
 I hope to forget no more.  
 So I sit alone with my conscience  
 In the place where the years increase,  
 And I try to remember the future  
 In the land where time will cease.  
 And I know of the future judgment,  
 How dreadful soe'er it be,  
 That to sit alone with my conscience  
 Will be judgment enough for me.

—*Spectator*.

#### IF CHRIST SHOULD COME TO-DAY.

Where would the mighty millions stand,  
 If Christ should come to-day;  
 What walls would echo through the land,  
 If Christ should come to-day;  
 How very few would be prepared,  
 How many millions be ensnared,  
 Who "Peace and Safety" have declared,  
 If Christ should come to-day?

How would the hypocrites despair,  
 If Christ should come to-day;

What would they utter for a prayer,  
 If Christ should come to-day;  
 How quickly fall their thin disguise,  
 How dark appear their countless lies,  
 O! what a terrible surprise,  
 If Christ should come to-day!

Would you, professing friend, rejoice,  
 If Christ should come to-day;  
 Would you be glad to hear his voice,  
 If Christ should come to-day;  
 What have you done that you could tell,  
 That you have served your Maker well,  
 Would you escape the flames of hell,  
 If Christ should come to-day?

FROM THE EARTH, A CRY.

Can the earth have a voice? Can the clods have speech  
 To murmur and rail at the demigods?  
 Trample them! Grind their vulgar faces in the clay!

The earth was made for lords and the makers of law;  
 For the conquerors and the social priests;  
 For traders who feed on and foster the complex life;  
 For the shrewd and the selfish who plan and keep;  
 For the heirs who squander the hoard that bears  
 The face of the King, and the blood of the serf, and the curse  
 Of the darkened souls!

O Christ! and O Christ! In Thy name the law!  
 In Thy mouth the mandate! In Thy loving hand the whip!  
 They have taken Thee down from Thy cross and sent Thee to scourge the  
 people;

They have shod Thy feet with spikes and jointed Thy dead knees with iron,  
 And pushed Thee, hiding behind, to trample the poor dumb faces!

The spheres make music in space. They swing  
 Like fiery cherubim on their paths, circling their suns,  
 Mysterious, weaving the irrevealeable,  
 Full of the peace of unity—sphere and its life at one—  
 Humming their lives of love thro' the limitless waste of creation.

God! Thou hast made man a test of Thyself!  
 Thou hast set in him a heart that bleeds at the cry of the helpless;

Through Thine infinite seas one world rolls silent,  
 Moaning at times with quivers and fissures of blood;  
 Divided, unhappy, accursed; the lower life good,  
 But the higher life wasted and split, like grain with a cankered root.

Is there health in Thy gift of life, Almighty?  
 Is there grief or compassion anywhere for the poor?  
 If there be, there is guerdon for those who hate the wrong  
 And leap naked on the spears, that blood may cry  
 For truth to come, and pity, and Thy peace.

The human sea is frozen like a swamp; and the Kings  
 And the heirs and the owners ride on the ice and laugh,  
 Their war forces, orders and laws are the crusted field of a crater,  
 And they stamp on the fearful rind, deriding its flesh-like shudder.

Lightning! the air is split, the crater bursts, and the breathing  
 Of those below is the fume and fire of hatred.  
 The thrones are stayed with the courage of shotted guns. The warning dies.  
 But the queens are dragged to the block, and the knife of the guillotine sinks  
 In the garbage of pampered flesh that gluts its bed and its hinges.

Silence again, and sunshine. The gaping lips are closed on the crater,  
 The dead are below, and the landless, and those who live to labor  
 And grind forever in gloom, that the privileged few may live.

But the silence is sullen, not restful. It heaves like a sea, and frets,  
 And beats at the roof till it finds another vent for its fury.  
 Again the valve is burst, and the pitch cloud rushes—the old seam bursts  
 anew—  
 Where the Kings were killed before, their names are hewed from the  
 granite—  
 Paris, mad hope of the slave-shops, flames to the petroleuse!  
 Tiger that tasted blood! — Paris that tasted freedom!  
 Never, while steel is cheap and sharp, shall thy Kinglings sleep without  
 dreaming—  
 Never, while souls have flame, shall their palaces crush the hovels.

Insects and vermin, ye, the starving and dangerous myriads,  
 List to the murmur that grows and growls! Come from your mines and  
 mills,  
 Pale-faced girls and women with ragged and hard-eyed children,  
 Pour from your dens of the toil and filth, out to the air of heaven—

Breathe it deep and hearken! A cry from the cloud or beyond it,  
 A cry to the toilers to rise, to be high as the highest that rules them,  
 To own the earth in their life-time, and hand it down to their children!

Emperors, stand to the bar! Chancellors, halt at the barracks!  
 Landlords and Lawlords and Tradelords, the spectres you conjured have  
 risen—

Communists, Socialists, Nihilists, Rent-Rebels, Strikers, behold!  
 They are fruit of the seed you have sown—God has prospered your planting.  
 They come

From the earth like the army of death. You have sowed the teeth of the  
 dragon!

Hark to the bay of the leader! You shall hear the roar of the pack  
 As sure as the stream goes seaward. The crust on the crater beneath you  
 Shall crack and crumble and sink, with your laws and rules  
 That breed the million to toil for the luxury of the ten—  
 That grind the rent from the tiller's blood for drones to spend—  
 That hold the teeming planet as a garden plot for a thousand—  
 That draw the crowds to the cities from the healthful fields and woods—  
 That copulate with greed and beget disease and crime—  
 That join these two and their offspring, till the world is filled with fear,  
 And falsehood wins from truth, and the vile and cunning succeed,  
 And manhood and love are dwarfed, and virtue and friendship sick,  
 And the law of Christ is a cloak for the corpse that stands for Justice!  
 As sure as the Spirit of God is Truth, this Truth shall reign,  
 And the trees and lowly brutes shall cease to be higher than men.  
 God purifies slowly by peace, but urgently by fire.

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

#### WALT WHITMAN.

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid  
 and self-contained.

I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition.

They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins.

They do not make me sick deciding their duty to God.

Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania  
 of owning things.

Not one kneels to another, or to his kind that lived thousands of years ago.

Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

But we should note this: Whitman merely wanted to live with animals, he did not desire to become one. He was not willing to forfeit knowledge; and a part of that knowledge was, that man has some things yet to learn from the brute.

Much of man's misery has come from his persistent questioning.

The book of Genesis is certainly right, when it tells us that man's troubles come from his desire to know. The fruit of the tree of knowledge is bitter, and man's digestive apparatus has been ill-conditioned to assimilate it. But if genius is anything but an air-filled phrase, it is this: The ability to act wisely without precedent—the power to do the right thing for the first time.

This power of initiative is the rarest quality in man, and is the one thing that likens him to Deity—in fact it is Deity working through its highest instrument.

And yet this superior habit of mind has always attracted and does attract laughter, depreciation, ridicule, opposition, violence.

Every genius in the world has, like Michael Angelo, gone through life with a broken nose—or a broken heart. Torrigiano's hammer is never still. This general tendency to berate and down the man of genius must have in it something good. Of course, it is nothing to the credit of those who indulge in loud laughter that tokens the vacant mind, so no reviler need take to himself honors. Yet he is a part of the great law which provides that only that which has the power of endurance shall be allowed to live.

Everything must prove its worth.

Things not built to survive the whips and scorn of time go down, to appear centuries later when an environment fitting for its use has been formed. He that endureth unto the end shall be saved.

## THE TWO ARMIES.

As life's unending column pours,  
Two marshall'd hosts are seen,—  
Two armies on the trampled shores,  
That Death flows back between.

One marches to the drum beat's roll,  
The wide-mouth'd clarion's bray,  
And bears upon a crimson scroll,  
"Our glory is to slay."

One moves in silence by the stream,  
With sad, yet watchful eyes,  
Calm as the patient planet's gleam  
That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,  
No blood-red pennons wave:  
Its banner bears the single line,  
"Our duty is to save."

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

## THE WAY.

First find thou Truth, and then—  
Although she strays  
From the beaten paths of men  
To untrod ways—  
Her leading follow straight;  
And bide thy fate;  
And whether smiles or scorn  
Thy passing greet,  
Or find'st thou flower or thorn  
Beneath thy feet—  
Fare on! nor fear thy fate  
At Heaven's gate.

—*Wm. S. Shurtleff.*

## THE WORLD WOULD BE BETTER FOR IT.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,  
And less for battle-fields and glory ;  
If writ in human hearts a name  
Seemed better than in song or story ;  
If men, instead of nursing pride  
Would learn to hate it, and abhor it—  
If more relied  
On Love to guide,  
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,  
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal ;  
If Love's work had more willing hands  
To link this world to the supernal ;  
If men stored up Love's oil and wine,  
And on bruised human hearts would pour it  
If " yours " and " mine "   
Would once combine,  
The world would be the better for it.

If more would *act* the play of Life,  
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal ;  
If Bigotry would sheathe its knife  
Till Good became more universal ;  
If custom, gray with ages grown,  
Had fewer blind men to adore it—  
If talent shone  
In Truth alone,  
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things,  
Affecting less in all their dealings ;  
If hearts had fewer rusted strings  
To isolate their kindly feelings ;  
If men, when Wrong beats down the Right,  
Would strike together and restore it—  
If Right made Might  
In every fight,  
The world would be the better for it.

—*Selected.*

## TRUE LOVE.

“That impulse rising in the soul  
Which needeth form or chain  
Its warm outgushings to control,  
Which reason must restrain,  
Lest it should make defrauding claim,  
I would not clothe with Love's sweet name.

“I would not call that *Love* which could  
Be poisoned, marred, or stained ;  
Which could by any wealth be bought,  
By any power be chained ;  
Which could not take unerring flight,  
Guided by its own magnets bright.

“O, no, thou pearl-winged dove, go forth !  
I'd scorn to check thy flight ;  
Soar onward wheresoe'er thou wilt  
Where'er thou wilt, alight ;  
I know thine God-given powers  
Will guide thee to celestial bowers.

“Go forth in freedom,—Seek no guide,  
Save that deep pulse within,  
Which swelleth like the ocean-tide,  
Where thou hast found thy kin,  
Then fill thy cup with bliss divine,—  
Thou canst not drink what is not thine.

“Trust thy attractions, and in turn  
Attract whate'er thou wilt ;  
I know that in thy nature burns  
No flame of lust or guilt ;  
Thou couldst fold up thy wings, and rest  
Within the purest angel's breast.

“When man can make the new-born Spring  
Withhold her fragrant breath,  
Or the eternal Spring bring  
An offering unto death,  
Then thy white wing may feel the chain  
Which now is forged for thee in vain.



"Go forth! Enraptured I behold  
 Thee spread thy snowy wing;  
 So will I love the fragrant dew  
 Thou e'er dost from it fling.  
 Go! naught can bind thee, Spirit-dove;—  
 Wert thou not *free*, thou wert not Love."

—*Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, VI.*

### THE MONEYLESS MAN.

Is there no secret place on the face of the earth  
 Where charity dwelleth, and virtue hath birth?  
 Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave,  
 And the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive?  
 Is there no place on earth where a knock from the poor  
 Will bring a kind angel to open the door?  
 Oh! search the wild world wherever you can,  
 There's no open door for the moneyless man!

Go look at your hall where the chandelier's light  
 Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night;  
 Where the rich hanging velvet, in shadowy fold,  
 Sweeps gracefully down with its trimmings of gold,  
 And the mirrors of silver take up and renew  
 In long, lightened vistas the 'wilderling view;  
 Go there in your patches, and call, if you can,  
 A welcoming smile for the moneyless man.

Go look in your church of the cloud-reaching spire,  
 Which gives back to the sun his same look of red fire;  
 Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,  
 And the souls seem as pure as a soul without sin;  
 Go down the long aisle—see the rich and the great,  
 In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate;  
 Walk down in your patches, and find, if you can,  
 Who opens a pew to a moneyless man.

Go look to yon judge in his dark, flowing gown,  
 With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down,  
 Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong  
 And punishes right, while he justifies wrong;  
 Where jurors their lips on the Bible have laid,  
 To render a verdict they've already made;

Go there in the court-room and find, if you can,  
Any law for the cause of the moneyless man.

Go look in the banks where mammon hath told  
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold,  
Where safe from the hands of the starving and poor,  
Lies pile upon pile of the glittering ore,  
Walk up to the counter, ah, there you may stay  
'Till your limbs grow old and your hair turns gray  
And you'll find at the banks not one of the clan  
With money to lend to a moneyless man.

Then go to your hovel—no raven has fed  
The wife who has suffered so long for her bread—  
Kneel down by her pallet, and kiss the death frost  
From the lips of the angel your poverty lost;  
Then turn from your agony upward to God,  
And bless, while it smites you, the chastening rod;  
And you'll find at the end of life's little span,  
There's welcome above for the moneyless man.

#### TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Over fifty years ago I kept a bath room, together with a hair-dressing room, on India street. I had a fountain twelve hundred feet away with an abundance of water, connected by twelve hundred feet of iron pipe. One day the water gave out, and for three days I searched diligently for the leak, but no sign of any leakage anywhere could I find. I had a friend, a Methodist brother, who was a great joker and he was always making fun of my Spiritualism—seldom met me without referring to it. While I was searching for the leak he came along and said, "Why don't you ask your spirit friends where it is? They ought to know." In an instant it flashed into my mind and I sprang from the fountain so suddenly that he thought I had resented what he had said, and cried out, "Don't get offended, I was only in fun." "Yes, but if I find the leak where the thought I received when you spoke to me said it was, I should think it a rebuke for your derisive slur." The thought that

came to me was this: "We will let him know we can tell you; the leak is below you in an adjoining building." I started for the house; it was closed, but the same owner that owned my building owned that; he had a key; we went in the building and there found the faucet in the sink left open and the water had to run through my pipes and down through the sink. The people were away on a visit and had left it open. Just where the thought given me suggesting the leak came from we may differ, but it came just the same. Now, the sceptic will say, and I have said the same, "Why didn't your spirit friends tell you before and save you all this trouble?" I don't know—it might be that it was kept back to rebuke this young man; most assuredly he took it as such, for twenty years afterwards he asked me if I remembered it. He said, "Time and again, my wife and I have talked it over, how mysterious and singular it was that at the very moment you should have thought where the leak was."

#### AN OLD FRIEND.

In the course of my long life I have met all kinds of men. When I first arrived in Portland, a perfect—no, an imperfect—stranger, there was a young man who shaved with me. He was a dandy, and a diamond of the first water; he wore one yellow glove on week days, and on Sunday he wore two, like Old Grimes's hen that laid two eggs every day and Sunday she laid three. I have met so many "men of the mighty mothers, who would be wits but can't be gentlemen," that I am not much disturbed now when I do meet them. I met this youngster one Sunday morning, rolling, or, more properly speaking, sailing down Middle street in all his regal splendor. I said, "Good morning, Mr. Blank, a fine morning this." He stared at me with a look of astonishment, and replied, "Todd, I want you to understand this, that because I shave with you occasionally, the acquaintance formed there does not extend into the street." My first impulse was to slap him in the face, but as I had started in life with the determination never to strike a

fellow being, I stopped the blow and said, "All that prevents me from thrashing you is, I have resolved never to kick a cripple nor strike a fool." Not long after that he went into business and, like many others, failed, as about ninety in a hundred do as statistics show. He and I remained in Portland. Years after that he became very poor. The little incident I mentioned above had passed but was not forgotten; we let it pass and kept up an acquaintance. One day I met him, stopped and shook his hand. He had been drinking, his hands were trembling, and he shook all over. The tears dimmed his eyes, and he said, "John, I am sick, and in want of food. I have not tasted a thing for two days, so help me. Please give but a few cents?" "No money now. Come with me, I am on my way to dinner at a hotel." He called for a boiled dinner and when he had finished the meal, I needed no further proof that he had not eaten anything for two days. When I settled for the dinner the landlord asked me who he was. I told him he, the boarder, was nameless "evermore." While eating he referred to the incident of our early meeting in the street and his little breach of politeness, that came near bringing trouble to him. He said he had learned many a lesson since then. "Yes," I said, "time is the corrector where our judgment errs, and time often is the avenger when we have done a wrong. Cheer up, it is never too late to mend. There may be brighter days in store for us all." He shook his head in doubt so far as he was concerned, and said, "I have learned many a sad lesson since first we met." "Yes," I replied, trying to be a little facetious and to lighten up the gloom, "in the language of a brother Methodist revivalist, 'and yet there is room.'" The poor man passed away at the Greeley Hospital a few years ago.

#### LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

In 1852, there was a young man at work in Portland at the carpenter trade. He was tired of his job, and wished to go to Boston, but was short of funds and owed a few bills. A thought

struck him how he could make a raise, get a few dollars to pay his bills, and enable him to go to the Hub and settle down for life. At that time the city was much excited over the wonderful stories told throughout the county, and especially in this city of Portland. Among those in the higher walks of life who were telling those strange stories was a merchant and a leading citizen, who was having those strange phenomena occur at his house. There were many of the elite of the city, and especially those of the church-going people, who were anxious to learn or even to hear of anything that would give light upon or expose that terrible thing called Spiritualism. This young man hit upon the very thing looked and hoped for, and to satisfy that craving of the mind to prove their wishes or doubts to be true. He posted throughout the city handbills in flaming colors, "The great humbug exposed, and the cat would be let out of the bag on Wednesday night."

The old City Hall that stood in Market Square, now Monument Square, was packed full with the bon ton of the city, together with the believers and doubters in these strange events, that were upon the lips of all, both small and great, all waiting in breathless silence, in hopeful expectancy, to witness the great exposé. The young man stepped upon the stage, well dressed, his frock buttoned to the chin, with a smile on his face that betokened confidence and success, he bowed politely, thanked the audience and said: "I shall put forth my best effort to fulfil the promise I have made to you and the public." Turning round to his accomplice he took a large bag from him, faced the audience, opened the bag, from which a large black cat sprang out, with tail erect and as large as a coon cat's tail, and as frightened an animal as ever was seen. Leaping over the footlights, the first row of seats and the heads of those seated in them, and amidst the screeches, laughter and cheers of the crowd he made a wild rush for a window, but failing to get out, with a wild cat's screech, turned and sprang over the heads of the crowd and made for a window on the opposite side of the hall and, failing to find an exit there, rushed to the open

door and vanished in the darkness. But that was not the cat that the poet sang of when he wrote, "And the cat came back," for this one never returned. At the same time the man who had let the cat out of the bag, with his assistant, had stepped to the rear of the curtain. Then some of the more indignant ones jumped upon the stage to hold and arrest him, for they considered it an outrage and a crime to invite them there and take their money just to see a cat spring out of a bag. But, alas, the bird had flown, for the boys had placed a ladder up at a window in the rear of the stage, facing the United States Hotel, and with their plunder, estimated at seventy-five or one hundred dollars, had escaped, "never, forever," never to return again; at least, I have not heard of their return, and I do not think they ever have. Now comes in the laugh, or the "pity of it," for, mark you, the elite of the city were there, the staid old citizens, those who had a watchful care over the good name and morals of our city; and there I noticed such men as Capt. John B. Coyle, John Neal, Doctor Gilman, Captain Hood, and the Rev. Doctor Dwight, he who ever guarded and watched the gate that opened the way leading to Mount Sion, for he had great fears that Spiritualism would lead his flock astray; hence he guarded his lambs with miserly care, and anything that tended to discourage, or degrade, or prove Spiritualism untrue he hailed with delight, whether uttered by a saint, or by a cat leaping from a bag. As we were passing out of the hall, Captain Hood accosted me, with a look of anger and reproach, saying, "Todd, is this one of your getting up, this scheme to defraud and insult the citizens of Portland in this manner? I look upon it as the most insulting trick ever gotten up to rob and defraud the people, and I feel indignant and will do my part to have him arrested, whoever he may be, and punished for this outrage." I said, "If I were in the habit of resenting insults I should most assuredly resent your remark, 'Did I assist in getting this up?' No, Captain Hood, for I am a quarter out as well as yourself, but I am not fretting over it as you appear to be; I rather enjoy it. I think it is as weighty a

thing as I have yet seen or heard against Spiritualism, although I do not know just how much the cat weighed. But, to be serious, Captain. Why should you feel so badly about it, for the young man has carried out to the letter just what he advertised? He said he would let the cat out of the bag, and he most assuredly let him out, and if you did not see him you must have been the only one in the hall who did not." The old captain left feeling quite indignant, and I have not a doubt but that he really thought the Spiritualists got it up, but I know they had no part in the matter.

#### A DREAM.

Was it a trance or was it a dream? I retired rather late, having been at a meeting of the Grand Army at Scarboro Town Hall on Memorial evening. I may have been a little nervous, or perhaps overworked, as I spoke a short time at the meeting, and, feeling myself outclassed,—there being upon the platform the minister of the town, Rev. Mr. Smith, and also the Hon. Augustus F. Moulton, who was there expressly to advocate the erection in that town of a soldiers' monument, so long neglected—I retired about midnight. I had not been asleep long, if at all, when I seemed to be at the gate of heaven, the last place I ever expected to be in. When I approached the gate St. Peter was talking to Pope Leo XIII. He was received by his illustrious predecessor, St. Peter, with a smile of cordial welcome. "You have had a long and tranquil reign," said the saint. "I trust you have left the affairs of our holy church in a flourishing condition on earth."

His Holiness assured St. Peter that the Catholic faith was never more firmly rooted and grounded, and the influence of the church never more firmly established than when he left Rome. The saint looked pleased and said to His Holiness, "I am glad to hear so favorable an account of your spiritual reign. Was your temporal reign equally successful?"

"Not in all respects," replied His Holiness, "still I left behind me about twenty-four millions of money."

"Indeed," said St. Peter, "we touched no such sum as that in my day. To whom did you entrust such a vast hoard?"

"To the Rothschilds," said His Holiness, hesitatingly.

Something like a frown overspread the features of the saint. "To the Rothschilds," said he, with deliberation, "are they Jews?"

"I believe—that is to say—I think—yes—they are," said His Holiness, with still greater hesitation.

"And do you mean to tell me," said the saint sternly, "that you, the vicar of Jesus Christ on earth, deposited the contributions of our holy church with the descendants of those men who reviled and spat upon Him and cruelly put Him to death?"

"Well—ah—yes, I did."

"Why did you?" said the saint, sternly. "You should have had a very powerful reason."

"I did have a very powerful one," replied His Holiness. "The truth is, St. Peter, I did not know any Christians with whom I was willing to trust so much money."

#### THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

When this old hat was new,  
The railroad was a stage,  
And a six-mule team made plenty of steam  
For the broadest kind of gauge.

You caught a goose when you wanted a pen,  
The ink we used was blue,  
And the woman you loved didn't want to be men  
When this old hat was new.

A spade was only a spade,  
And Jennie was just plain "Jane."  
For his impudent lip the boy would skip  
At the end of a rattan cane.

There were sixteen ounces in every pound,  
Four quarts made a gallon true;  
But things don't seem like they used to be  
When this old hat was new.



But we've shortened the time since then,  
And we're running a faster heat,  
And the boys of ten are full blown men,  
Who run the store and the street.

We blush to giggle, and we should smile ;  
And we're cute and never say die ;  
We're up to snuff, and we're full of guile,  
And we're just too awfully fly.

And father is governor, old man, dad,  
And his old day is gone ;  
We run things fast and a little bad,  
Since we put this new hat on.

—*R. J. Burdette.*

#### HOW LINCOLN PROPOSED.

Abraham Lincoln's offer of marriage was a very curious one. Numerous as his biographers have been, says the Young Ladies' Fashion Bazaar, and closely as they have gleaned for new facts and materials, it was left for the latest one—Mr. Jesse Welk of Greencastle—to discover the unique and characteristic production of Mr. Lincoln's almost untutored mind. The letter is one of several written, presumably, to the lady he afterward married. Addressed to "My Dear Mary." It reads thus :

"You must know that I can't see you or think of you with entire indifference, and yet it may be that you are mistaken in regard to what my real feelings toward you are. If I knew you were not I should not trouble you with this letter. Perhaps any other man would know enough without any further information, but I consider it my peculiar right to plead my ignorance and your bounden duty to allow the plea.

"I want in all cases to do right, and most particularly so in all cases with women. I want at this particular time, more than anything else, to do right with you, and if I knew it would be doing right, as I rather suspect it would, to let you alone, I would do it. And for the purpose of making the matter as plain as possible I now say you can drop the subject, dismiss your thoughts—if you ever had any—from me forever, and

leave this letter unanswered without calling forth one accusing murmur from me.

"And I will even go further, and say that if it will add anything to your comfort and peace of mind to do so it is my sincere wish that you should. Do not understand by this that I wish to cut your acquaintance. I mean no such thing. What I do wish is that our further acquaintance shall depend upon yourself. If such further acquaintance would contribute nothing to your happiness I am sure it would not to mine.

"If you feel yourself in any degree bound to me, I am now willing to release you, provided you wish it, while on the other hand I am willing and even anxious to bind you faster if I can be convinced that it will in any degree add to your happiness.

"This, indeed, is the whole question with me. Nothing would make me more miserable than to believe you miserable; nothing more happy than to know you were so. In what I have now said I think I cannot be misunderstood, and to make myself understood is the only object of this letter. If it suits you best not to answer this, farewell.

"A long life and a merry one attend you. But, if you conclude to write back, speak, as plainly as I do. There can be neither harm nor danger in saying to me anything you think, just in the manner you think it. Your friend,  
A. LINCOLN."

Probably this is the queerest love letter on record and the most remarkable offer of marriage ever made. It is a love letter without one word of love, and is a proposal of marriage that does not propose, and yet it led to the great Lincoln's marriage.

## BARBERS' STORIES.

### DIFFERENT STYLES OF HAIR CUTTING.

In 1830, when Gen. Andrew Jackson was president of the United States, the style of wearing the hair was to comb it back from the forehead, no parting, but short, for Jackson wore his that way; that was the fashion for several years, called the Jackson style. Then came the style called the "soap locks," that was to cut it short on the back of the head up to the crown, but leave it long in front of the ears and let it grow long down on each side of the face; I have seen some boys who let it grow so long that they could tie it under their chin, many of them did so for sport, for at a little distance they looked like whiskers. This was in the thirties and early forties. Then the style changed to the half-shingle, that is, we let it grow quite long all around, and many ladies used to have their hair cut short and then have it curled all over their heads; the men and boys had theirs curled also. I have stood many an afternoon and evening, when there was to be a ball or dance, and curled the hair of both sexes. After that the style was to part the hair on both sides of the head and roll it, the whole length of the head, over the fingers or with the curling iron. This style was called the topknot style, and it used to take a great lot of bear's oil, or perhaps a bear with a split hoof, better known by the name of pig's oil, to grease the hair in those days, for, in addition to the topknot, we had to roll the hair under all around the back of the head. The hair was left long, down to the coat collar, and I have seen the grease drop from the hair onto a nice velvet collar when I sat in church and saw some foolish dandy trying in this way to rival some competitor in the greasing line. The best barber in the town, in his estimation, was he who would put on the most lard or "bear's oil, at twenty

cents a gallon, perfumed with bergamot and lemon," and when they bought a bottle of six or eight ounces they would pay from fifty cents to a dollar for it, another proof of "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." Then came the style of 1850, when the hair was worn quite long, still called the half-shingle, parted behind and combed up over the ears. It was a fine dress style, but it was quite a job to do it well, and with some heads of hair it was almost impossible to do a good job, for some hair was so stiff that, however hard you might try to do a good piece of work, it was bound to stick out like a sore finger. That style remained longer in fashion than any style I ever knew, when it was changed to combing the hair back of the ears; then the old Jackson style returned once more, under a new name, called the pompadour, that is, combing it up in front. This style did not remain long, and then came the excelsior, or the highest, as now practiced, when every man and barber has become a law unto himself, has no standard of art, go as you please, grab the clippers and cut it all off whether the customer wants it or not—any hostler could do it as well. But, notwithstanding, hair-cutting is an art, for every artist tries to represent nature. Now, what is the standard of art aimed at by every true artist? When an artist attempts to paint a tree he goes out into the woods to find a perfect tree and then tries his best to represent it on canvas, and he who comes the nearest in doing it is the best artist. So it is with hair-cutting, for the standard of the art is a child's hair that has never been cut, and he who best represents it on the human head is the true artist. For in art as in morals, "Let God be true, and every man a liar," when the comparative is used.

Hair is given for use as well as ornament, but now it is not used much for either, for it is generally cut off. O, how I have trembled sometimes, when men who are much exposed to the inclemency of the weather take my chair, especially on a cold day, and say, "Take your clippers and clip off my hair." I never fail to beg him not to have it done, for I know of more than one who have lost their lives by so doing. So much for

its use. Now as an ornament. Have you ever noticed, when admiring the ancient paintings and sculpture of the great artists of Greece and Rome, that you see no bald heads there to represent beauty? Without hair there can be no expression given to the human face. Man should wear his hair the length that beautifies him most, and not have so much cut off at any time as to change his appearance so much that every friend who meets him asks if he has had a fever, or what has changed him so. The late John Neal, one of Portland's greatest critics on art, used to say to me, "John, if you cut my hair so short that anyone will notice it, you shall never cut it again," and he had it cut every two weeks. There is nothing so dangerous to health as to cut off all the hair from the back of the head and neck, at the base of the brain, and go out in the cold.

#### LIVE GOSSIP.

"Your next, a shave or a hair cut," shouted a barber on Fore street, as a frizzly haired suburban with two inches of whiskers flopped into a chair. "Well, I reckon as how it will have to be both, if you get them ere spears off my face," and so it came to pass, a shave and a hair cut. Only one of many incidents in the thrilling and eventful life of the man who wields the razor. The Portland barbers, genial, generous whole-souled creatures of about two hundred and sixty in number, are more or less record breakers, some might say barbers lie easy, unlike the head that wears the crown, but mind you these are affidavit statements. Records, ye gods listen and hear.

How are thirty-two seconds for a starter, yet Reginald Carles, the elongated blonde at the Congress Square, claims to have performed this feat once over, not counting lathering. Carles has also seen sixty-nine persons shaved in one hour at a tournament in London. Dick Webb has pulled in sixteen dollars on a Saturday at the old Colony Depot in Boston. J. C. Moxcey, now forty-five years in the business, once took nineteen dollars and fifty cents on two Saturdays in succession, and on

another occasion, pocketed sixteen dollars and fifty cents for the day's work. Charles C. Haskann, the king of left handed barbers, once hauled off eighteen dollars on a Saturday while working in Portland. Fred Cook at the Preble, one of the swiftest wielders, raked in the cool sum of fifty dollars during Grand Army week. J. B. Powers is slow but thunderingly sure. J. J. Sullivan says he pushed the steel over a man's face in a minute and a half, bear in mind I am not telling you any fish stories. Luke V. Whalen, the only official minute barber in the city, swears that by all that is green on earth that he lathered and shaved a man over twice in just one minute, and that the sum total of his earnings on one third of July was nineteen dollars and thirty-five cents, working up to two o'clock Sunday morning, and "you tell that thirty-two-second fellow," said Luke, "I'd like to meet him down back of some old barn some dark night." George N. Rich says he has got the figures to show that he shaved ninety men in one day and that he also took in fifteen dollars on Saturday. G. A. Waite shaved three men and cut one man's hair in twenty minutes. Henry Mayo, thirty years in the business and one of the lightning manipulators, once shaved a man and cut his hair in seven minutes, and took sixteen dollars and fifty cents on a Saturday. But here's one all hot, grab it before it cools, Fred Morrill, in his palmy days was one of the quickest barbers the sun ever shown on, once shaved a man at four hundred and ten Congress street in time to catch a street car that was at the head of Pearl street when the man entered, the shop and the man he shaved was Billy Moxie of the mailing department of Union Station, who vouches for the fact. But speaking of tonsorial feats, A. O. Kenny, the young handsome barber at the West End, successfully shaved a man on a wager while riding on a tandem at Kebo Valley Park at Bar Harbor last summer. Samuel DuLaski turns them off at the rate of one in four minutes. W. A. Orr shaved and cut a man's hair in seven minutes. F. E. Rollins claims nine minutes on a hair cut and twelve dollars and forty cents on a Saturday. A. DuChesne can turn them out easily on a two

minute basis. Said he took fourteen dollars and sixty-five cents on Saturday without straining a muscle. A. U. Aubbins at the West End has a record of a minute and a half and has done a shave and a hair in eight minutes. D. C. Hutchins, the magician barber, often shaves a man a minute by way of recreation. J. N. Pooler has removed the hair from the faces of eleven men in one hour. George W. Damm once shaved, with a boy to help him lather, seventeen men in twenty minutes. R. B. Carpenter, the adonis of the profession, once pulled out a hair of a certain butcher's face fourteen inches long and the butcher is still using the same face. Mr. Carpenter is a razorial connoisseur. J. C. Gray, on Munjoy Hill, while in Chicago use to round them out at the rate of twelve men an hour. W. C. Bertrand, the winsome blonde at the Preble, one of the two duplex handed artists in town, has removed the whiskers and curtailed the cranial adornment in just eighteen minutes synchronized Washington D. C., time.

One of the long renowned tonsorial artists, who has been in the business sixty-one years, the same man who twice cut Jeff Davis's hair, and who has, perhaps, shaved more of the distinguished men of Portland than any other barber, has two customers now who have been with him over fifty years. He has taken forty dollars in one day, with four men beside himself. His record is fifteen dollars and fifty cents in one day, and in the year 1874, his receipts, with four men, were five thousand and fifty-one dollars. There were not over twenty barbers in Portland at that time.

J. C. Moxcey has been plastering the lather on the human face forty-five years, and it is estimated that Mr. Moxcey and the razor have traveled in the aggregate over seven hundred and eighteen miles over human faces. In his younger days no more alert barber stood by the mug.

One of the most remarkable barbers in the city in point of service and in feats performed is Luke V. Whalen, who has seen forty-five years of barbering and blacksmithing combined. He is sometimes called the father of barbers, and was known

far and wide as the swiftest in the business. He has graduated a larger number of apprentices than any other wielder of the razor in these parts. Boys who used to work beside Whalen are scattered from Eastport to Denver.

George N. Rich was industriously scraping customers forty-three years ago. Charles Sherry, a progressive and scientific barber, shaved his first man with John B. Pike, thirty-four years ago, and A. Murphy, who keeps canaries for mascots, has seen a quarter of a century of service. J. Orrin Reid, who died recently, had a record of forty-five years in the business. J. P. Welch, one of the most skilled in the city, looms up with a record of seventeen years. Who says barbering does not conduce to longevity?

But to return to the hard rendering records. Crowell, the heavy man at Arthur Smith's, says he thinks most of the barbers are talking through their hats. O. P. Skinner has chased a razor over a man's countenance in five minutes. Billy Adams makes ten or twelve men an hour for good and quick work. William Gibbons has made thirteen dollars and seventy cents on a Saturday, and ate dinner that day but no supper. John Hovey cut a man's hair once in about or thereabouts and gave the best of satisfaction; this occurred in the spring of '86. George W. Ross gave a shave and hair cut in twelve minutes, and turns out soft beards in two and hard beards in five minutes. C. O. Curtis, who wears a hearty three-meal smile, says two and one-half is his record. Dick York, who used to run the Preble House shop, is probably the richest barber in Portland. J. C. Smith, the inventive barber, is one of the most scientific in his line, and he also has excelled most of the leading lights in Portland. Con O'Neill says he has got documentary evidence to show that he never shaved a man inside of ten minutes. A. Murphy claims two minutes on a shave, and says the man don't live who can take nineteen dollars on a Saturday. C. I. Orr, at the Falmouth, cut a man's hair, shaved him and colored his mustache in eighteen minutes, and on another occasion shaved himself and caught the ferry



boat in ten minutes. It may be recalled that Thomas Whalen, brother of Luke, started the famous barber shop in the Palmer House in Chicago. Jim Donovan is another fast one, and shaved a man in a minute, while the *Express* reporter waited, George Weatherbee is a razorial expert who has won laurels. And among others not to be forgotten are: Jack Cushing, who has worked all over the United States. John W. Beaman, the accomplished hair-cutter, gave a shave and hair cut in twenty-three minutes. George A. Powers says he can grind them out all the live long day at the rate of seven minutes each. R. H. Cushing figures on about ten shaves an hour. J. H. Scully says a good man ought to shave about six an hour. P. H. Terrio has given three hair cuts and two shaves in an hour, and has taken thirteen dollars and thirty-five cents on a Saturday. H. P. Newton, the barber-ornithologist-politician, and what he says goes, states that from twenty-six years' experience he considers five minutes the least time a good shave could be given; he considers six dollars a good Saturday's work now, but he has taken as high as twelve dollars and seventy cents. William L. Ewing's speed has never been given, but he was fast and has been known to finish his man up before the bell rang for nine P. M. Benner has shaved a man over twice and cut his hair in two minutes and thirty seconds, and taken in twelve dollars and thirty-five cents on a Saturday. P. A. Duffy has gone over a man twice and fixed up his mustache in three minutes. F. L. Bosworth says he wouldn't take the gift of a record. T. H. Whalen has skated over a man's face and chopped his hair off in thirteen minutes, and has earned eleven dollars and sixty cents on a Saturday. R. A. Brownley, at the St. Julian, says the biggest pile he ever scraped in on a Saturday was ten dollars, and people who know Brownley say he is an honest man.

John M. Todd, of Portland, is a phenomenal barber. Instead of having his tables cumbered with police papers and other unsavory literature, copies of the *North American Review*, *Littell's Living Age*, *The Nation* and *Scribner's Monthly* are

kept on hand for the convenience of waiting customers. He has ancient history at his tongue's end, can quote Shakespeare by the yard, and can talk a man dumb on Greenbackism, protoplasm, transcendentalism and the Darwin theory.—*Boston Post*, May 18, 1880.

John H. B. Morrill worked for me sixteen years. He was a character, a man of impulse, not always governed by the highest principles, and also a genius. After the great fire he moved over to the Cape, now South Portland. He bought a cow and calf. He took the cow over the ferry at noon, but the calf he sold to a butcher, who was to take it home at evening. After the great fire in 1866, I bought a photograph saloon and hauled it upon the sidewalk in front of the post office. The custom house at that time was in the post office building in the room now occupied by the United States Court. Mr. Morrill hitched the calf to the wheel of the saloon until the butcher called for it. Of course, as soon as the mother was taken away, the calf commenced its music, and such bleating and blarting was never heard in front of the post office before nor since. One of the inspectors of customs came in a great rage and said: "Todd, I want that calf moved at once." "That is not my property, Mr. Blank," I replied. "Whose calf is it?" "Mr. Morrill did own it, but has sold it to a butcher." "Mr. Morrill, you remove that nuisance at once." "You don't like that music, I reckon," Mr. Morrill replied. "Mr. Blank, you will blart worse than that when the Federal tit is taken from you."

He kept the cow all summer, sold her, I think, to Captain Mareen. "I see she has but one horn, Mr. Morrill. She is not breachy, and broke her horn by hooking fences, I hope." "She never troubled me any that way." In a few weeks the captain called on Mr. Morrill. "Happy to see you, Captain." "I don't know whether you will be happy or not to see me, I have come on business." Morrill told me afterwards he knew what the business was he came to adjust. "You told me, Mr. Morrill, that cow was not breachy. I can't keep her anywhere. She will toss over her head every fence she comes to. She

would break up a camp meeting. Now what did you mean by telling me that she was not breachy?" "I never told you so." "You certainly did, for I asked in particular if she was not and spoke of her horn being broken off. Don't you remember that?" "Yes, I remember your speaking about that, and I told you in plain words, Captain, that she had never troubled me any on that account. She would come home every night full of herd grass and clover she had got by breaking into the neighbor's field, but it never troubled me any. But it did trouble Neighbor Dyer, I have no doubt, some; but it never did me." The captain burst out laughing, bade him good-by and went home.

In 1858 there was a closely contested election for mayor. At that time there were no secret ballots and the voting was not as closely watched as now. Everybody was supposed to be honest then. Morrill was a great hustler. He boasted that he could get more floaters to the polls to vote than any man in the city. He belonged to fire engine number eight, and the company had as lively a set of boys at that time as any company in the city. One of the boys hailed Morrill and said: "We must get every voter out to-day that is on the voting list, or we shall get left. I just looked over the list. There is Patrick Ward's name there. He died about two years ago. You can get some one to vote in his name. There is a dollar to pay the fellow that you get." John plants himself upon the sidewalk to look over the longshoremen as they go to dinner. Mr. Blank was warden at that time. He was a great politician. Morrill did not have long to wait before an Irishman, a coal-heaver, on his way to dinner, appeared. John stepped up to him in a most familiar manner, reached out his hand with a "How are you, Mr. Ward?" "And who are ye talking to, young man? My name is not Ward at all, but Mike Flannagan." "Never mind that. I have a dollar for you." "What for?" "I want you to vote for me." "Faith, I can't. I'm not naturalized." "That makes no difference to-day." "Is that so? and how is that?" "Why, there is a name on the voting list; I want you

to vote in that name, and the dollar is yours. Will you do as I want you to, for obedience is better than sacrifice in this case? Now listen; I want you to walk up to the desk over there, hold up your head, as though you owned the whole shooting match, and say, 'Pat Ward, sir.' Speak up loud, and he will say, 'What ward?' Tell him 'Ward one.' He marched up as big as Billy-be-blessed. "Mr. Ward, sir." He forgot to put in Pat. Mr. Blank said, "What Ward?" "Ward one, sir. Vote Mr. Ward." One of the Republican checkers said, "He did not understand you, Mr. Blank, when you asked for his given name." "Well, I did," said the warden, amid a roar of laughter.

It was a bitter cold Saturday night and the people who were out had to keep on the move pretty much all the time to keep from freezing to death. Notwithstanding that the thermometer was nearly down to the zero mark, the usual Saturday night crowd was on hand and the stores and theatres were largely patronized. The clerks were kept busy until closing-up time, and big audiences filled both the Jefferson and the Portland. When the curtain went down at the vaudeville house at 10.20, the people in the audience tucked on their outer garments and rushed down the stairway. A long line of electricians was waiting and all of them were filled in no time. In fact the electricians did a flourishing business at this particular time.

John M. Todd, when he was in his eighty-fourth year, finished a busy day's work at eleven o'clock and, pulling on a light-weight overcoat and a cap down over his ears, started to walk to his home on Hampshire street. He didn't mind the cold a bit. "Do you say it's cold?" remarked the veteran as he left his shop at the corner of Middle and Temple streets. "This isn't bad at all. I enjoy it. My body never gets cold, and my ears are the only part of my anatomy that is ever affected. They say this is a tough winter, but it doesn't begin to compare with some others we have had here in Portland. Why, in the winter of '72-'73, the harbor froze over so that you could ride down to Harpswell on the ice. For a steady

ninety days the snow didn't thaw in front of the post office. I can take my oath to that statement. That was one of the winters when I had my barber shop at the corner of Exchange and Middle streets, where Delavina's cigar store is now located. For a continuous stretch of ninety days the frost was so thick on the windows of my shop that I couldn't look out to the sidewalk. The thermometer once dropped to twenty-eight degrees below.

"I've had a good business to-day," continued the old-time Greenback advocate. "A week ago to-day, when there was such a severe storm, we didn't do much, but to-day we've more than made up for it. I've cut more hair to-day than any day for a long time. Shaving has also been good. My spirit friends must have come to my rescue and sent in the customers.

Mr. Todd never looked or felt better in his long and eventful career. After standing at his chair all day he said he didn't feel at all tired, and when he started off for home his step was as brisk as that of a man in his prime. A year ago he fell down a flight of stairs at his home and broke one of his legs. He was laid up for six weeks, and that is the only time he has ever been incapacitated from business for many years. It was a hard siege for him to stay in doors, but he was as patient and philosophical as ever. His wound knit perfectly and now he is as well as ever.

Mr. Creech, rather a famous artist, came here from Boston and, with a great flourish of trumpets, opened a shop, expecting to carry everything in the barber line by storm; advertised that he used nothing but Damascus blades and Kesan soap, a famous shaving soap—every barber used it, but he was giving a big bluff. There was a well known soap maker in the city who manufactured soft soap and sold it by the barrel. There was also a famous old blacksmith here who, of course, never made razors. The day after Creech's advertisement appeared I came out with a notice that I was doing business at the old

stand, still using Mansfield's soap and Averill's blades. Of course, it was intended as a burlesque on Creech. I was well acquainted with him, but did not know how he would take the joke. He met me smiling in a few days and said, "Todd, that was the worst let-down I ever had."

I had an apprentice boy many years ago who was very precocious, with great self-reliance. He had not been in the shop but a very few days when he was anxious to shave someone; he thought he could do it. My men had let him shave them to give him a little practice. One day a coal heaver from Commercial street came in with a very hard beard, full of coal dust, and I wanted to give the boy an object lesson to take the conceit out of him a little. I said, "Jimmie, go ahead and shave that gentleman." He commenced and worked for about half an hour, digging and scraping the man's face until it was as red as a beet; finally, he got through and the man got out of the chair. The boy, fearing that he hadn't given satisfaction, stepped up to him with great assurance and said, "That was a good shave, sir, wasn't it?" The old fellow rubbed his face and said, "It was a fine shave, my lad, but I have suffered damn bad for it."

I had a neighbor, a Mr. Moxcey; occasionally we would play jokes on each other. One Saturday afternoon he was quite busy; a longshoreman, an Irishman, came into his shop with a long and hard beard. Joe did not care to shave him, and thinking to play a trick on me, he said, "I am quite busy and you go up to Mr. Todd's, just above here, he don't have a great deal to do; you would be very likely to get a shave there, and I will pay for it," handing him ten cents. The poor man went down to the foot of the stairs, stopped and thought for a few moments and said, "Faith, I will not go back on the gentleman, Mr. Moxcey, and I will go back and get him to shave me, if it takes all day." So he went back and gave Joe the same ten cents he had given him, saying that he would wait all day rather than to go back on him, the generous man that he was.

A Frenchman, a customer of mine, asked me if I knew one of the greatest men in Paris was a barber, and that they had erected a monument to him, said he could speak more languages than any man in Paris. I said, "Do I understand you to say that he is a great man, and is still living, and they have erected a monument to his memory? That must be a mistake, for great men are so far in advance of their time, they do not erect monuments to them during their lifetime, but rather stone them."

My barber shop was my alma mater. Although I learned no Greek there, I did most everything else.

An Irishman had a clock that he knew was always right, for when the hands pointed at twelve and it struck nine he knew it was half past seven.

There were a couple of Irishmen out gunning. They saw a yellow-hammer, a bird of brilliant plumage. One of them fired at the bird and in the smoke he did not see it fly away. He ran to the foot of the tree and there was a large toad; he picked it up and said, "Mike, 'tis too bad, but I must have shot all the feathers off this bird."

There was an Irishman who left home and got caught in the rain without his umbrella. When he got nearly to his destination he said, "I will just turn back and go home and get my umbrella."

There was an Irishman who was arrested for some petty crime. He paid his fine and was discharged, and turning to the judge he said, "Your Honor, give me a receipt." "Why," he said, "your freedom is your receipt." "But, suppose some day I should die and go up to the gate and Peter should ask if I had ever been arrested for crime and I should say, 'Yes, I was arrested.' Be jabbers, I'd have to go all over Hades to hunt you up for my receipt to shaw I paid my fine and was honorably discharged."

There was an old colored man who lived in Portland. A heavy thunder storm came up and struck his house, shattering it a good deal, and he woke up, saying to himself, "Is dat robbers? That can't be so, 'cause I'se fastened the door with a gun." Calling to his wife he said, "Becky, am you dead?" "Why, no, Robert; am you?" she answered.

An old lady of my acquaintance, who was noted for her industry and ceaseless toil, said, one day, "Oh, dear me, I do hope and pray that some day I may rest, but if I do not find it here, perhaps I shall have it in the grave. But there, I am not sure that I shall have a long rest even there, for it would be just my luck to have the resurrection take place the next day after my burial."

Two sons of the Emerald Isle were walking through Deering Park and, seeing two monkeys playing together, one said, "Mike, just look at that largest monkey, he looks just like a man." "I don't see it, Jamie, for he looks no more like a man than I do."

The late Josh Billings was asked, "How fast does sound travel?" His idea was that it depended a good deal upon the noise you are talking about. "The sound of a dinner horn, for instance, travels half a mile in a second; while an invitation tew get up in the morning I have known to be three-quarters of an hour goin' up two pair of stairs, and then not hev strength enuff tew be heard."

Billings: "I had rather die ignorant than to know a thousand things that are not so."

I was walking down Congress street and met a colored man named Bassett. I said, "Good morning, Mr. Bassett; how do you do this morning?" "I'm pretty well, thank you. How do you do?" "How is the family, Mr. Bassett?" "Oh, they am all pretty well, only the chile die." "What, you haven't lost your boy, have you? When did he die?" "Well, Mr. Todd, if he had lived till next Thursday he would a been dead three weeks."



During the incendiary fires there was a young Irishman accused of setting them; he was arrested and taken into court. A neighbor, an old Irishman, was summoned as a witness. He said, "Mike didn't set the fires, and he can prove a 'yellow boi' (alibi), for he was in Freeport that day." The judge said, "Was he really in Freeport?" "I didn't say he was in really, I said he was in Freeport, and, be jabers, did your honor think that Mike is a bird, and can be in two places at the same time."

There was an Irishman setting on the steps on Center street one morning. An old lady, walking by, said, "Mr. Reagan, I seen crape on the door, who is dead over there?" "Well, faith, I don't know, unless it's the man in the coffin."

I almost hesitate to relate an occurrence that took place in my own shop. An old man from the country came in. Webster's Unabridged was laying on the table; he opened it and said, "What a remarkable man Webster was to write this book, study law and become the great statesman that he was; I always thought it was a shame to hang him at last." I thought it was a case where ignorance was bliss and I didn't correct him.

The first time I ever was called "Mr." Todd I was about seventeen years old. I was at a party in the country where the boys and girls used to play these games: "Down on this carpet you must kneel," "Green grow the rushes," "Kiss me quick and let me go." We boys used to call them kissing parties. I became a little smitten with a rosy-cheeked girl—about my first attempt with the goddess Venus. I waited upon her home, and as we were invited to another party that same week, I asked her to go with me and she consented. The afternoon of the party I borrowed my brother-in-law's bull's-eye watch, worth about two dollars and a half, dressed up for the occasion, and I thought the sun would never set. Before it was fairly dark I started for the girl's home, knocked at the door, and a tall, gaunt-looking figure, with a face that looked like a baked apple, as stern as anything could possibly be, stood in the door. I

said, "Is Lydia in?" and stood trembling. She said, "Who shall I say called?" To say "John" would have been very indefinite, and to say "Mr. Todd" was almost an impossibility, but finally I did say, "Mr. Todd." Lydia came to the door dressed for the party. When I arrived home I told them all about my experience, and the next morning when I got up I was met by my brothers and sisters with "Good morning, Mr. Todd," and they kept it up for about a week. Finally, my father stopped it by saying, "I think you have carried that joke about far enough," for I was his pet boy. I felt more embarrassed when I was addressed as "Mr. Todd" than the man was who was on his way to be hung—a great crowd was following him; he turned and said, "Don't hurry, boys; there won't be any fun till I get there."

The town of Houlton, in Aroostook county, received its name from Uncle Jimmy Houlton, one of the early pioneers into that new country. He was a man of strong sense with a sly bit of humor in his composition. He was appointed a Justice of the Peace and, for a time, was the only one in that section. Residing in one of the incorporated places in that vicinity was a young couple who desired to be married and make a wedding journey to Bangor. The route to Bangor was through a forest with sparse settlements. They came to Houlton and called upon Uncle Jimmy to tie the nuptial knot before undertaking their journey. He informed them that his commission had expired and had not been renewed and that he could not marry them legally. They insisted that he should perform the ceremony, and, unwilling that he should disappoint the young lovers, he told them that he guessed he could marry them well enough to last to Bangor. This he did and gave them the following certificate: "This certifies that I have this day united in the bonds of matrimony Mr. A. B. and Miss C. D. of township No. 10; but it is no good, as my commission has run out, and this is to last only to Bangor, and is intended to 'kiver accidents' in going through the woods."

A few years ago, in New York, there was a couple married by the name of Mr. Right and Miss Betterway. In publishing the marriage the editor, quoting from Pope's "The Poet's Prayer":

"If I am right, Thy grace impart in the right to stay;  
If I am wrong, Lord, teach my heart to find the better way,"

paraphrased it thus:

"If I am Right, Thy grace impart in the Right to stay;  
If I am wrong, Lord, teach my heart to find Miss Betterway."

A couple of Irishmen were passing through a cemetery and one of them read upon a headstone, "Here lies a lawyer and an honest man." He appeared somewhat astonished, and said to his companion, "Jamey, look here, an' faith is not that something new, putting two men in one grave?"

A man was asked to contribute money to build a fence around a cemetery; he refused for the reason he had "never known any one who had been placed there to try to get out, and had not seen any one who was anxious enough to go there as to break in."

In the town of Guilford, Vt., there is a monument erected to the memory of a lieutenant governor of that state. After enumerating his many virtues it said: "He was over six feet high, weighed 250 pounds, and 'death had no terrors.'"

In Quebec, the cottage which formerly was General Montcalm's headquarters is now occupied by a barber, whose professional card, couched in synonymous terms, is eagerly sought after by tourists in old historic Quebec: "J. Williams, Professor of Crinicultural Abscision and Cranillogical Tripsis, Tonso-rial Artist, Physiognomical Hair Dresser, Facial Operator, Cranium Manipulator and Capillary Abridger, &c., &c. General Montcalms' Old Headquarters, Cor. St. Louis & Garden, Private Parlor for Ladies & Children's Hair Cutting. Entrance on Garden Street."

LORD COURTNEY'S EPITAPH.

I tried to do all the good I could while passing through life,  
Knowing I would go this way but once, let this be my epitaph :

“ What I spent I had,  
What I saved I left behind me,  
What I gave away I have taken with me.”

WHOM SHALL WE BOW TO.

[The first lines I ever had printed, 1845.]

Whom shall we bow to?  
And what shall we bow to, here upon earth  
Shall we bow unto wealth, or to boasters of birth  
Or to knaves who in splendor do roll,  
Or shall we bow to truth, justice and right,  
For principal rather than policy fight  
And respect all that's noble of soul.  
Too much by policy governed are all  
That bastard of truth doth the many enthrall  
Men to popular vice homage show.  
'Tis what will they say inquires the mean slave  
Who lives more for show than for truth that can save  
And is false unto God here below.

Nevermind what they say, look ye within,  
Examine your heart, see if 'tis free from all sin  
Look and see if your motives are pure.  
What thro' the bigot, the fool and the knave  
Should withhold their support and at you should rave  
If conscience approve, you're secure.  
Policy damns if we practice it here,  
'Tis truth we should fight for, as men without fear  
Trust the truth for it never can harm,  
Trust to the law that is higher than man,  
Live for true principles all ye who can,  
Trust the Lord and lean on his arm.

—*John M. Todd.*

## IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night  
And when you should come to my old corpse and say  
Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay —  
If I should die to-night  
And you should come in deepest grief and woe  
And say "Here's that ten dollars that I owe"  
I might arise in my large white cravat  
And say "What's that!"

If I should die to-night  
And you should come to my old corpse and kneel  
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel —  
I say, if I should die to-night  
And you should come to me, and there and then  
Just even hint "about paying me that ten,  
I might arise the while;  
But I'd drop dead again.

—*King.*

The knot was tied, the pair were wed,  
And the smiling bridegroom said  
Unto the preacher, "Shall I pay  
To you the usual fee to-day,  
Or would you have me wait a year,  
And give you then a hundred clear,  
If I should find the marriage state  
As happy as I estimate?"  
The preacher lost no time in thought,  
To his reply no study brought,  
There were no wrinkles on his brow;  
Said he, "I'll take three dollars now."

## BARBERS' FORMULAS.

Todd's Hair Dye. Formula No. 1 : Dissolve two drachms of gallic acid in two ounces of alcohol, add one pint of soft water.

Formula No. 2 : Take two ounces of gum arabic, put in a pint of soft water, add twelve grains of gallic acid, when dissolved ready for use.

Formula No. 3. Take one ounce nitric crystalized silver, add two ounces of aqua ammonia concentrated, when dissolved add five ounces of the gum solution.

Formula No. 4 : One drachm of sulphate of potash, one ounce of soft water, shake it well.

Gilman's Hair Dye. Formula No. 1 : Dissolve one ounce of gallic acid, six ounces of alcohol and when dissolved add one quart of soft water.

Formula No. 2 : Dissolve one ounce of crystalized silver to four ounces of water, add one ounce of gum arabic as thick as it can be dissolved, then add one ounce of ammonia concentrate.

Formula No. 3 : Dissolve one ounce of sulphate of potash in eight ounces of soft water.

Dam's Hair Dye. Formula No. 1 : Dissolve four drachms of gallic acid into three and one-half ounces of alcohol, add one quart of soft water.

Formula No. 2 : Dissolve one ounce of nitrate of silver in two ounces of soft water, add one ounce of aqua ammonia, three ounces of solution.

Pennel's Hair Dye. Formula No. 1 : One half ounce of gallic acid, three ounces of alcohol in one pint of rain water.

Formula No. 2 : Dissolve one-quarter ounce of silver, one ounce of water, quarter of an ounce of gum arabic, quarter of an ounce of aqua ammonia.

Nichol's Hair Dye. Formula No. 1 : Half ounce of gallic acid, alcohol six ounces, soft water half pint.

Formula No. 2 : Nitrate of silver, one ounce ; soft water, three ounces ; gum arabic, one ounce ; spirits of ammonia, one ounce.

Cram's Hair Dye. Formula No. 1 : Gallic acid, one ounce, dissolve in spirits of wine, add two quarts of soft water.

Formula No. 2 : Make a gum solution of distilled water and gum tragacanth, to three ounces of this solution add one ounce of nitrate of silver, after the silver is dissolved add one half an ounce of ammonia.

Directions for using these dyes: Wash out the hair or whiskers clean with soap and water thoroughly and then dry it. Then apply number one with a tooth brush, dry the hair well, then, take a clean tooth brush and apply number two. Be sure to get every spear dry. Then go through the same process with number three with a clean brush.

Todd's Luxsolus Liquid Dye. Formula No. 1 : Nitrate of silver, one-quarter ounce ; spirits of ammonia, one-half ounce. This is the same as the Capalani Hair Dye (soft water, six ounces). Directions : Moisten the hair with a tooth brush.

Directions for using Todd's Luxsolus (light of the sun) Liquid Dye: Wash out the hair and whiskers clean, dry thoroughly then take a tooth brush and apply the liquid, wet the hair with the dye, be careful not to get it on the skin, if you do wipe it off before it dries.

For removing dye from the skin : Gum of potash, one-half ounce ; soft water, one ounce.

Hair Oil. One quart of castor oil, three quarts of alcohol, three drops of liquid of potassa, scented with oil of rose.

Comam Crescere. Three parts alcohol, one of castor oil, scented with lemon and rose.

Todd's Hungarian Balm. For making ten gallons: Tincture of spanish flies, four ounces; benzoic tincture compound, two ounces; peruvian bark, two and one-half ounces; borax, two and one-half; rosemary, three; salt, three; glycerine, ten pounds; water, ten gallons; scented with musk and bitter almond filtered through paper.

Aqua Vita. Water, one gallon; tincture of contharies, two ounces; benzoës, two ounces; peruvian park, one-half ounce; borax, one-half ounce; perfume bergumot.

Cough Drops. One-half drachm powdered epicac, two ounces paragoric, one pint of water, three drops checkerberry, sweeten with sugar.

Sea Foam. One quart of alcohol, four ounces glycerine, one ounce of ammonia, one quart of soft water.

Powder for the face. Pulverized arrow root mixed with rice flowers equal parts.

Cure for humors. Acetic acid, one ounce; one ounce of tincture of muriate iron.

Sea Foam. Rain water, one pint; alcohol, one pint; glycerine, one-half ounce; ammonia, one-quarter ounce.

To prevent hair from falling out. Take an eight-ounce bottle, fill it with water, put in a table spoonful of sulphur, shake it whenever used and put it on and rub it well in the hair for three night in succession. Do this once a week until the hair ceases to drop out.

Cure for ring-worms. Acetic acid, tincture of iron, or per sulphur of iron, equal parts.

Cure for humors. Sure cure for what is called the barber's itch. Acetic acid, one ounce; tincture of muriatic iron, equal parts. Directions for using: take a feather or a stick and dip



it into the liquid and moisten the sore with it a few times. Don't drink it, it is poison.

In 1846 and '47 while the Mexican war was being carried on, General Twiggs was in the fight. He was troubled with a bad sore of the scalp. The doctor prescribed as a remedy lax-sulphur and sugar of lead. Wherever it came in contact with the hair it restored it to its original color. The account of it was given out in the newspapers and a druggist put it up and called it "Twiggs' Hair Dye," and it had a great run. I sold much of it until I become satisfied that it was injurious to the health, for sugar of lead is a poison and I have never seen any hair dye that took from ten to thirty days to change the color of the hair that did not contain sugar of lead.

## IF I WERE A VOICE.

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,  
That could travel the wide world through,  
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,  
And speak to men with a gentle might,  
And tell them to be true,  
I would fly, I would fly over land and sea,  
Wherever a human heart might be,  
Telling a tale or singing a song  
In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong.

If I were a voice, a consoling voice,  
I'd fly on the wings of air;  
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,  
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,  
To save them from despair,  
I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town,  
And drop like the happy sunlight down  
Into the hearts of suffering men,  
And teach them to look up again.

If I were a voice, a convincing voice,  
I'd travel with the wind;  
And wherever I saw a nation torn  
By warfare, jealousy, spite, and scorn,  
Or hatred of their kind,  
I would fly, I would fly on the thunder-crash,  
And into their blinded bosoms flash;  
Then, with their evil thoughts subdued,  
I'd teach them Christian Brotherhood.

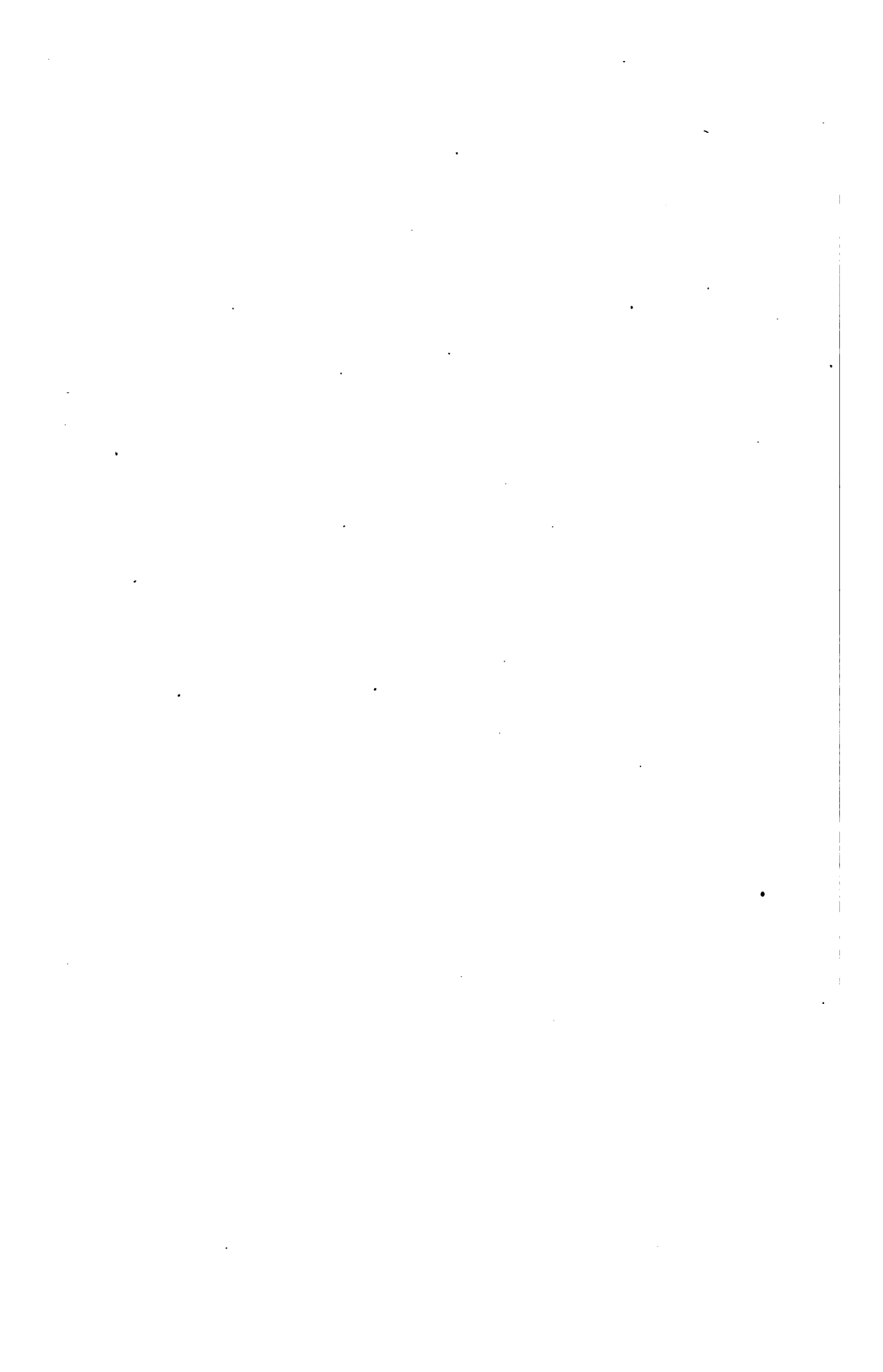
If I were a voice, an immortal voice,  
I would fly the earth around,  
And wherever a man to idols bowed  
I'd publish in notes both long and loud  
The gospel's joyful sound.  
I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,  
Proclaiming peace on my world-wide way,  
Bidding the saddened earth rejoice—  
If I were a voice—an immortal voice.

*If this book will induce men and women to love their neighbors as themselves, I shall feel that my life has not been a failure.*



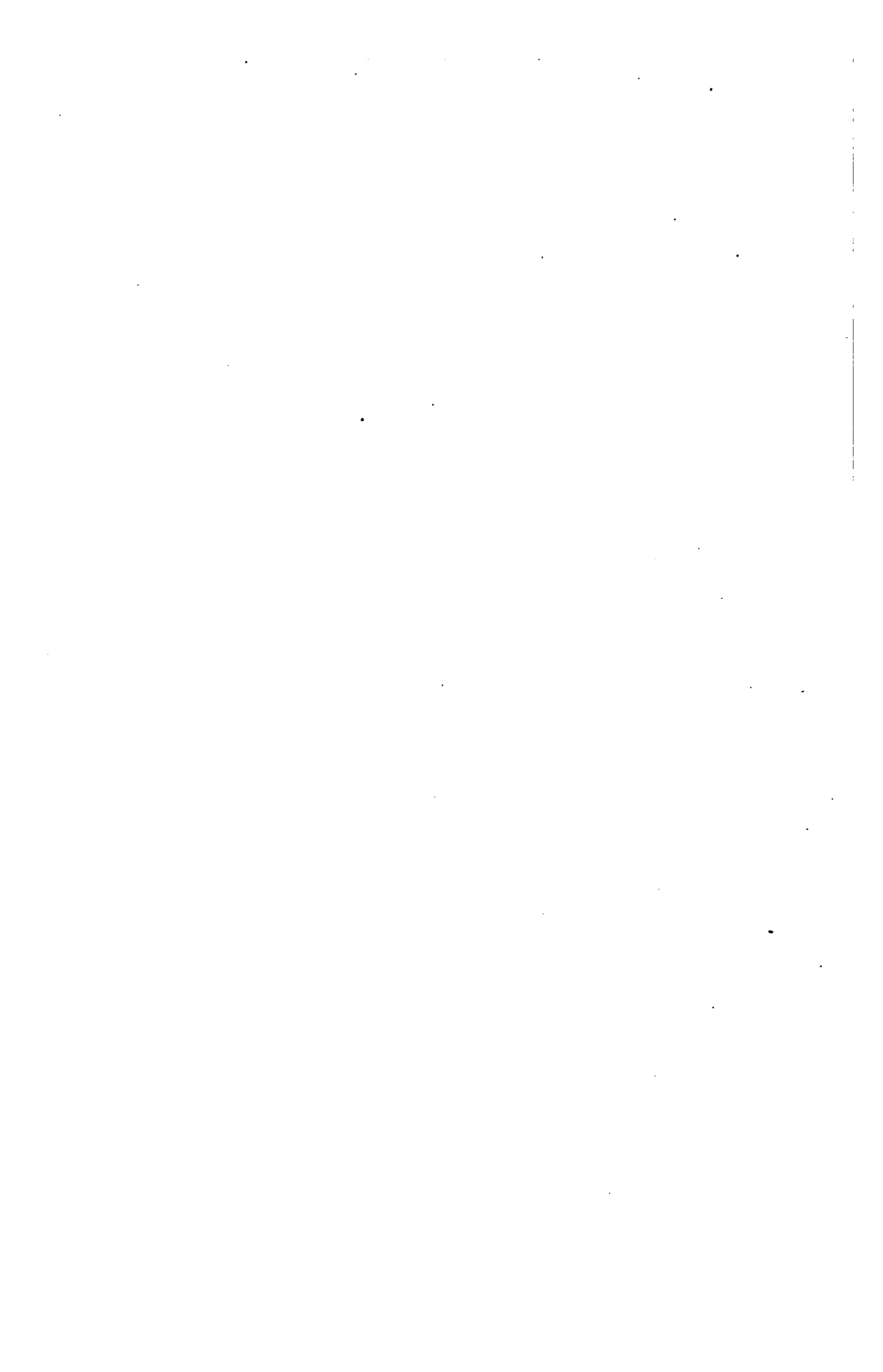












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